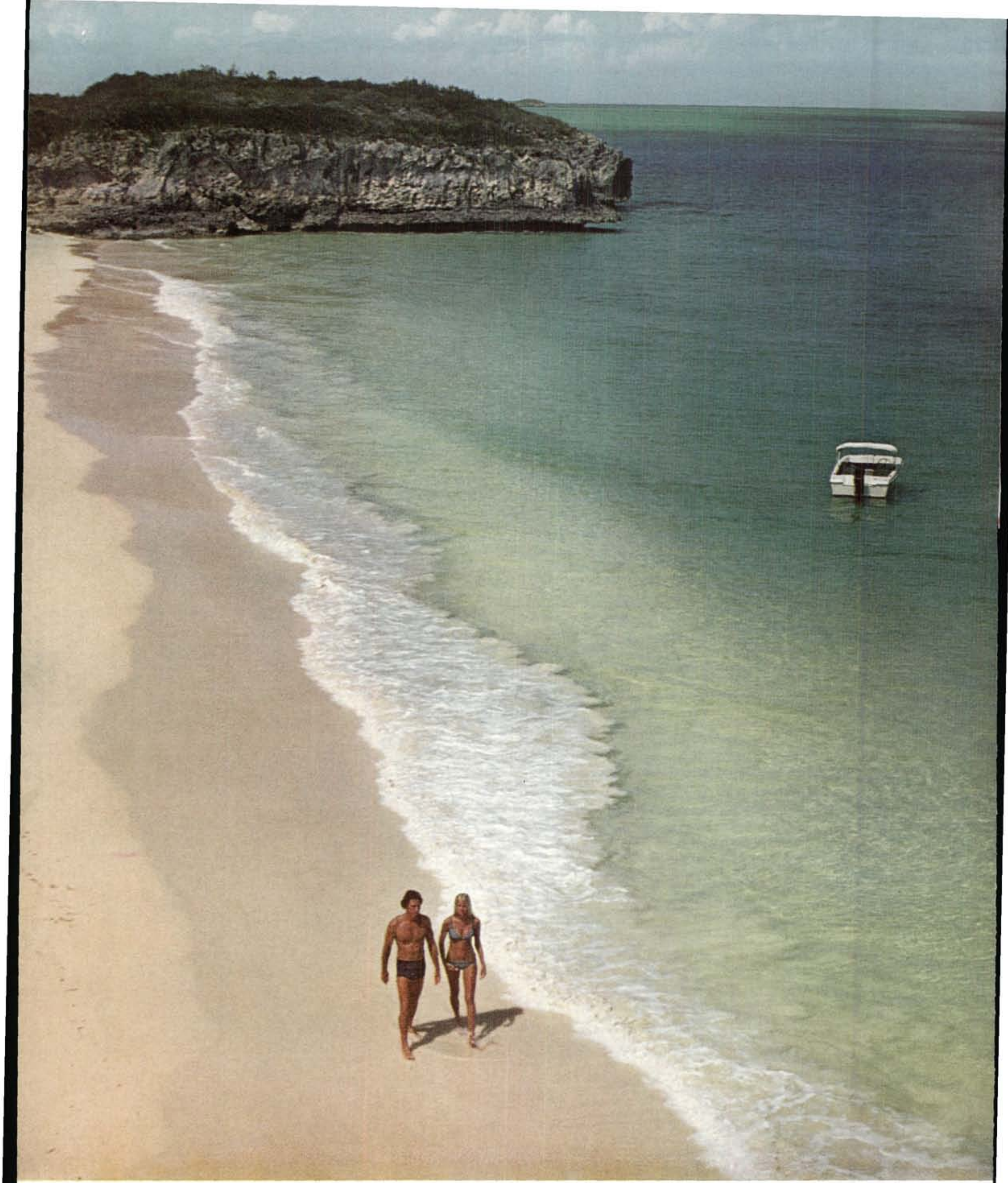
Jan. 29, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

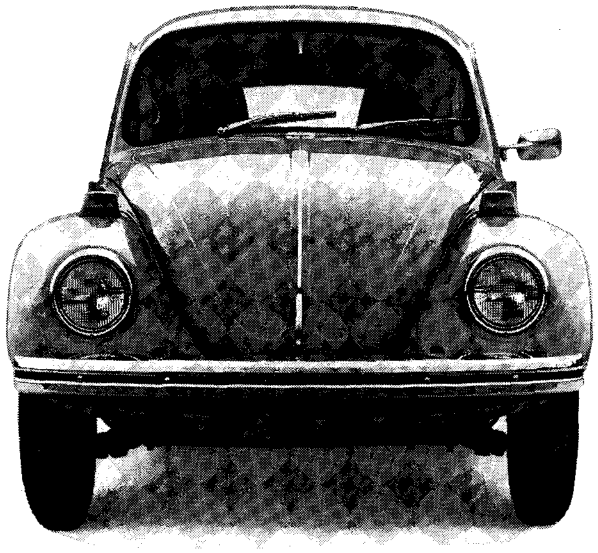
Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
AUG 0 4 1993



Come to Eleuthera. And run away from today. Eleuthera. One of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. 100 miles of powder-pink beach. Pastel villages and limestone cliffs. The poinciana archway leading to Governor's Harbour. The castle-like art gallery at Tarpum Bay. The surf at Gregory Town. The mysterious Ocean Hole at Rock Sound. The golf course said to be one of the finest in the world. And nearby, from long ago, Harbour Island and Spanish Wells. Accommodation ranges from complete resorts to a cottage hidden by palms. And you get to Eleuthera in minutes on a scheduled flight from Nassau or Miami. See your travel agent or write for our "Eleuthera" brochure. Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131.

Bahama Out Islands. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

*VOLKSWAGEN SEDAN 111 SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, P.O.E., LOCAL TAXES AND OTHER DEALER CHARGES, IF ANY, ADDITIONAL. ©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



Under $2,000.* Again.

Now that the tax and money situation is back to normal,
we can go back doing what we do best: Saving you money.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed To Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Let It Go to Your Head—J. E. Gaines' play about a released prisoner who returns to his old black neighborhood in a small Southern town is funny and tragic and consistently fascinating. The performances, under the direction of Gilbert Moses, are first-rate. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 28-30, at 8:30. Free.)

Equity Library Theatre—Selected material from three revues—"One for the Money," "Two for the Show," and "Three to Make Ready"—by Nancy Hamilton and Morgan Lewis, (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—**THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER** and **RENARD**, adapted by Wilford Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Thursday, Jan. 27, at 7:30. . . . **CARMILLA**, a play adapted by Mr. Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 28-29, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 4-5, at 7:30. . . . **GERTRUDE** and **DEMON**, two more plays by Mr. Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Sunday, Jan. 30, and Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Inner City—Tom O'Horgan has directed this so-called street cantata in a comparatively mild mood. A talented and energetic cast pretends not to notice how thin the material is. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 30.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Old Times—A lovely, riddling play by the master riddler, Harold Pinter. With Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Psychic Pretenders—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An extremely capable production of Edward Bond's **NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH**, a thin little

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE CIRCLE" . . . . *Vladimir Nabokov* 32
"SKULLS" (POEM) . . . . *Leslie Norris* 36
"LITERARY FOOTNOTE" . . . . *James Stevenson* 38
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE INVESTIGATIONS OF SON MY—II) . . . . *Seymour M. Hersh* 40
"SOLIPSISM AND THEOLOGY" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Penn Warren* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 72
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 72
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 77
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 80
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 86
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 91
BRIEFLY NOTED 94

COVER: *Pierre Le-Tan*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, Dana Fradon, William Steig, George Booth, Charles Addams, Joseph Mirachi, William Hamilton, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 50, January 29, 1972. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1972 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

©1972 Estee Lauder, Inc.

Estee Lauder brings you
The Crushed Jewel Collection
of RE-NUTRIV Rich Rich Lipstick.

Now's the time to let these richsticks
flood your lips with a rich rush of highlights
and the goodness of natural vitamin oils.

Estée Lauder

The Crushed Jewel Collection of colors:

Crushed Garnets
Crushed Rubies
Crushed Coral
Crushed Quartz
Crushed Amber
Crushed Pink Cameo
Crushed Carnelian
Crushed Jasper

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

parable about good and evil. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 12.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **THE RIDE ACROSS LAKE CONSTANCE,** a far-out, generally entertaining spoof of theatrical conventions in a series of what amount to nonsensical charades. The play was written by Peter Handke and translated from the German by Michael Roloff. It is well performed under Carl Weber's competent direction. (Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 29.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—Hal Linden and Zohra Lampert in Lorraine Hansberry's play, edited by and with additional dialogue by Robert Nemiroff and Charlotte Zaltzberg. Music by Gary William Friedman, and lyrics by Ray Errol Fox. Alan Schneider directed. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 26. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

To Live Another Summer—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Vivat! Vivat Regina!—A great period of history encapsulated and diminished in Robert Bolt's once-over-lightly account of the contest between Elizabeth of England and Mary Queen of Scots. With Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins, directed by Peter Dews. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wanted—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Wise Child—A London import by Simon Gray, starring Donald Pleasence, George Rose, and Bud Cort. Directed by James Hammerstein. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 27. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,669 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,887 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,065 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **HAIR:** 1,572 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin musical retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams, and Jay Garner is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Irish Fantasy" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Firebird" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "The Concert," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Illuminations," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Irish Fantasy," "La Source," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Firebird," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Firebird" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Watermill" (première), and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Illuminations" and "The Goldberg Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan. 26: "Eccentrique," "The Eternal Idol," "Dark Elegies," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 27: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 28: "Eccentrique," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 29: "Paquita," "Rodeo," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 29: "Eccentrique," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Dark Elegies," and "Theatre."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 30: "Paquita," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "A Soldier's Tale," and "The River." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 1, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 13. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Murray Louis Dance Company and Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of a joint engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Hoopla" (première), and "Scenario."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Facets," "Boulevard from Imago," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Continuum," and "Sanctum."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Somniloquy," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," solo from "Imago," "Boulevard from Imago," and "Foreplay."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Go 6," "Hoopla," and another ballet to be announced.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Noumenon from Masks, Props & Mobiles," "Facets," "Boulevard from Imago," "Proximities," and "Sanctum." ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2: "Sanctum," "Intersection," and "Tent."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7:30: "Chimera," trio from "Vaudeville of the Elements," "Somniloquy," and "Proximities." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Bhaskar and Shala—In dances of India, with a string-percussion-and-reed quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 13—Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: "Landrover" (première) and "Tread."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "RainForest," "TV Rerun" (première), and "Tread."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Walkaround Time" and "Second Hand."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Event #26."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "TV Rerun," "Signals," and "Second Hand." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Genya Ravan, who can scream and shout, has a voice that ranges from brass to corrugated iron. Now and then, there's a little bit of silver amalgam too, but—well, she's got to have some variety, hasn't she? She and her new group will remain through Sunday, Jan. 30. Singers Sandy Denny and Jackson Browne start Wednesday, Feb. 2. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. On Wednesday, Jan. 26, Major Holley's duo will perform. Thursday through Sunday Jan. 27-30, the Cedar Walton duo will be up, and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 3-6, guitarist Joe Beck will lead a trio. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, Jan. 29, guitarist Charlie Brown heads a trio. On Tuesday, Feb. 1, pianist Ted Saunders and a bassist will take over. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the above musicians. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this new restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini leads a duo and Mondays, pianist Harold Marbarne plays with a bassist.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Warmth, congeniality, and Marian McPartland, who plays with sensitivity, precision, power, and evident pleasure. She is at the piano from eight until one, assisted by bassist Rick Petrone. On Thursday, Jan. 27, Teddy Wilson, a fine and dandy pianist who has been influencing people for years, will turn up with bass player Al Bruno. On Sundays, from seven until midnight, guitarist-pianist Ralph Towner and bassist Glen Moore are in charge. Dinner.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Freeway will be on the stand Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 27-29. The Flying Burrito Brothers, an essentially earthbound group that does country rock with a lot of echoes and influences, will arrive on Wednesday, Feb. 2. A person named Sweet Pie will arrive at the same time.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. The Wayne Wright duo will be here through Sunday, Jan. 30. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose tenor sax can be as warm as it is cool, leads a quartet that has steady Roy Haynes on drums. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Mondays belong to Clark Terry's seventeen-man band. Some Italian dishes.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson looks happy as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and with bassist Lyn Christie Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The popcorn pops before your eyes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 28-30, electric-violinist John Blair will lead a threesome. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 4-6, vocalist Sandi Hewitt will appear with a trio. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Wednesday, Jan. 26, Kenny Baron will be on piano and Bob Cunningham on bass. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 27-30, Betty Carter will sing with the Danny Mixon trio. Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2, pianist Cedar Walton will team up with bassist Sam Jones. A quartet called Music, Inc., begins Thursday, Feb. 3.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Gil Evans and his complex, percussive Eleven will be creating a chambered nautilus of sound through Sunday, Jan. 30. On Tuesday, Feb. 1, Art Blakey, who has been drumming professionally for thirty-eight years, will come in with his Jazz Messengers. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, leading a threesome, puts frosting on the cake every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp can attune itself to Bach or to Bacharach, alternates with the regulars. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer Elvin Jones, polyrhythmic and powerful, leads his sextet through Sunday, Jan. 30. Leon Thomas, who sings as if he had been run through an electronic synthesizer and come out feeling soulful, will arrive on Tuesday, Feb. 1, with a backup septet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, Jan. 30, Tony Parenti will sit in on clarinet. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—Beginning to pull itself together after an initial identity crisis. The George Benson quartet and a skilled girl singer named Randy Crawford alternate with sounds impressed on vinyl. Supper. Nine to two, every night but Sunday.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by some entertainers known as The Gentlemen and Their Lady. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Joan Rivers, garrulous as the night is long, will end her stay on Wednesday, Feb. 2. The team of Stiller & Meara will start declaiming the following night. Never before around ten. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—The revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, at eight and eleven, composer Al Carmines presents song recitals of his own show tunes, together with some blues material.

BIG DEALS

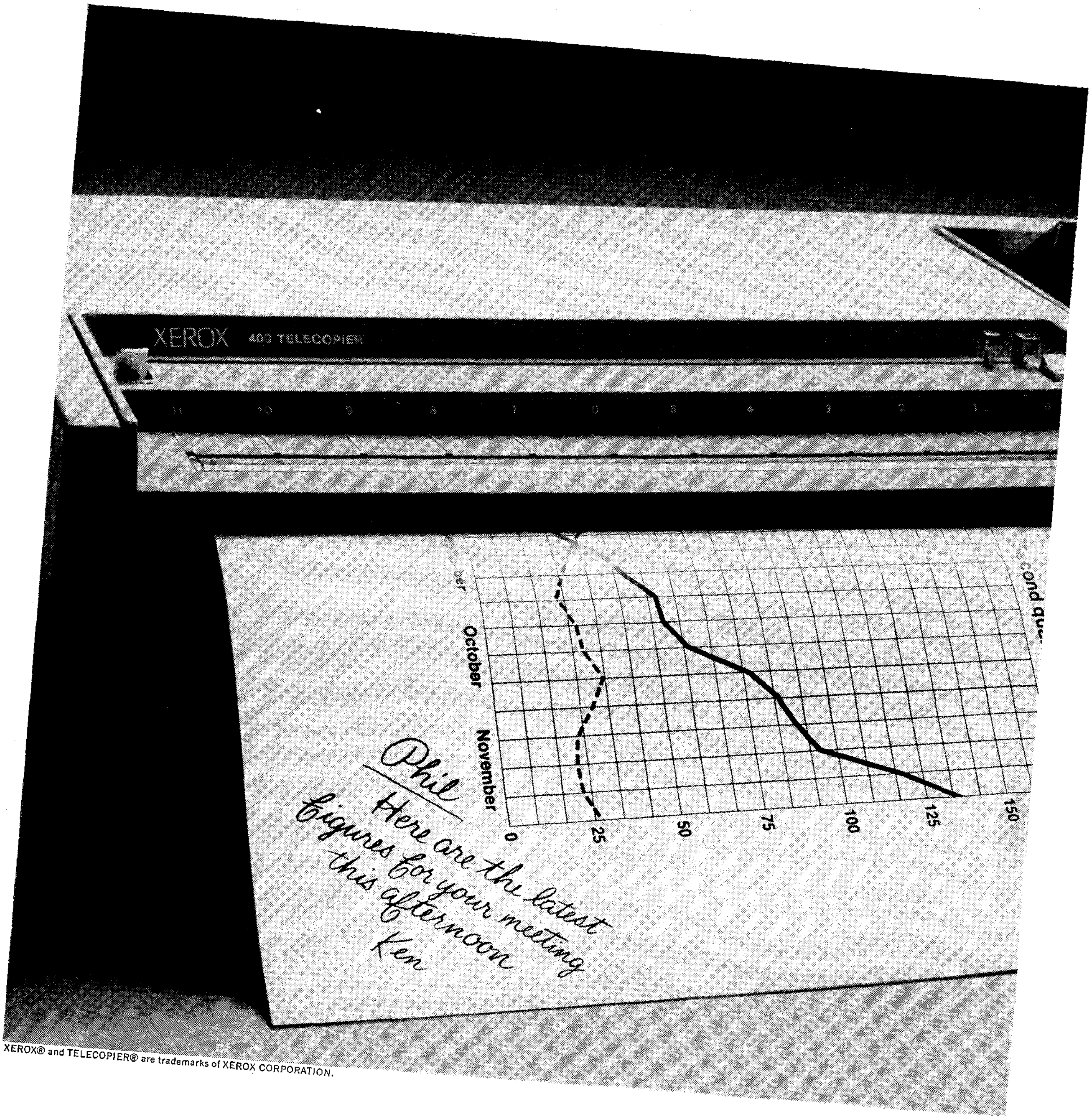
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off; Luisa Maria, a Cuban chirruper, supplies the songs. The orchestra of Tito Puente plays for dancing every evening. Additionally, on Sunday afternoons, there is dancing from four to eight. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out on a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Sundays.

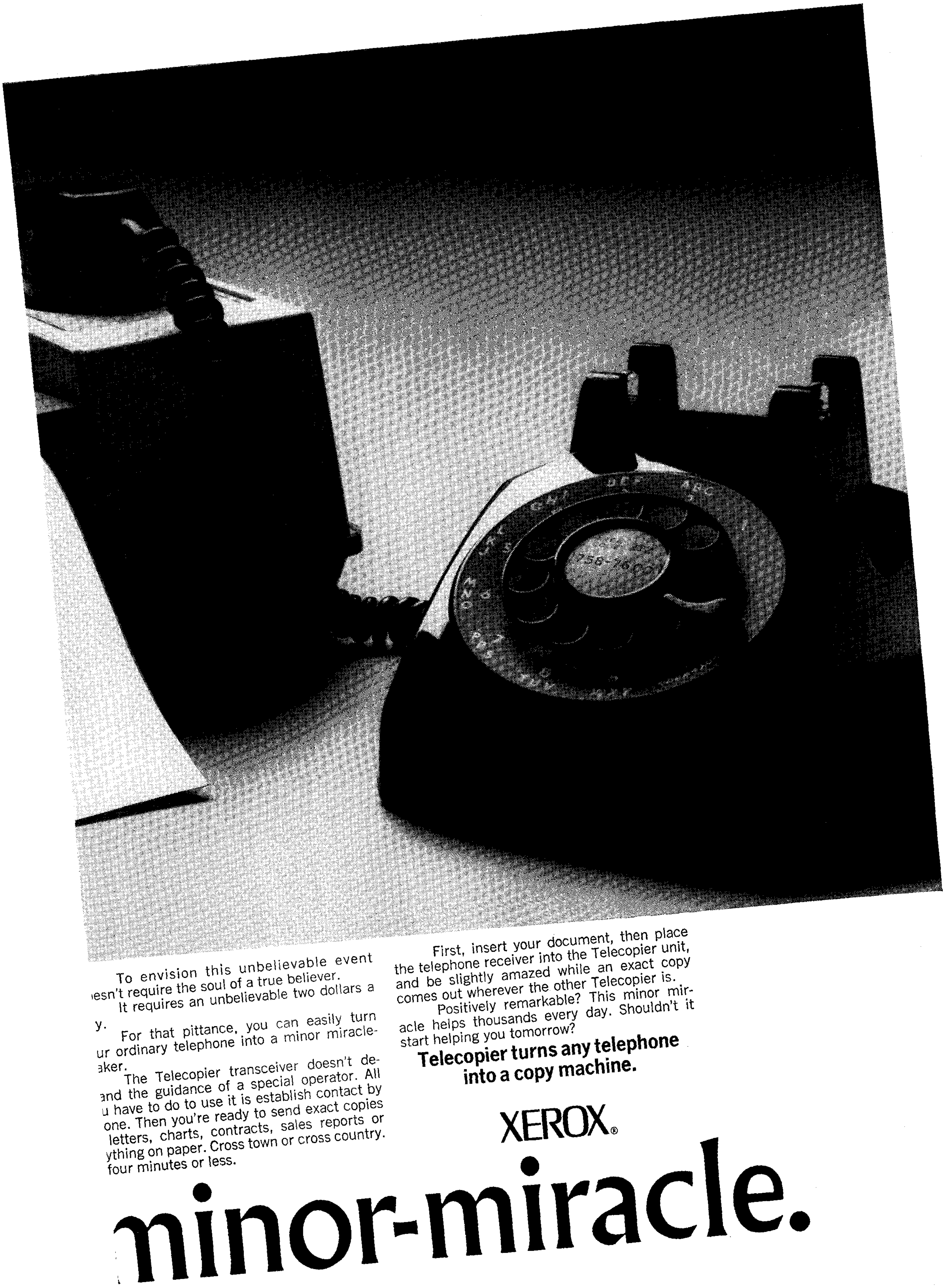
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Dick Jensen, a singer of the day, is heading his own revue. No nights off. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In


XEROX 400 TELECOPIER
October
November
0
25
50
75
100
125
150
Phil
Here are the latest figures for your meeting this afternoon
Ken

XEROX® and TELECOPIER® are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

Dial-a-



To envision this unbelievable event
ıesn't require the soul of a true believer.
It requires an unbelievable two dollars a
y.

For that pittance, you can easily turn
ur ordinary telephone into a minor miracle-
ɜker.

The Telecopier transceiver doesn't de-
ɜnd the guidance of a special operator. All
u have to do to use it is establish contact by
one. Then you're ready to send exact copies
letters, charts, contracts, sales reports or
ything on paper. Cross town or cross country.
four minutes or less.

First, insert your document, then place the telephone receiver into the Telecopier unit, and be slightly amazed while an exact copy comes out wherever the other Telecopier is.

Positively remarkable? This minor miracle helps thousands every day. Shouldn't it start helping you tomorrow?

Telecopier turns any telephone into a copy machine.

XEROX®

minor-miracle.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LA FORÊT, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is occupied at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper every Friday and Saturday by Della Reese, a two-fisted soprano. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A hasty change of plans brings Morgana King to the dais as songster. Dancing, too—some of it disco and some of it for real. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The celebration of Italian Fortnight ends here on Saturday, Feb. 5, but up to then there will be singer Robertino, the Al Caiola Guitars, a folklore trio, and chefs from the Excelsior Hotel in Rome and the Grand Hotel in Florence. Five to eleven is the curriculum.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE**, that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is setting forth at dinner and supper the mighty Count Basie band. On Monday, Jan. 31, the podium will be preëmpted by Buddy Greco, who can extract nourishment out of almost any pop tune. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE**, whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

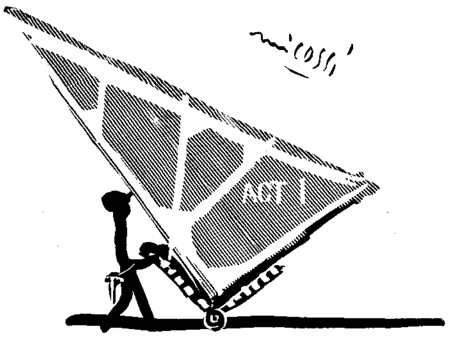
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the niceties of life after dark are considered the necessities. Los Valldemosa, an instrumental and vocal fivesome from Majorca, begin at ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maitre d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one. On Monday, Jan. 31, Ronny Whyte will take over the keyboard; his hours will be eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard graduate student Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country house-party. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S**, 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Residents made homeless when Goldie's New York expired will find Wayne Sanders, half of the piano duo that ruled that roost, in session from nine until two, every night but Sunday, in the same sort of refuge.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lennart Anderson—Drawings, some related to this artist's realistic paintings of street scenes and interiors; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Twelve hammered-copper sculptures by a leading American figurative artist; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Balart—Brightly colored modular sculptures in fired enamel on steel; through Feb. 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jennifer Bartlett and Terry Fox—Dots on enamelled-steel plates, singly or in groups, by the former, and photos and drawings dealing with hospitals and operations by the latter; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

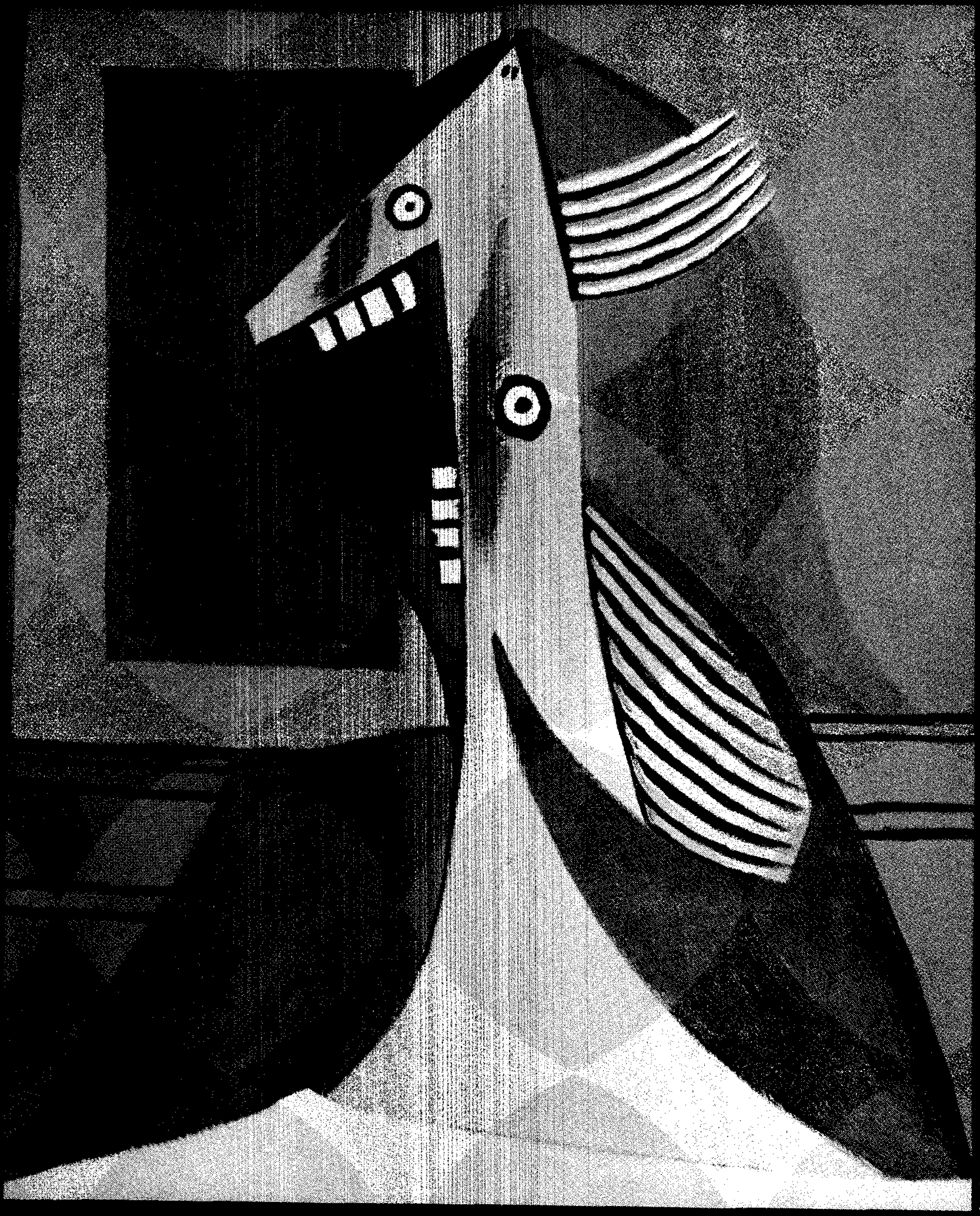
Robert Beauchamp—Freely handled paintings of fantasy, incorporating nudes, horses, monkeys, and fruits; through Feb. 17. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Arnold Belkin—A series of sixteen paintings, each seventy-seven inches by fifty-five, on the theme of "The Death of Marat" by Jacques-Louis David; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract sculptures by an artist who has been exhibiting paintings in this gallery; through Thursday, Feb. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Camacho—Painted variations on circles and rectangles; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Edith Carlson—Paintings in a rectangular for-



Is Picasso for real?

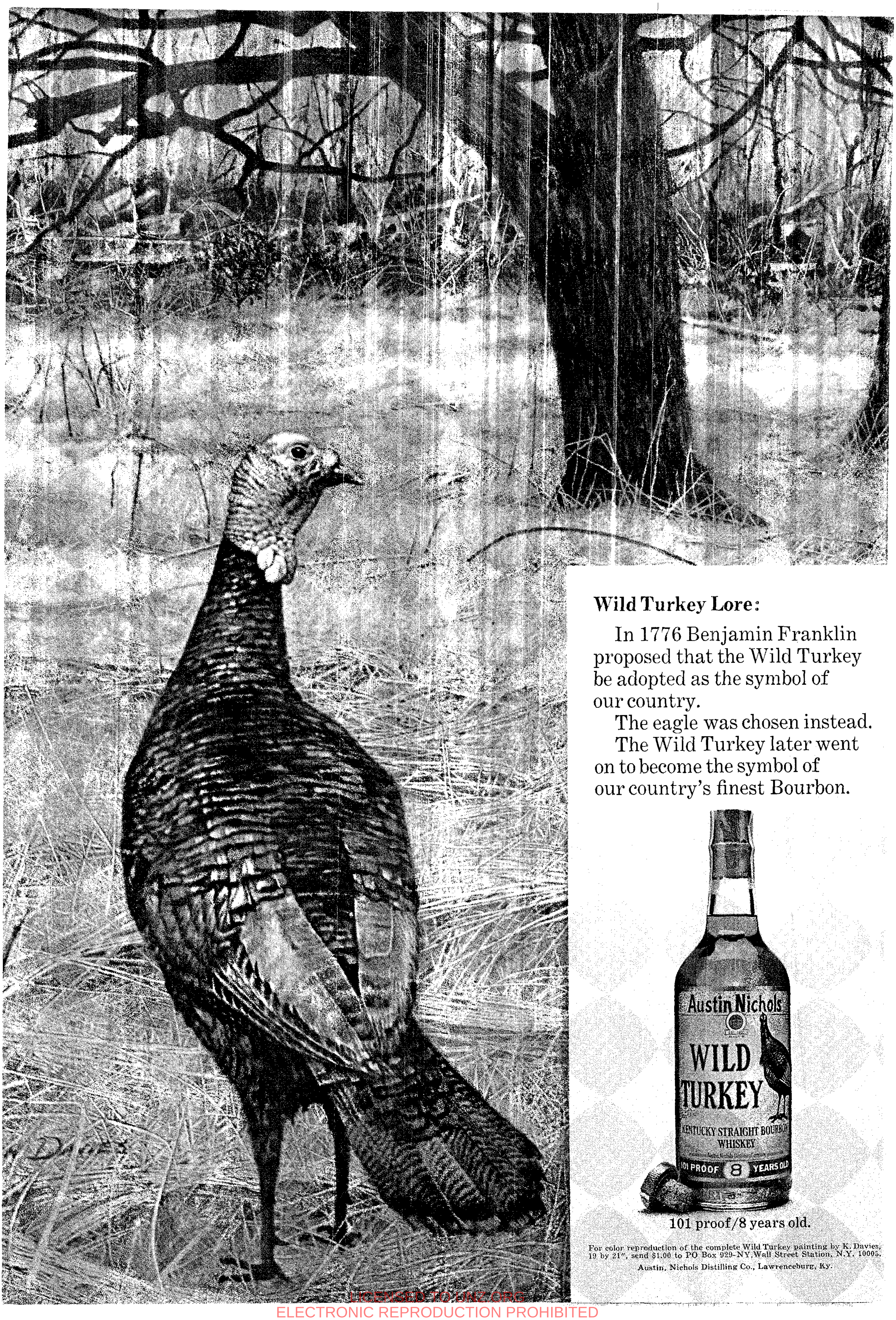
It all depends upon perspective. Picasso saw as he moved around his subject that the subject changed. He could then put two eyes on the side of a head; multiple perspectives allowed him that view.

The way things are viewed does change results. The Boston Company organization looks at asset management subjects in many ways.

The way we look at it, that gives you a better picture.

THE BOSTON COMPANY, INC.
ONE BOSTON PLACE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02106

AFFILIATES OF THE BOSTON COMPANY SPECIALIZE IN CREATIVE MANAGEMENT OF FINANCIAL RESOURCES.


Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
101 PROOF
8
YEARS OLD

Wild Turkey Lore:

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The eagle was chosen instead.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the symbol of our country's finest Bourbon.

101 proof/8 years old.

For color reproduction of the complete Wild Turkey painting by K. Davies, 19 by 21", send $1.00 to PO Box 929-NY, Wall Street Station, N.Y. 10005.

Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mat that gain their effects through relations of color; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Rex Clawson—Paintings and drawings with a leaning toward social comment; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Larry Day—Paintings of architectural settings; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

Roy De Forest—Fanciful paintings with a recurrent image of a workhorse; through Thursday, Feb. 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Dorfman—Abstract paintings that disclose female figures; through Feb. 12. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Twenty-one paintings covering the entire range of this pioneer American abstractionist's career, from 1917 to his death; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

John Ferren (1906-70)—Paintings from 1937 to 1969, covering several styles of this abstract colorist; through Feb. 10. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nobu Fukui—Emblematic paintings consisting of semi-geometric forms; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Moshe Gat—Paintings and drawings of Spanish bullfighters and Israeli fishermen by an Israeli artist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Sam Gelber—Realistic paintings of Maine orchards; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Herbert George—Sculptures of polished, machined metal and sections of shaped soft leather, enclosed in six-foot Plexiglas tubes; through Feb. 12. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alberto Giacometti—Eight sculptures, two paintings, twenty drawings, plus graphics; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Christos Gianakos—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—Patterned rectangles by this veteran experimentalist; starting Saturday, Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract paintings with Hawaiian themes, plus cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Martin Johnson Heade (1819-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Feb. 12. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Abstract paintings based on children's toys; through Friday, Feb. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Fifty years of painting by this veteran American abstractionist; through Feb. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Krushenick and Larry Bell—New paintings and collages by the former, and Plexiglas boxes by the latter; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Kurhajec—Sculptures of scaly or hair-covered birdlike creatures, also collages, drawings, and prints; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings, predominantly in the Constructivist mode, by the celebrated architect; starting Thursday, Jan. 27. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Drawings of architectural motifs; through Feb. 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matta—Paintings by the Chilean Surrealist, who works in Paris; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louisa Matthiasdottir—Landscapes with figures; starting Saturday, Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edgar Negret—Metal constructions, some of them large, by a Latin American; through Feb. 19. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Herbert Perr—Six large abstractions; starting Saturday, Jan. 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Feb. 12. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Roth—Arrangements of painted strings according to a mathematical scheme; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ludwig Sander—Recent compositions by this meticulous hard-edge painter; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Schlinski—Papier-mâché sculptures with a social message; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Jo Anne Schneider—Paintings of paper bags and cardboard boxes; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Marianne Schnell and Esther Gentle—Abstract Expressionist paintings by the former, and wire sculptures on a philosophical theme by the latter; through Feb. 12. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes of Latin America; through Feb. 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Secter—Constructions, some motorized, in Plexiglas of various hues; starting Saturday, Jan. 29. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Snelson—New structures of wood, bamboo, metal, and rope by an artist known for his steel-tension sculptures; through Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Solman—Figurative monotypes and drawings, also landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Feist, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Michael Steiner—A joint exhibition of abstract metal sculptures: large works at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.) and small pieces at the Goldowsky (1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.); both through Saturday, Jan. 29.

Richard Tuttle—Octagons made of stretched wire; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cy Twombly—Linear activities on gray, white, or black backgrounds; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Flat geometrical wall pieces in colored plastic; through Feb. 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Vázquez—Large figurative oils in vibrant colors; starting Saturday, Jan. 29. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond A. Whyte—Exactingly painted figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1972 annual exhibition of paintings, graphics, and sculptures by members of this organization of professional artists, numbering over seven hundred; starting Sunday, Jan. 30. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **berry-hill**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Nineteenth-century American oils by Cole, Whittredge, Moran, and others, and American Impressionists, including Lawson, Inness, and Twachtman; through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibit of posters done in the period from the eighteen-nineties through the First World War in the United States, England, and Europe; starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings of mythological and fabulous creatures, from sixth-century Etruscan to the present; through Feb. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **danenberg**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **green mountain**, 17 Perry St.: An assembly of works by Alex Katz, gallery painters, and others, considered by the gallery to be "metaphysical;" starting Tuesday, Feb. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings by the late Bob Thompson, objects and assemblages by Antoni Tàpies, and lithographs and plexigrams by the composer John Cage; through Saturday, Jan. 29. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Recent developments in realistic painting and sculpture by Richard Estes, Ralph Goings, Robert Graham, and Duane Hanson, to name several; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: American naïve and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Old Masters—Carpaccio, Guardi, Hals, del Piombo, Velázquez, and Veronese, for example—and Impressionists, such as Cassatt, Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, and Renoir; through Saturday, Feb. 5. . . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Realistic sculptures by Duane Hanson; small abstract welded-metal pieces by Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira; and paintings of domestic objects, such as pencils, umbrellas, and matches, by Nakagawa. Through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Ritual art from Melanesia and the New Hebrides; through Saturday, Feb. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Nine one-man shows; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 8.) . . . **women's interart center**, 549 W. 52nd St.: An exhibition, growing into the hundreds, of work by women, many of them militants of liberation; through Feb. 19. (Daily, 2 to 10.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through March 7. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5. . . . ¶ Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Wednesday, Feb. 2. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhajec, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; through March 19. . . . ¶ Paintings, sketches, and tiles by Jay Van Everen (1875-1947), identified with the Synchromist movement during the twenties; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Figurative paintings of fantasy by Susan Hall; through Feb. 6. (*Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings* until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty carved-wood reliefs and paintings by Daniel Pressley (1918-71), a black folk artist who dealt with everyday subjects; through Feb. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Thirty-five Japanese "Nanga" paintings on paper and silk of the early eighteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Suites of prints on Old Testament themes by Chagall, Kokoschka, Picasso, Dali, Dine, and Ben Zion; through Feb. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Medieval jewelled bindings and illuminated manuscripts; through Saturday, Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An international exhibit of fibre sculptures, indicating new directions in weaving; starting Thursday, Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Teresa Stratas, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Diaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Adam Klein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Judith Forst, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Ezio Flagello, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Adam Klein. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 3, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, James King, Theo Adam, John Macurdy, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Jeannette Pilou, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Diaz, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Jacques Delacote conducting on Thursday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 28, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 31, at 7:30 (all with Misha Dichter, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8:30 (with Pilar Lorengar, soprano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8:30 (all with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ, and the Camerata Singers).

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8, with Kyung Wha Chung, violin; and Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with ten Japanese Gagaku musicians. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8:15.)

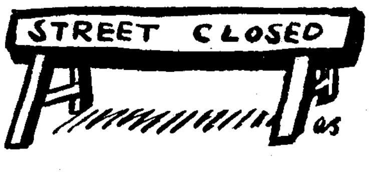
Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 30, at 7:30, both with the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8:30, with Hermann Prey, baritone.)

Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Stanley Ritchie, violin; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; and the Fuguing Brass. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at midnight.)

American Symphony Orchestra da Camera—Gerhard Samuel conducting, with Jeffrey Solow, cello, and Joanne Bell, contralto. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Gustav Meier directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)



RECITALS

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Rafael Orozco—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last two in a series of concerts of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 28, and Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Margaret Price—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2:15.)

Beverly Sills—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Richard Goode, piano; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30.)

Daniel Barenboim and Pinchas Zukerman—A recital of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello, in a benefit recital originally scheduled for Feb. 1. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, with Martin Katz, piano and harpsichord, and a chamber ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Speculum Musicae—Conducted, in part, by Charles Wuorinen. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

John Lill—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Cristina Ortiz, piano; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Janet Baker—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—**PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY:** A program of excerpts from "Churchyard," "Public Domain," "Aureole," "Junction," "Post Meridian," and "Book of Beasts." (Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 5:45.) . . . **BLOSSOM DEARIE:** Singer and pianist. (Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 5:45.)

Gordon Lightfoot—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 28, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second program (postponed from Jan. 9 and 11) in a series of five in which lyricists (in this case E. Y. Harburg) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Earl Hines—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.

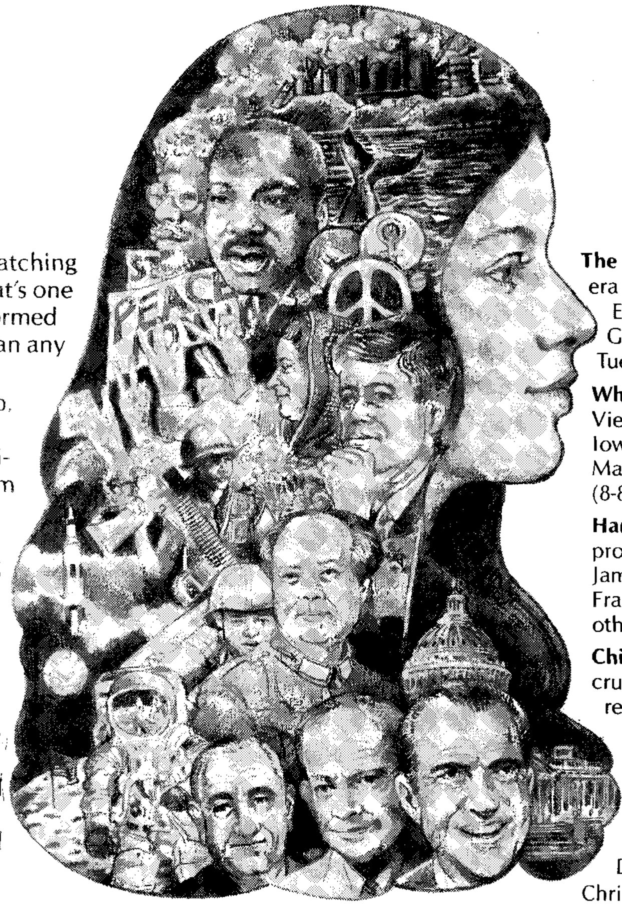
Charles Mingus—With a fifteen-piece orchestra, plus Gene Ammons, Roy Eldridge, and Gerry Mulligan, in a program of Mingus compositions. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 29, at 8: Knicks vs.

After a lifetime with television, is it any wonder an 18-year-old is ready to vote?



Today's 18-year-olds started watching television as toddlers. And that's one reason why they're better informed and more prepared to vote than any of us were at the same age.

While they were growing up, television began bringing the whole world into theirs. Television gave them a steady stream of news, documentaries and discussions covering all the issues a voter faces, including ecology, economic policy, race, education, international negotiations and conflict.

And while the new voters wait to exercise their franchise, television will continue their education: by taking them to China, to the national conventions and behind the scenes with candidates. It's all part of a political experience that *involves* us.

In the months ahead, television will also entertain and expand the minds of young and old alike with the kind of programs you see listed below.

The Search for the Nile. Concluding four segments of dramatization of scientific expedition. Tuesdays, Feb. 1, 15, 22, 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

XI Olympic Winter Games. Start of 37 hours of coverage. Tuesday, Feb. 1 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Love! Love! Love! Hallmark Hall of Fame—Musical essay featuring young couples. Robert Wagner, host. Tuesday, Feb. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

They've Killed President Lincoln! Final days of Abraham Lincoln are re-enacted. Thursday, Feb. 10 (8-9 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Liszt: *Faust;* Holst: *The Planets.* Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Sundays, Feb. 13; March 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Earthquake! Documentary study of forces causing earthquakes. Monday, Feb. 14 (8-9 pm).

The Lorax. Dr. Seuss story with ecological theme. Monday, Feb. 14 (8:30-9 pm).

Peking. Previewing President Nixon's trip to Red China. Tuesday, Feb. 15 (8:30-9:30 pm).

20th Century Follies. Nostalgic survey of old days of show business, with Alan King, Diahann Carroll, Milton Berle, others. Wednesday, Feb. 16 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The China Trip: President Nixon Leaves for Peking. Report on what visit may bring. Saturday, Feb. 19 (10:30-11 pm).

The Enchanted World of Danny Kaye Presents The Emperor's New Clothes. Hans Christian Andersen classic in new process. Monday, Feb. 21 (8-9 pm).

Man of the Serengeti. National Geographic Society—Studies tribe's link between primitive and modern world. Tuesday, Feb. 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. A Sound of Dolphins; The Unsinkable Sea Otter. Friday, Feb. 25; Monday, March 20 (8-9 pm).

Time and the Cities. Archaeological study of Turkey illuminates why cities rise and fall. Sunday, Feb. 27 (4-5 pm).

Babar Comes to America. Animated adventures of elephant touring U.S.A. Sunday, Feb. 27 (7:30-8 pm).

Showdown at O.K. Corral. Appointment With Destiny—Factual story of famous gunfight. Monday, Feb. 28 (8-9 pm).

The Fabulous Fordies. Salute to golden era of movie musicals with Tennessee Ernie Ford, Maureen O'Hara, Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Frank Gorshin. Tuesday, Feb. 29 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Who Do You Think You Are? A Bird's Eye View of California; A Visit to Humboldt, Iowa. Harry Reasoner, host. Mondays, March 13 (10:30-11 pm); March 27 (8-8:30 pm).

Harvey. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New production of Mary Chase comedy starring James Stewart, Helen Hayes, Arlene Francis, Martin Gabel, Fred Gwynne, others. Wednesday, March 22 (8:30-10 pm).

Child Abuse. Investigating cases of cruelty to children. Frank Reynolds reports. Monday, March 27 (8:30-9 pm).

Pain! Where Does It Hurt Most? New findings on pain, its significance and control. Tuesday, March 28 (8:30-9:30 pm). Tentative.

The Crucifixion. Appointment With Destiny—Re-creation of the last days of Christ. Friday, March 31 (8-9 pm).

Will Rogers' U.S.A. James Whitmore in one-man show as Will Rogers, featuring the political observer/humorist's writings. Date and time to be announced.

The Chinese. Cultural/historical essay on Sino-American experience. Date and time to be announced.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child-The Me Too Show/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week).

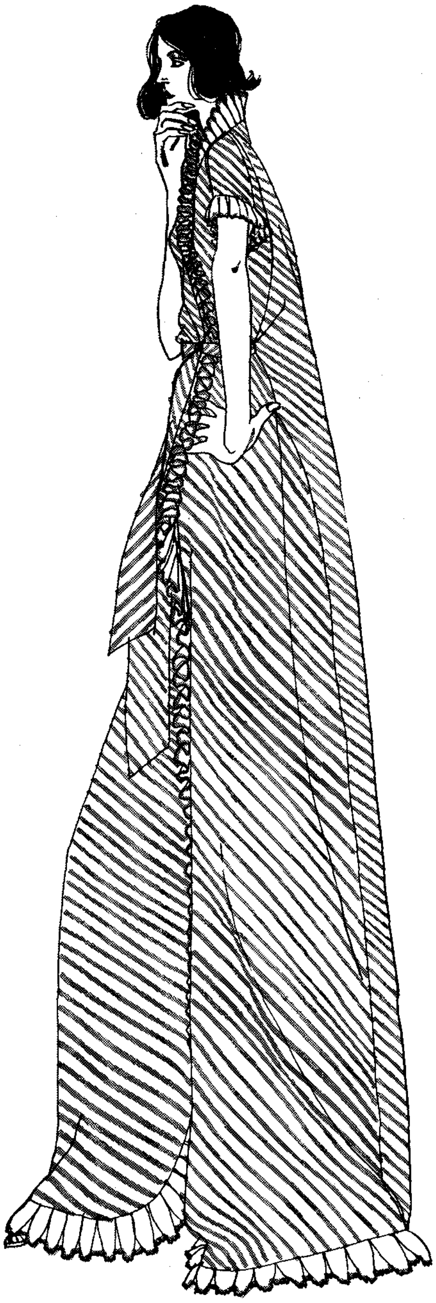
Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month).

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Kid Talk/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your stations listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022



RUFFLE OF SPRING

Fresh, flirty float. Never loses its crisp. Harbinger of happy at-home-ing. A tidy traveller, too. Washable, non-cling, lined. Stripes of salad green or pepper red on white. Sizes: P-S-M-L. $36. Short version $30. Slightly more on Coast. Order by mail/phone. Add tax where needed. $1.00 handling outside NY delivery area.

Elizabeth Arden

691 Fifth Avenue, NY 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Seattle.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 5, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo. ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

Racing—At **liberty bell**, Philadelphia; through Saturday, Feb. 5. The Quaker Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 5.... **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11.

Track—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 29-30, at 4.... ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Feb. 5, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "*Peter and the Wolf.*" (*Bil Baird Theatre*, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **dragon marionettes:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 29, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **salvatore guida:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2:30.... ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2:30.... ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Feb. 5, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **meri mini players:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **national theatre company:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 30, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **young world foundation:** "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Saturday, Feb. 5, at 1 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Children's Paintings from Five Continents," a show of forty *paintings from such diverse areas as* American Indian reservations, Tanzania, Austria, Honduras, and South Vietnam. Through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ An hour before the *shows, the new* Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—*Visitors may attend periodic* meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.)

Poetry Readings—Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Barry Boys, James Dickey, Stanley Kunitz, Eugene McCarthy, Richard Wilbur, Warren Beatty, and Blythe Danner, plus musical settings by the Bijou Singers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Jan. 28, at 7 and 10.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 5, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 6, from 1 to 7.)

National Boat Show—More than five hundred pleasure boats, including inboards, outboards, sailboats, and cruisers. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 26-28, from noon to 9; Saturday, Jan. 29, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, Jan. 30, from 1 to 7.)

Winter Antiques Show—The eighteenth annual benefit show is featuring a selection from the decorative arts collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 26-29, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Jan. 30, from 1 to 6.)

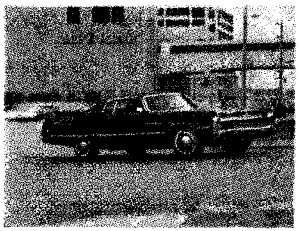
Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 26, at 2: American paintings by such artists as Joseph Heard, Frederick Waugh, and Thomas Sully; from many owners.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 27, at 2: Chinese Export and English porcelain, from a number of sources.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 28, at 2: American silver, including a Paul Revere porringer, a large tankard by Myer Myers, and a large collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century spoons; from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 29, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture and decorations, from various sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Modern first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts; from several collectors.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 3-4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Braque, Picasso, and Matisse; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 27.

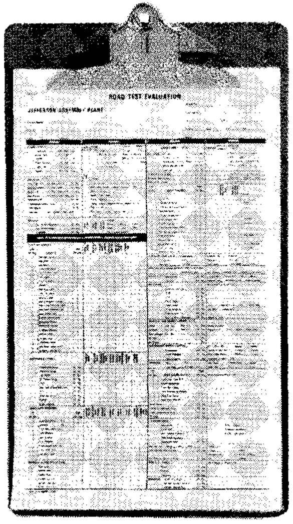
Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 26 at 2: "Petit à Petit" (1970), in French, directed by Jean Rouch.... ¶ Jan. 26 at 5:30: "Ça Va, Ça Vient" (1971), in French, directed by Pierre Barouh.... ¶ Jan. 27 at noon: "L'Amour Fou" (1968), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette; no English titles.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 5:30: "Valparaiso, Valparaiso" (1971), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier, with *Alain Cluny and Bernadette Lafont*.... ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: "Solo" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, Jean-Pierre Mocky; no English titles.... ¶ Jan. 28 at 2: "Valparaiso, Valparaiso" (1971).... ¶ Jan. 28 at 5:30: "Peau d'Ane" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve and Delphine Seyrig.... ¶ Jan. 29 at noon: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Joseph Cotten.... ¶ Jan. 29 at 3: "Peau d'Ane" (1970).... ¶ Jan. 29 at 5:30: "L'Alliance" (1971), in French, directed by Christian de Challonge, with Anna Karina.... ¶ Jan. 30 at 2: "Ça Va, Ça Vient" (1971).... ¶ Jan. 30 at 5:30: "Solo" (1970). ... ¶ Jan. 31 at 1: "L'Alliance" (1971).... ¶ Jan. 31 at 6 and Feb. 1 at 2: "Scarlet Days" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Richard Barthelmess.... ¶ Feb. 1 at 5: "Petit à Petit" (1970).... ¶ Feb. 2 at 2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), a French film with an English narration, directed by Carl Dreyer.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: "Day of Wrath" (1948), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 2: "Les Mâles" (1970), in French, directed by Gilles Carle.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: "Red" (1970), in French, directed by *Gilles Carle*.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 8: "Mon Oncle Antoine" (1971), in French, directed by Claude Jutra. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **anthology film archives,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Brakhage, Bresson, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, *Dovzhenko, and others*. Showings at 6, 8 (except Jan. 26 and Feb. 3), and 10 (except Jan. 26). No Mondays.... **whitney museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 *on* Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

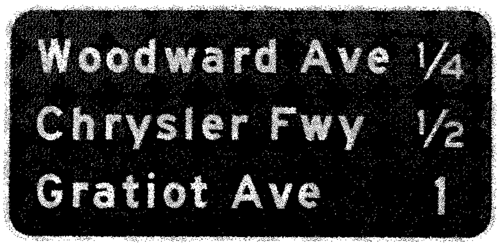
It doesn't matter who you are. You can't get a Chrysler Imperial that hasn't had a shakedown in Detroit traffic.

ARTHUR GODFREY

Nobody, but nobody gets an unused Imperial. Every Imperial that Chrysler builds gets somewhere between twelve and fifteen miles put on it before it ever gets delivered. If there are any problems, Chrysler wants to find them before you do.







Each car is checked on city streets and freeways, in all kinds of traffic conditions. The test drivers listen for wind noise and check for rattles. They even inspect *under* the car: Things like the fuel line and brake line. There's a check sheet with more than 200 items that gets filled out on each car. Believe me, if it's not right, they don't want you to have it.

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

That's their slogan this year, and I think they're living up to it.

I've seen the way they build the 1972 Chryslers. And believe me, they want these cars to last longer and perform better than any car they've ever built before.

Your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer can let you take an Imperial out for a road test of your own. You'll see what I mean.

The perfect Caribbean island didn't exist.

So we created it.

Back in 1960, there wasn't anything here except two old winter homes. And five spectacular beaches.

Those beaches were so fine that the natives of Nassau used to sail and even swim across Nassau Harbor to get to them.

Then we came along.

We'd been looking for the perfect Caribbean island. And we'd just about given up.

Till we saw those fine beaches.

With a little bit of money and a lot of imagination we knew we'd have something.

$60 million later, we have an island we can call Paradise and get away with it.

Where there used to be scrub pines, Dick Wilson has built an 18-hole championship course that ranks with the top five in the U.S. and the Caribbean.

We cut riding, cycling and jogging trails through a sun-dappled casuarina forest.

There used to be an old guest house on the lakeshore. Now it's the internationally famous Café Martinique.

We built the Villa d'Este right across the street. And gave it recipes we stole from the best menus in Rome and Naples. Then we built the Bahamian Club for people who are fanatics about steak and prime ribs.

We put more night life per square foot on this little island than you'll find on a big one called Manhattan.

For casino people we made this the hottest gaming spot east of Las Vegas.

And we created a cabaret theatre with a revue that costs a million dollars a year to stage.

Then we tried to design a hotel that would make everybody happy.

We couldn't.

So we built three. The opulent *Ocean Club* with its mile of terraced Versailles gardens, the highly popular *Britannia Beach Hotel*, and the moderately priced *Beach Inn.*

There's only one more thing you need to have the perfect vacation here.

A reservation.

See your travel agent.

Or call us.

Paradise Island

A property of Resorts International, Inc.

New York 765-5800, Washington, D.C. 338-6481, Atlanta 524-3486, Miami 754-1667, Chicago 664-5100, Detroit 566-2585, Toronto 363-1648. Represented by Leonard Hicks, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 1: "The Go-Between" and "Bed and Board."
From Feb. 2: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Pat and Mike."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 29: "That Night in Rio" and "Down Argentine Way."
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "Naughty Marietta" and "I Married an Angel."
From Feb. 2: "Kiss Me Kate" and "High Society."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 27: "Stage Fright" and "The Wrong Man."
Jan. 28-Feb. 1: "Strangers on a Train" and "I Confess."
From Feb. 2: "Marnie," "Torn Curtain," and "Topaz."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 1: "Desperate Characters" and "A New Leaf."
From Feb. 2: "Joe" and "Gimme Shelter."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 1: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 1: "The French Connection."
From Feb. 2: "Dirty Harry."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 1: "Together."
From Feb. 2: "The Last Picture Show."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Hot Rock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Man for All Seasons."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Such Good Friends."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"El Topo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 1: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From Feb. 2: "The Jerusalem File."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"To Find a Man."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Straw Dogs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 1: "Harold and Maude."
From Feb. 2: "Snow Job."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Hot Rock."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dirty Harry."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"X Y & Zee."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 1: "Together."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through Jan. 29: "Marat/Sade" and "The Killing."
Jan. 30-Feb. 1: "A Fistful of Dollars" and "The Magnificent Seven."
From Feb. 2: "The Damned" and "Death in Venice."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Carnal Knowledge."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 1: "Harold and Maude."
From Feb. 2: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 1: "The Wild Bunch," "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."
From Feb. 2: "Repulsion," "Dr. Strangelove," and "The Magic Christian."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 1: "Together."
From Feb. 2 (tentative): "The Return of Count Yorga" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Tenchu." (No performances on Sunday, Jan. 30.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 2: "The Cowboys."
From Feb. 3: "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Feb. 1: "Smic, Smac, Smoc."
From Feb. 2: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 1: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
From Feb. 2: "The Visitors."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 27: "Something Big" and "Monte Walsh."
Jan. 28-Feb. 3: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 1: "The Go-Between" and "Claire's Knee."
From Feb. 2: "Happy Birthday, Wanda June" and "Husbands."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 26: "Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary" and "Ganga Zumba."
Jan. 27: "The Idiot" and "A Day in the Country."
Jan. 28: "A Day in the Country" and "Children of Paradise."
Jan. 29: "Children of Paradise" and "The Immortal Story."
Jan. 30: "The Immortal Story" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Jan. 31: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Lions Love."
Feb. 1: "Lions Love" and "Scorpio Rising."
Feb. 2: "Scorpio Rising" and "Burn!"
Feb. 3: "Burn!" and "Yojimbo."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 1: "Anne of the Thousand Days" and "Diary of a Mad Housewife."
From Feb. 2: "The Organization" and "A New Leaf."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 27: "La Strada" and "Open City."
Jan. 28-30: "The Wild Child" and "The Stranger."
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "Z" and "The Conformist."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 27: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
Jan. 28-30: "Drive, He Said" and "Greetings."
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Symphony; through Feb. 1.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Art; through Feb. 1.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Olympia; through Jan. 27.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Bullitt (1968)—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Olympia; through Jan. 27.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (New Yorker; Feb. 2-3.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (72nd St. Playhouse and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully

photos: Pesin

When the Queen of England wanted bone china for her wedding table, she chose Aynsley.

And when the president's daughter wanted crystal, she chose Waterford.

For free brochures on how to wine and dine happily ever after, write to Waterford & Aynsley, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 28-29.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 1.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

The Cowboys—Blood and homilies on one of the most torpid cattle drives since the invention of motion pictures. Eleven good boys, aged nine to fifteen, are so well trained by their surrogate big daddy, John Wayne, that when he is shot by a rustler they wipe out the whole seventeen-man gang. The point of view of the movie is that this makes them men. Mark Rydell directed this pious muck. As the cook on the drive, Roscoe Lee Browne does his charming urbane number. (Music Hall; through Feb. 2.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Garrick; starting Feb. 2.)

Angela Davis: A Portrait of a Revolutionary—Directed by Yolande du Luart. (New Yorker; Jan. 26.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 1.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 27-28.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Garrick; starting Feb. 2.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Gramercy; through Feb. 1.)

VILLAGE
VILLAGE
tf

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Symphony; through Feb. 1.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Feb. 2.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Elgin; starting Feb. 2.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné.)

Down Argentine Way (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hard-working smile, just as he always had for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell" in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for more than thirty years. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 29.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (Olympia; Jan. 28-30.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Jan. 30-31.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Fistful of Dollars (1967)—Clint Eastwood and Sergio Leone made more than a fistful with this first of the spaghetti Westerns. Worth about nine lire. (Garrick; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 1.)

Ganga Zumba—A young Brazilian director, Carlos Diegues, made this artlessly eloquent movie about the struggle of sugar-cane-plantation slaves in the seventeenth century. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; Jan. 26.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I; through Feb. 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 2.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Guild. . . . ¶ Art and Embassy 72nd St., through Feb. 1.)

The Good, the Bad and the Ugly (1968)—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Sergio Leone The last of Eastwood's spaghetti Westerns. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma (Olympia; Jan. 28-30.)

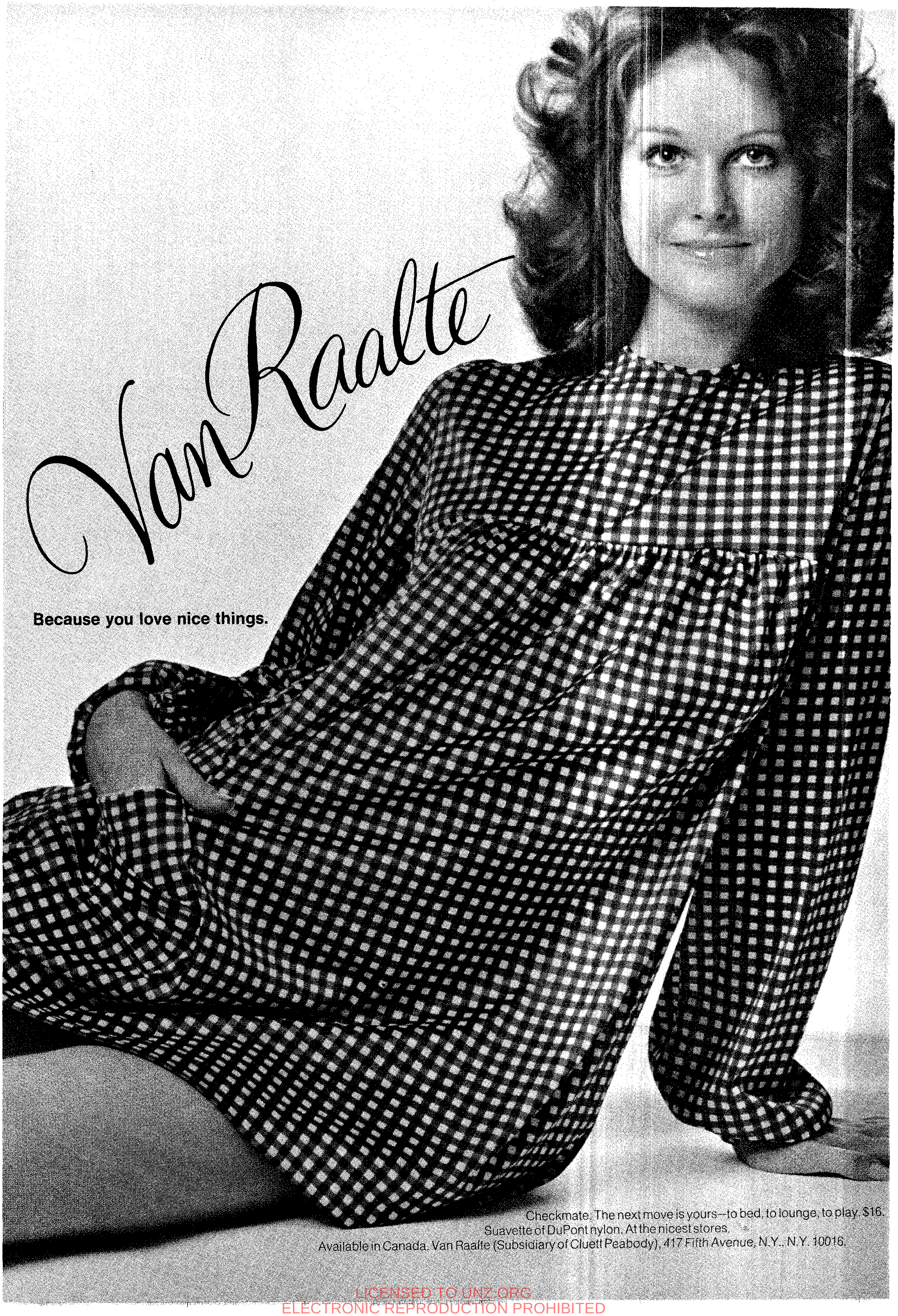
Happy Birthday, Wanda June—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.

J&B RARE
The Pleasure Principle
JUSTERINI Founded 1749 & BROOKS
JUSTERINI
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WINE MERCHANTS
RARE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
JUSTERINI & BROOKS LTD
St. James's Street, London, Eng.
BY WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
FROM 1749 TO 1936 AND TO THEIR LATE MAJESTIES
KING GEORGE III
KING GEORGE IV
KING WILLIAM IV
QUEEN VICTORIA
KING EDWARD VII
KING GEORGE V
KING GEORGE VI
H.R.H. PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
86 PROOF
IMPORTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. ©1971 Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020


Van Raalte
Because you love nice things.

Checkmate. The next move is yours--to bed, to lounge, to play. $16.
Suavette of DuPont nylon. At the nicest stores.
Available in Canada. Van Raalte (Subsidiary of Cluett Peabody), 417 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 2.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Juliet 1 and Greenwich; through Feb. 1.)

High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story" with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 2.)

The Hospital—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton.)

The Hot Rock—With Robert Redford, George Segal, and Zero Mostel, directed by Peter Yates. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Husbands (1970)—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 2.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 28-Feb. 1.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; Jan. 27.)

I Married an Angel (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without the energy of operetta. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (New Yorker; Jan 29-30.)

The Jerusalem File—With Bruce Davison and Nicol Williamson, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 2.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 2.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Garrick; through Jan. 29.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Olympia; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles, anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 2.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Feb. 2.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance in this, her first feature made in America. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (New Yorker; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Macbeth—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

Made for Each Other—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film a depth and conviction that make it the most satisfying comedy of 1971. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman and Paramount.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Elgin; starting Feb. 2.)

The Magnificent Seven (1960)—The first of three Westerns based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai," and fairly rousing for about two-thirds of the way. John Sturges directed a good cast: Yul Brynner in the lead, with Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Horst Buchholz, Charles Bronson, Eli Wallach, Robert Vaughn, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Ragged when it tries for philosophical importance, but it's fun to see so many stars in an earlier stage in their careers. You can see why they became stars. (Garrick; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Garrick; through Jan. 29.)

Marnie (1964)—Hitchcock scraping bottom. Marnie (Tippi Hedren) is a frigid kleptomaniac; Sean Connery, looking pale and beleaguered, plays the man scheduled to cure her on both counts. It hardly seems worth the trouble. With Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 2.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—With Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 3.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Monte Walsh (1970)—Taciturn, funereal Western, with Lee Marvin, Jeanne Moreau, Mitch Ryan, and Jack Palance starving and suffering. William A. Fraker directed. (Regency; through Jan. 27.)

Murders in the Rue Morgue—With Jason Robards and Herbert Lom, directed by Gordon Hessler. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 2, tentative.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30-Feb. 1.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Feb. 2.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Kips Bay; through Feb. 1.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia; through Jan. 27.)

The Organization—Sidney Poitier as Virgil Tibbs. Allen Garfield, in a big-studio movie for a change, plays a dope dealer. Directed by Don Medford. (Symphony; starting Feb. 2.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—With Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, directed by George Cukor. (Art; starting Feb. 2.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Art; starting Feb. 2.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Elgin; starting Feb. 2.)

The Return of Count Yorga—With Robert Quarry and Mariette Hartley, directed by Bob Kelljan. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Feb. 2, tentative.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult. An energetic, influential movie with a witty musical track. (New Yorker; Feb. 1-2.)

Smic, Smac, Smoc—With Catherine Allegret and Amidou, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Festival; through Feb. 1.)

Snow Job—With Jean-Claude Killy, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1; starting Feb. 2.)

Something Big—Dean Martin in a Western set in 1870, involving a raid on a Mexican bandit's loot. With Brian Keith, Honor Blackman, and Carol White; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Regency; through Jan. 27.)

Stage Fright (1950)—A Hitchcock backstage thriller without much thrill. The story, with its opening flashback that turns out to be a cheat, doesn't hold together, and Jane Wyman is pallid and seems fatally miscast. But there is some diversion to be had from a movie with Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, Sybil Thorndike, Joyce Grenfell, Kay Walsh, Miles Malleson, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Thalia; through Jan. 27.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 28-30.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 28-Feb. 1.)

Straw Dogs—With Dustin Hoffman and Susan George, directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Tower East.)

Such Good Friends—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a tasteless, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco. (Baronet.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt: An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Feb. 2.)

Tenchu—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Jan. 30.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi

adventure in Spain.

Your adventure this year will be the discovery of an ever exciting country… flamenco fiestas until dawn… some lazy hours spent on its golden beaches… discover its fabulous art treasures, or perhaps an exciting bullfight… the country of a thousand faces, where adventure is part of daily life.

Start your adventure this year at a Melia Hotel.

16 fabulous MELIA HOTELS offer traditional Spanish hospitality in comfort and luxury, the finest service, all at **Spanish prices.** In the cities, mountains or on the sun-drenched beaches, there is always a MELIA HOTEL for your **adventure in Spain.**

Write for our special brochure "Adventure in Spain at the MELIA HOTELS" and start dreaming now.

Melia Hotels
OF SPAIN
Europe's fastest growing hotel group.

Reservations and brochure: Utell International, Essex House, New York, N.Y. 10019, Tel: 212 Plaza 72981, or: Luis Criado, V. P. Marketing, Melia Hotels (Melia Building), 25 Princesa St., Madrid-8, Spain, Tel: 2485800, Telex: 27333.

Reservations only: All leading travel agents.

Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 29.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Olympia; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

To Find a Man—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

Together—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 1.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature. The spy thriller he made in the thirties has now become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 2.)

El Topo—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Coronet.)

Torn Curtain (1966)—Sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova, Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. Brian Moore is credited with the original screenplay, but probably his friends don't mention it. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 2.)

The Visitors—Directed by Elia Kazan. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 2.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Elgin; through Feb. 1.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 28-30.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually serious Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafkaesque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles and Anthony Quayle. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 27.)

X Y & Zee—With Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, and Susannah York; directed by Brian Hutton. (Orpheum.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 3.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

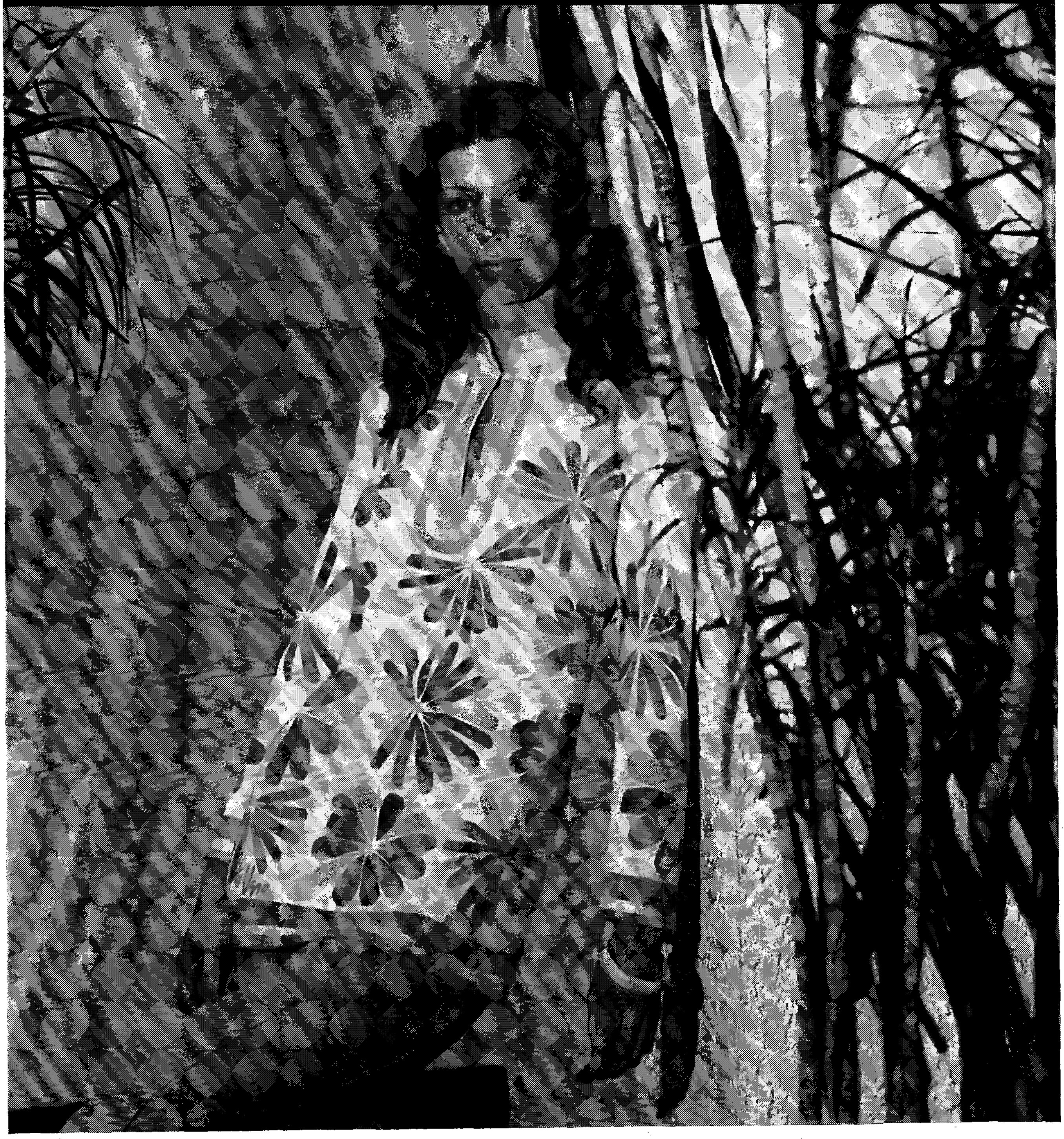
For more
than a century
The Greenbrier
has been
ladies and gentlemen
being served by
ladies and gentlemen

...it still is.

For particulars concerning vacations or business meetings at America's Premier Resort, or a screening of our new movie-tour, contact our Marketing Manager, Dept. G, The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia 24986. Phone (304) 536-1110. Or our New York Office, Dept. N, Room 1505, Seagram Building, 375 Park Avenue. Phone (212) 832-1340.

For your off-season summer.

(On-season, too!)



Shades of the sun—orange and yellow on white—in a sleek, supple polyester knit tunic, 28.00* The perfect match in yellow Ban-Lon® pants—straight, neat legs, 100% nylon knit, 16.00* Both in sizes 10 to 16.

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches

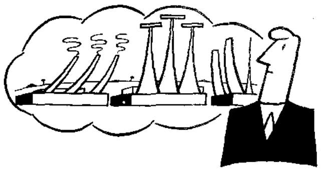
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area. *Slightly higher on the West Coast.

THE NEW YORKER

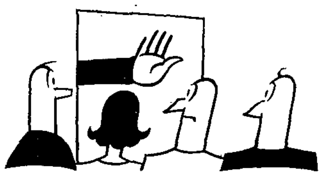
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THESE are thrilling times for a citizen to be alive in. First: The Surgeon General's new report, which tells us that because of the baby-sitter's smoking up the living room with her lemon-and-lime Gauloises we citizens may not be alive as long as we thought we would. Then: Howard Hughes. The Super Bowl. Duane Thomas. Clifford Irving. Is there really a Clifford Irving? Does the Hughes Tool Company actually exist? For our part, we like to think of it as a great, beautiful, spooky thing out there in the desert: low buildings with no windows; strange pipelike structures letting off wisps of gas; enormous, weird hangars; something that looks like a dirigible-mooring mast; men in sunglasses and light-blue suits. The Hughes Tool Company has a telephone number in New York. We phoned it, or them, as the case may be. We are not, after all, the sort of magazine that sits around and lets other people dig out the stories. The phone rang three times. A lady's voice answered—sounding, in fact, suspiciously like our answering service. "Hughes Tool Company," the lady said. "Would you care to answer a few preliminary questions?" we asked. In our kind of work, you don't just sit there on your end of a phone connection and hear a *voice* saying "Hughes Tool Company" at you and leave it at that. "Who is it you wish to speak to?" the voice said. "Doubtless you remember the date of the patenting of the Hughes drill bit?" we suggested, glancing at our notes. The answer, we knew, was "1909." The real Hughes Tool Company would certainly have the answer. "Hughes Tool Company," the voice said. "What is the nature of your business?" "We would like to speak to Mr. Hughes," we said. It was a brash attempt, we knew—putting our cards right on the table. But suppose he was listening in, or even just happened to be secretly in town and hanging around the switchboard. There is a whole literature, after all, on great men hanging around switchboards and rewarding casual callers with sound bits of financial advice. "Mr. Hughes is not here," the voice said. "When do you expect him?" we asked. This is the question that always stumps our answering service. "I have other calls," the voice said. Was there a trace of sadness in the voice? Memories of the old days? Of 1909? Office parties after the patenting ceremony? We could hear her (if, indeed, it was a her) murmuring "Hughes Tool Company" into the distance.



There was not much doubt about the existence of the Super Bowl, however. The Dallas Cowboys. The Miami Dolphins. Dolphins is certainly a cute name for a football team. It is also cute to have a President who takes such an interest in the National Pastime—to the extent of phoning coaches at one-thirty in the morning with pass-play suggestions. It was also especially cute to see the military so genially and enthusiastically stirred into the nation's sports spectacles. First, the Air Force Academy choir sang the national anthem. Then there was much fine marching about on the field by soldiers carrying large American flags. Then there was a fly-by of eight Phantom jets, in an asymmetrical, "missing-man" formation, which was supposedly a reference to the pilots who are missing by reason of being imprisoned in North Vietnam. As the planes whooshed by—dark phallic shapes that seemed well suited to this country's great Locker Room Circus—there was a release of balloons. The balloons, we gather, did *not* represent the souls of faraway people ascending into Heaven, or wherever, as a result of Phantom jets, but then, we imagine, the Super Bowl people were limited as to the number of symbolic pageants they could stage. Practically the only notable thing about the Super Bowl, in fact, was the foolish and rather poisonous treatment of Duane Thomas, one of the Dallas running backs, by what is known as the nation's sports press. Thomas, an exceptionally good player in his rookie year for Dallas last season, a black, a graduate of a small Texas college, decided at the beginning of this year—for reasons that seem to have struck many people in the sports establishment as arrant uppitiness—that he should receive more than thirty thousand dollars a year for his services. A certain amount of sports drama then took place: Thomas was suddenly dispatched to the New England Patriots, where he stayed for two days; he was then returned to the Cowboys, where he has played superbly, but in virtually total silence, all season. He continued this silence into the Super Bowl. "Thomas Refuses Interviews!" reported sports story after sports story. It became, finally, a pathetic and an at least slightly brutish spectacle—not Thomas but the press. Sports heroes, one gathers, should be docile and content, especially if they are black sports heroes. Joe Louis, for instance, was an ideal black sports hero—much praised for his reserve and politeness. "He can run, but he can't hide," Joe Louis said of Billy Conn. Folk wisdom. The extraordinary left jab. The impassive face. A model to his race, people said of Joe Louis. Not so Cassius Clay, and when he changed his name to Muhammad Ali they really trained that white ringside disdain on him, not even allowing him his name



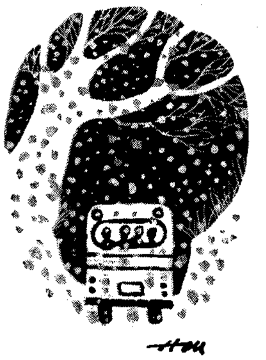
change (despite the fact that prizefighters have traditionally changed their names)—announcers refusing to call him Ali, or else calling him that with an ill-concealed edge of contempt. Uppity. He spoke too much. He spoke too loud. No foot-shuffling. No gentle wisps of folk wisdom. He knew he was good, and said so—clearly a dangerous thing for one of our gladiators to do. The danger is not entirely confined to one race, either. Joe DiMaggio, the great center fielder, was reserved and polite, and was generally treated by the press as one of the Apostles returned to earth. Ted Williams, the great hitter, was brash and outspoken, and was attacked in the press and often berated by his own fans. And now Duane Thomas, who plays football for money, and plays it extremely well, has the uppitiness to think that since the sports establishment doesn't do much for him in the way of extra favors, there is no pressing need for him to do extra favors for it. The nation seems now to be obsessed with sports—mostly, to be sure, with watching sports—so perhaps it is time to do some shaking up of the sports establishment: the greedy men who, by virtue of strange ninth-century feudal laws, appear to own athletes; and the inane, prattling, product-pushing announcers who lay their heavy thumbprints over double plays and slalom falls and pass interceptions. A good way to start getting us all out of the National Freak Show might be to begin according the likes of Duane Thomas some simple, ungiggly regard. And then maybe we can start to think about phasing out the Phantom jets and their beautiful, sexy fly-bys.

•

PRESIDENT NIXON's announcement that he is withdrawing seventy thousand troops from Vietnam over the next three months is both welcome and a little unfair. What is unfair is that in an election year the President alone can deliver this kind of good news. To achieve equity, the other major candidates should have the right to make troop withdrawals, too, if they wish. Senator Muskie, for example, might want to withdraw even more troops than President Nixon has withdrawn—say, between eighty-five thousand and a hundred thousand. Senator McGovern might want to withdraw them all. Governor Wallace, on the other hand, might want to put some back. Mayor Lindsay could conceivably withdraw between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand fat, prosperous taxpayers from the suburbs and bring *them* home to New York City. No end of possibilities. Real participatory democracy. The politics of rearrangement. We know a lot of ordinary citizens who'd like to be given a crack at it.

•

THE most appalling result of America's policies in Asia has been the destruction of Asian peoples and Asian cultures, but the most ominous result, perhaps, has been the consistent undermining of our own ends and the destruction of ourselves. This, of course, is a popular point to make. During the recent emergence of Bangla Desh, almost every commentator remarked, in one way or another, on the self-destructive nature of our policy. We not only backed a ruthless dictatorship (it was said) but backed an ineffectual ruthless dictatorship. We were not only on the wrong side but on the losing side, too. We defied not just decency but the dictates of power politics. We lost our soul *and* the world. And all this has been said with equal justice of the entire Indo-China war. One reason this point has been made so often is that it's easier to accuse the government of failing to accomplish its own ends (the enhancing of our "prestige," and so on) than to try to hold the government to standards of conduct devised by oneself. Everyone likes a chance to appear more hardheaded than the hardheads themselves. (Some observers, to get extra points in hardheadedness, clearly implied that they would have had no objection to our silence about the massacres in East Pakistan if only there had been some advantage for us in it.) However, there are better reasons for dwelling on this point. A powerful nation that commits terrible crimes itself and condones the crimes of other nations in ruthless, single-minded pursuit of its own advantage and its own interests is naturally a menace to the rest of the world, but in our age a nation that does all this in *spite* of its own interests can be a still greater menace—particularly if it is a nuclear power, as we are. The world should pray that the nuclear powers, if they can't behave with generosity, will at least preserve a lively and accurate sense of their own interests, because their greatest possible interest is also the entire world's greatest possible interest: avoiding nuclear war. In a time when the nuclear powers are indifferent to human life, and are willing to carry out or condone murder on a huge scale, self-interest becomes the last preserve of hope for the race. Selfishness can lead to great crimes, but it can also keep them within certain bounds. It's the self-righteous "selfless" crimes that have no limit. Nuclear war, if it comes, won't grow out of anyone's self-interest (no one has anything to gain)—it will grow out of madness. So if the great powers can't honor the lives of people in other parts of the world, one can still hope they'll learn to cherish their own sweet lives. In Asia, however, we've been pursuing something that dulls us to the pain we inflict on ourselves as well as to the pain we inflict on our "enemies"—something that has started to put us to sleep altogether. In an age when the ultimate calamity is a crime that would combine international murder and national suicide in a single act, these are bad omens.



Photographer

WE put in a call the other day to a man we vastly admire—James Van DerZee, who is eighty-five years old, black, and a photographer. We were calling Mr. Van DerZee to congratulate him on his television appearance on the N.E.T. show "Black Journal" last week. Mr. Van DerZee has received quite a bit of attention lately, in belated recognition of the importance of his sixty years' work as a photographer in Harlem, and we asked him how he was handling it all. "Well," he answered, in his quiet, courtly voice, "I was at City College the other day, lecturing. I'm a photographer, not a lecturer, but they seemed very much interested. Lately, I don't know what I'm going to turn into. A month ago, I went to dinner at the millionaires' yacht club—you know, the one on Forty-fourth Street—and it was a very nice dinner."

Mr. Van DerZee's photographs, which were at the heart of the Metropolitan Museum's "Harlem on My Mind" show, have been put together into a stunning book, "The World of James Van DerZee." One afternoon, before his television appearance, we met with Mr. Van DerZee to go through his book with him. Despite the recognition recently given his work, the last several years have been difficult for him, and he sometimes describes himself as being in "a state of shock." Two years ago, he was evicted from the building, on Lenox Avenue, where he had his home and his place of business, and this, he felt, happened because he was deceived by a friend. He now lives, with his wife, in an apartment at Ninety-fourth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, but we met him in the Brooklyn apartment of Reginald McGhee, a young black photographer who is a friend of his and who worked with him on his book. Mr. Van DerZee's work is a moving record of the lives of many black people—in Harlem, in the South, and in his home town of Lenox, Massachusetts—and, of course, it is a record of his own life as well. He talked with eloquence about both his life and his work ("I like to talk about myself, because I know my own life and my own business better than anybody else does," he said), so we just listened. He showed us first a remarkably lovely picture of his first wife, Kate, and their daughter Rachel in Lenox in 1908.

"This picture here was taken up in Lenox by the brook, and this same brook used to lead water to an old mill that stood down on our property," he said. "That was taken in the spring of the year, in May, and the apple tree was all in blossom, and the bees and the butterflies, they were going from one flower to another. We had a beautiful childhood, as far as I can remember. My parents came to Lenox around 1882, 1883. Before that, they worked for General Grant down on Thirty-fourth Street. My father was General Grant's butler. There were a lot of questions I should have asked him about that, but I never did. My father was the sexton of the wealthy church in Lenox, the Episcopal church, where the Vanderbilts and the Frelinghuysens and all the wealthy people went. I used to take pictures of those people and sell them for ten cents apiece. I know of nothing we wanted, except when bicycles were coming out I always wanted a bicycle, and I wanted a bicycle so bad it really hurt me. I started to make one, and got as far as the front wheel and the handlebars on it. One day, a wealthy lady came by in a horse and wagon and coachman and so forth—Mrs. Morris K. Jesup. She had a big house up on the hill, and she called me up and wanted to know if I liked bicycles, so of course, naturally, my heart jumped up in my mouth; sure enough, I thought, I could see a bicycle coming. But I guess I didn't talk strong enough, because she never did give me a bicycle.

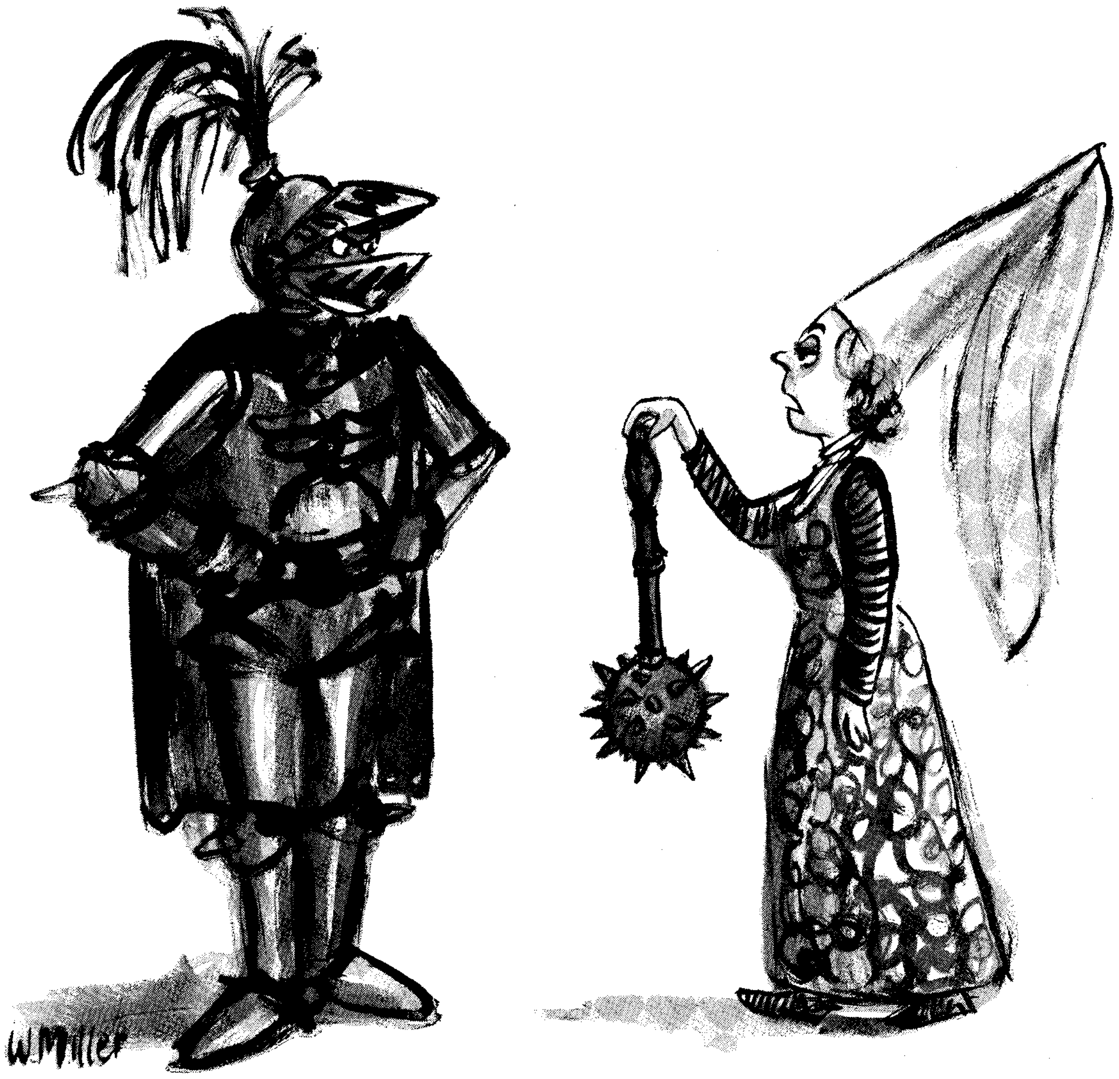
"There's myself and one of the teachers from the Whittier School, which is a preparatory school for the Hampton Institute, in Virginia. I have my camera and tripod with me. I must have been about twenty-two, I guess.

"Those Indians were schoolteachers at the Whittier School. Those children have got to be in their seventies now.

"I've been taking pictures since 1900. The first camera I got wasn't much good. The first camera I got I got as a premium for selling perfume—the Premium Perfume Company, I think it was. The lens on that camera was just a piece of broken eyeglass.

"Where I began to take professional pictures was for a man who had a concession in Goerke's Department Store, in Newark. Three for a quarter, finish 'em while you wait. So he advertised for a darkroom man, and I saw the advertisement. So one day, around the Jewish holidays, he had to be away a lot, and people'd come by and I'd take their pictures. I'd take time with them, you know, and pose them up. After a while, they'd come by, look in the door, and say, 'Uh, uh, uh, uh, is the colored fellow here?' You see, this twenty-five-cents stuff he didn't bother with—he'd just say, 'Next, next, next, next'—but I'd take time to pose 'em up. So they'd act like they wanted me to take their picture. So finally he'd say, 'Come on in, Jimmy. Set 'em up and take their picture.' He started me at five dollars a week, and he never did raise my salary after I began to do more work outside than I was doing inside.

"I had a studio in Harlem at 109 West 135th Street, right by the library, from about 1915 to 1930. Business was very good—especially Sundays. *Everybody* had pictures made until Eastman began putting cameras into everybody's homes. After 1930, I moved to Seventh Avenue, at 123rd Street. It



"Goodness' sake! It was right on the table! If it had been a snake, it would have bit you!"

was still white then, but changing. I had a nice studio on Seventh Avenue. I used to go to the big hotels, like the Alamac, and do wedding jobs.

"This picture is Daddy Grace, made in his temple, on 116th Street. He had quite a large following. He owned quite a lot of real estate, because he didn't call himself no Negro, he called himself a Portuguese, or something like that. When he was in Rome, he was *Roman.*

"This is Mr. Marcus Garvey. I did most of his work at that time. He was a great leader and a great lecturer and a great talker, and his idea was to get all the Negroes to go back to Africa.

"This man was W. W. Brockett, from Cambridge, Mass. He was writing an encyclopedia at that time. He was very interesting to talk to. He was also a student of William Cullen Bryant. You could listen to him talk for hours at a time.

"These two were politicians. Two of the first black politicians in New York: Chief Lee, Commissioner Morton.

"Here is Adam Clayton Powell, Sr., of the Abyssinian Church; Rev. Brown, of the Metropolitan Church; and Rev. Cullen, Countee Cullen's father, of the Salem Church. They were among the most important ministers in Harlem.

"These two soldiers were named Needham and Roberts, and they were in the 369th Harlem Hell Fighters. They captured many Germans in fierce hand-to-hand fighting in the First World War. There's an inset in the picture there of a battle scene. They're supposed to be talking about overseas. I always thought a picture ought to tell a story."

Efficiency

THOSE of you who still think of the Girl Scouts as a corps of tremulous cookie peddlers will be edified by a memorandum distributed to the National Headquarters Staff of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.:

NATIONAL STAFF DIRECTIVE SYSTEM
Instruction

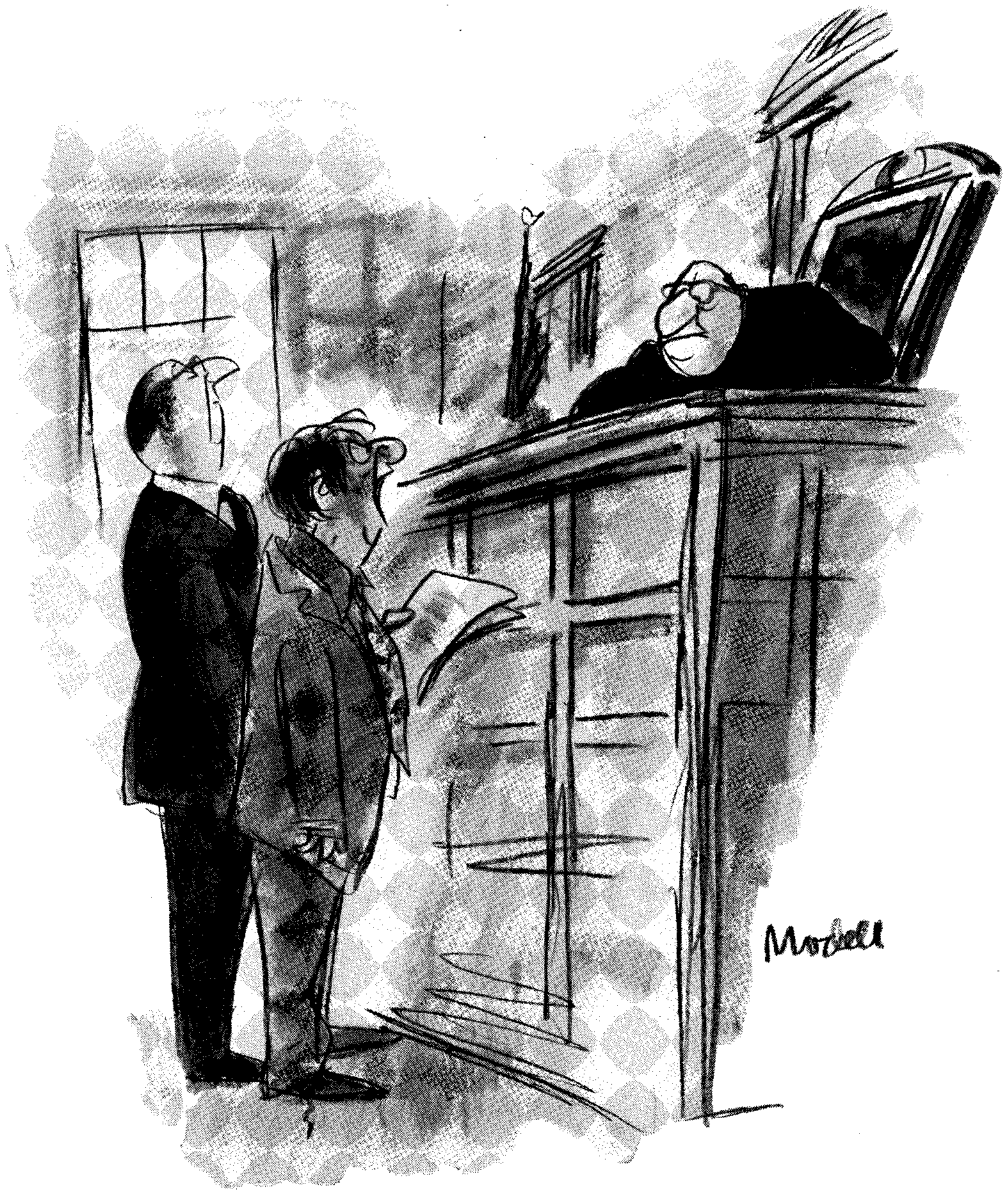
TO: Headquarters Staff
FROM: Director, General Services and Properties Dept.
SUBJECT: Electrical Appliances—Percolators/Immersion Heaters/Portable Heaters
ENCL.: None
REFERENCE: None

1. *Purpose:* To provide information to all staff regarding use of electric percolators, immersion heaters and portable heaters.
2. *Cancellation:* This instruction cancels no previous directive and is itself cancelled when superseded.
3. *Applicability:* To all National Staff at Headquarters.
4. *Background:* None
5. *Procedure:* The use of electric percolators and immersion heaters in offices or lounge is prohibited. Additionally, the use of portable heaters in offices is prohibited.

DANIEL L. FRENCH, DIRECTOR
General Services & Properties

Tribute

WHEN Woody Guthrie, the most prolific and influential folk singer of his generation, died, in 1967, after a fifteen-year battle with Huntington's disease, a group of his friends and relatives organized two memorial concerts—one at Carnegie Hall and the other at the Hollywood Bowl—and they were both recorded. Last week, we attended a reception at the Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, on West Forty-third Street, to celebrate the long-awaited release of the records, the royalties from which will go to the Woody Guthrie Tribute Fund. There were a few brief speeches (by Harold Leventhal, Woody's manager; by Guy Logsdon, of Tulsa, who has done scholarly research on Woody; and by Marjorie Guthrie, Woody's second wife), and there was some relaxed group singing, led by Pete Seeger, with Arlo Guthrie, Woody's twenty-four-year-old son; Fred Hellerman, one of the original Weavers; Oscar Brand, the folk singer; and Millard Lampell, a writer, who directed both concerts. Most of the people in the room were over forty-five (Woody's friends) or under twenty-five (the Arlo contingent). We recognized one of the over-forty-five guests—a stocky, white-haired man—as Moses Asch, the founder of Folkways Records. "Woody came to me in 1943, and I recorded him for



"If it please Your Honor, I would like to point out again that I am not the defendant but the defendant's counsel."

the next five years," Mr. Asch told us. "He did five hundred songs for me, and I would estimate that at least a hundred of them have never been released. Eventually, they will be. Woody was an absolutely free soul, and he was often antisocial when the spirit moved him. He wouldn't put up with anything that might tie him down or that would keep him from expressing himself."

"As you may know, Woody never wrote down the music of his songs," Al Brackman, a short, cheerful man, said, after telling us that he had published almost all of Woody's music. "But around 1951 we bought one of the early portable tape recorders and asked him to put his songs down on tape. For a year and a half, he'd sit and talk or sing into the machine and then type out the lyrics, so we'd get the words right. From these sources we made sheet-music copies, which we submitted to other artists. Woody's first big commercial success was The Weavers' version of 'So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh'—a song about leaving the family homestead during the Depression. His most famous song, 'This Land Is Your Land,' has sold more than half a million copies over the years."

"Anything more, O Master, would be in violation of the President's guidelines."

• •

On the other side of the room, Mrs. Guthrie, a trim, vivacious, gray-haired woman, was tapping one foot to Pete Seeger's banjo as he played her husband's music. "Whenever I call people up trying to raise money for my Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease, I always ask how old they are," she said. "If they're under thirty, I say I'm Arlo's mother. If they're over thirty, I say I'm Woody's wife."

Toward the end of the party, we found Pete Seeger and Millard Lampell in a reminiscent mood. "In January of 1941, Mill and I started an amorphous group called The Almanacs with Lee Hays," said Mr. Seeger, "and in June we were joined by Woody, who had just hitchhiked in from the Coast. That first week with Woody, we made two albums—'Deep Sea Chanteys' and 'Sod Buster Ballads'—which are still being reissued."

"We were the first group to sing urban folk songs," said Mr. Lampell, a ruddy-faced, strong-featured man. "Our audiences were either left-wing intellectuals who suddenly felt they had found the *real* America or hard-nosed union workers who wanted to know whose side we were on. We had a chance to show them when the bus workers struck in 1941. We met with Mike Quill, of the T.W.U., and offered to help him organize his people. He said fine, so we sat down that night and wrote 'The Train That Never Returned,' a ballad about a subway train that roared off into the night with all the city officials on board."

"Maybe we should resurrect that," said Mr. Seeger, strumming his banjo thoughtfully. "We sang Woody's songs all across the country. They were great because he always wrote for the man in the corner bar. But his simplification was as purposeful as that of Thoreau's 'Walden.'"

"The problem is to keep the mass media from turning Woody into a precious folk hero," said Mr. Lampell.

"He was a man who fought the Establishment every day of his life," said Mr. Seeger.

"I saw a football game on TV the other day, and at the half they had little girls dolled up in red-white-and-blue bikinis singing 'This Land Is Your Land,'" said Mr. Lampell.

"Now, there's a song sung by two hundred million Americans, most of whom forget that it was written by a guy who called himself a Communist and wrote a column for the *Daily Worker*," said Mr. Seeger.

"When Odetta and Arlo sing it together, it's Woody," said Mr. Lampell. "Do you remember the verse they use on the record?"

The two men looked at each other for a moment and then sang:

"As I went walking
I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said 'No trespassing'
But on the other side
It didn't say nothing.
That side was made for you and me."

THE CIRCLE

IN the second place, because he was possessed by a sudden mad hankering after Russia. In the third place, finally, because he regretted those years of youth and everything associated with it—the fierce resentment, the uncouthness, the ardency, and the dazzlingly green mornings when the coppice deafened you with its golden orioles. As Innokentiy sat in the café and kept diluting with syphoned soda the paling sweetness of his cassis, he recalled the past with a constriction of the heart, with melancholy—what kind of melancholy?—well, a kind not yet sufficiently investigated. All that distant past rose with his breast, raised by a sigh, and slowly his father ascended from the grave, squaring his shoulders: Ilya Ilyich Bychkov, *"le maître d'école chez nous au village,"* in flowing black tie picturesquely knotted and tussah jacket, the buttons of which began, in the old fashion, high on the breastbone but stopped also at a high point, letting the diverging coat flaps reveal the watch chain across the waistcoat. His complexion was reddish, his head bald yet covered with a tender down resembling the velvet of a deer's vernal antlers. There were lots of little folds along his cheeks, and a fleshy wart next to the nose, producing the effect of an additional volute described by the fat nostril. In his high-school and college days, Innokentiy used to travel from town on holidays to visit his father at Leshino. Diving still deeper, he could remember the demolition of the old school at the end of the village, the clearing of the ground for its successor, the foundation-stone ceremony, the religious service in the wind, Count Konstantin Godunov-Cherdyntsev throwing the traditional gold coin, the coin sticking edgewise in the clay. The new building was of a grainy granitic gray on its outside; its inside for several years and then for another long spell (that is, when it joined the staff of memory) sunnily smelled of glue. The classes were graced with glossy educational appliances, such as enlarged portraits of insects injurious to field or forest. But Innokentiy found even more irritating the stuffed birds provided by Godunov-Cherdyntsev. Flirting with the common people! Yes, he saw himself as a stern plebeian: hatred (or so it seemed) suffocated him when as a youth he used to look across the river at the great manorial park, heavy with ancient privileges and imperial grants, casting the reflection of its black amassments onto the green water (with the creamy blur of a *Padus racemosa* blooming here and there among the fir trees).

The new school was built on the threshold of this century, at a time when Godunov-Cherdyntsev had returned from his fifth expedition to Central Asia and was spending the summer at Leshino, his estate in the Government of St. Petersburg, with his young wife. (At forty he was twice as old as she.) To what a depth one has plunged, good God! In a melting crystalline mist, as if it were all taking place underwater, Innokentiy saw himself as a boy of three or four entering the manor house and floating through marvellous rooms, with his father moving on tiptoe, a damp nosegay of lilies of the valley bunched in his fist so tight that they squeaked. And everything around seemed moist too—a luminous, squeaking, quivering haze, which was all one could distinguish. But in later years it turned into a shameful recollection, his father's flowers, tiptoeing progress, and sweating temples darkly symbolizing grateful servility—especially after Innokentiy was told by an old peasant that Ilya Ilyich had been disentangled by "our good master" from a trivial but tacky political affair, for which he would have been banished to the backwoods of the empire had the Count not interceded.

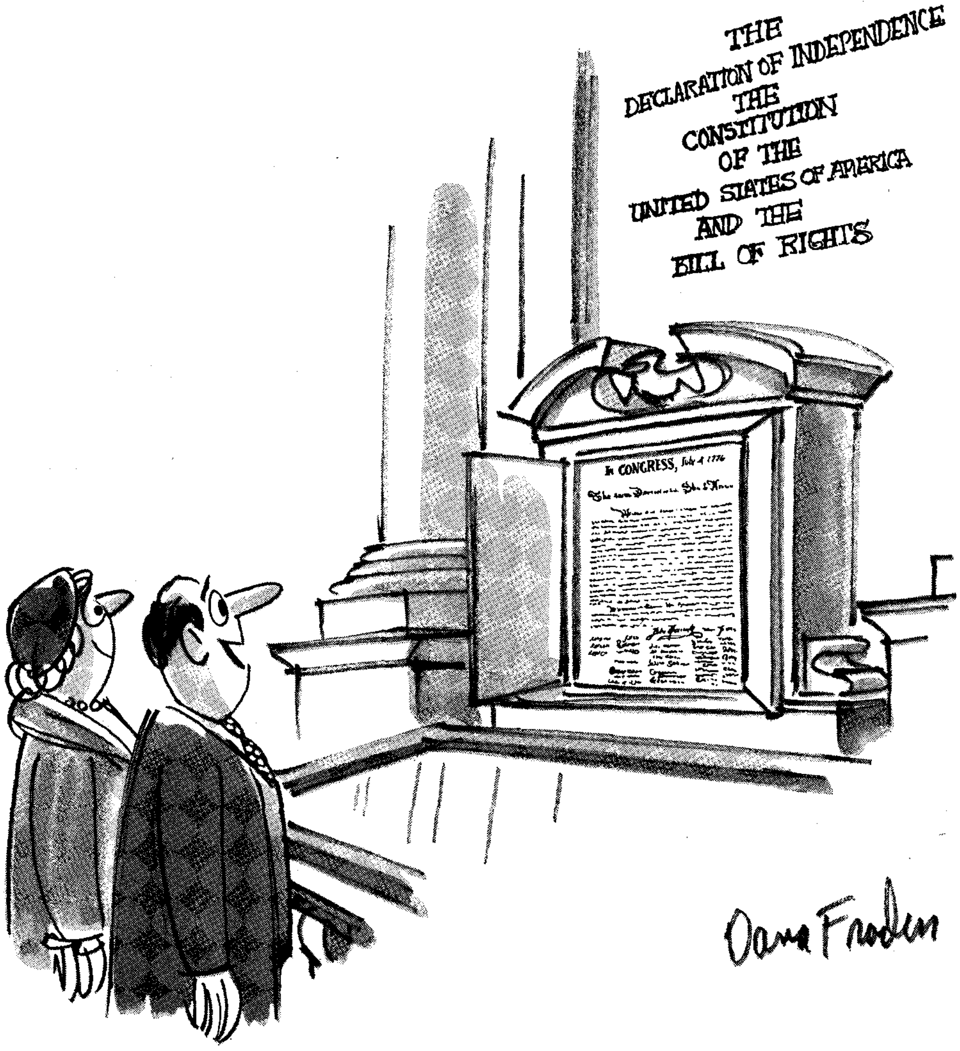
Tanya used to say that the Godunov-Cherdyntsevs had relatives not only in the animal kingdom but also among plants and minerals. And, indeed, Russian and foreign naturalists had described under the specific name of "*godunovi*" a new pheasant, a new antelope, a new rhododendron, and there was even a whole Godunov Range. The Count himself described only insects. Those discoveries of his, his outstanding contributions to zoology, and a thousand perils (for disregarding which he was famous) could not, however, make people indulgent to his high descent and great wealth. Furthermore, let us not forget that certain sections of our intelligentsia had always held nonapplied scientific research in contempt, and therefore Godunov was rebuked for showing more interest in "Sinkiang bugs" than in the plight of the Russian peasant. Young Innokentiy readily believed the tales (actually idiotic) told about the Count's travelling concubines, his Chinese-style inhumanity, and the secret errands he discharged for the Tsar—to spite the English. The reality of his image remained dim: an ungloved hand throwing a gold piece (and, in the still earlier recollection, that visit to the manor house, the lord of which got confused by the child with a Kalmuck, dressed in sky blue, met on the way through a reception hall). Then Godunov departed again, to Samarkand or to Vernyi (towns from which he usually started his fabulous strolls), and was gone a long time. Meanwhile his family summered in the south, preferring, apparently, their Crimean country place to their Petropolitan one. Their winters were spent in the capital. There on the Quay stood their house, a two-floor private residence, painted an olive hue. Innokentiy sometimes happened to walk by; his memory retained the feminine forms of a statue showing its dimpled sugar-white buttock through the patterned gauze on a whole-glassed window. Olive-brown atlantes with strongly arched ribs supported a balcony: the strain of their stone muscles and their agonizingly twisted mouths struck our hotheaded uppergrader as an allegory of the enslaved proletariat. Once or twice, on that Quay, in the beginning of the gusty Neva spring, he glimpsed the little Godunov girl with her fox terrier and governess—they positively whirled by, yet were so vividly outlined: Tanya wore boots laced up to the knee and a short navy-blue coat with knobbed brass buttons, and she slapped the pleats of her short navy-blue skirt—with what? I think with the dog leash she carried—and the Ladoga wind tossed the rib-

bons of her sailor cap, and a little behind her sped her governess, karakul-jacketed, her waist flexed, one arm thrown out, the hand encased in a muff of tight-curled black fur.

He lodged with his aunt, a seamstress, in an Okhta tenement. He was morose, unsociable, applied ponderous, groaning efforts to his studies whilst limiting his ambition to a passing mark, but to everybody's astonishment finished school brilliantly and at the age of eighteen entered St. Petersburg University as a medical student—at which point his father's worship of Godunov-Cherdyntsev mysteriously increased. He spent one summer as a private tutor with a family in Tver. By May of the following year, 1914, he was back in the village of Leshino—and discovered not without dismay that the manor across the river had come alive.

More about that river, about its steep bank, about its old bathhouse. This was a wooden structure standing on piles; a stepped path, with a toad on every other step, led down to it, and not everyone could have found the beginning of that clayey descent in the alder thicket at the back of the church. His constant companion in riparian pastimes was Vasiliy, the blacksmith's son, a youth of indeterminable age (he could not say himself whether he was fifteen or a full twenty), sturdily built, ungainly, in skimpy, patched trousers, with huge bare feet, dirty carrot in color, and as gloomy in temper as was Innokentiy at the time. The pinewood piles cast concertina-shaped reflections that wound and unwound on the water. Gurgling and smacking sounds came from under the rotten planks of the bathhouse. In a round, earth-soiled tin box depicting a horn of plenty—it had once contained cheap fruit drops—worms wriggled listlessly. Vasiliy, taking care that the point of the hook would not stick through, pulled a plump segment of worm over it, leaving the rest to hang free; then seasoned the rascal with sacramental spittle and proceeded to lower the lead-weighted line over the outer railing of the bathhouse. Evening had come. Something resembling a broad fan of violet-pink plumes or an aerial mountain range with lateral spurs spanned the sky, and the bats were already flitting, with the overstressed soundlessness and evil speed of membraned beings. The fish had begun to bite, and, scorning the use of a rod, simply holding the tensing and jerking line between finger and thumb, Vasiliy tugged at it ever so slightly to test the solidity of the underwater spasms—and suddenly landed a roach or a gudgeon. Casually, and even with a kind of devil-may-care crackling snap, he would wrench the hook out of the toothless round little mouth and place the frenzied creature (rosy blood oozing from a torn gill) in a glass jar, where already a chevin was swimming, its lower lip stuck out. Angling was especially good in warm, overcast weather, when rain, invisible in the air, covered the water with mutually intersecting widening circles, among which appeared here and there a circle of different origin, with a sudden center: the jump of a fish that vanished at once or the fall of a leaf that immediately sailed away with the current. And how delicious it was to go bathing beneath that tepid drizzle, on the blending line of two homogeneous but differently shaped elements—the thick river water and the slender celestial one! Innokentiy took his dip intelligently and indulged afterward in a long rubdown with a towel. The peasant boys, on the other hand, kept floundering till complete exhaustion; finally, shivering, with chattering teeth and a turbid snot trail from nostril to lip, they would hop on one foot to pull their pants up their wet thighs.

That summer Innokentiy was gloomier than ever, and scarcely spoke to his father, limiting himself to mumbles and "hmm"s. Ilya Ilyich, on his part, experienced an odd embarrassment in his son's presence—mainly because he assumed, with terror and tenderness, that Innokentiy lived wholeheartedly in the pure world of the


THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS
In CONGRESS, July 4 1776
Dana Fradon

"If I'd lived back then, I would have signed it, too."

• •

underground, as he had himself at that age. Schoolmaster Bychkov's room: motes of dust in a slanting sunbeam; lit by that beam, a small table he had made with his own hands, varnishing the top and adorning it with a pyrographic design; on the table a photograph of his wife in a velvet frame—so young, in such a nice dress, with a little pelerine and a corset-belt, charmingly oval-faced (that ovality coincided with the idea of feminine beauty in the eighteen-nineties); next to the photograph a crystal paperweight with a mother-of-pearl Crimean view inside, and a cockerel of cloth for wiping pens; and on the wall above, between two casement windows, a portrait of Leo Tolstoy, entirely composed of the text of one of his stories printed in microscopic type. Innokentiy slept on a leathern couch in an adjacent smaller chamber. After a long day in the open air he slept soundly; sometimes, however, a dream image would take an erotic turn, the force of its thrill would carry him out of the sleep circle, and for several moments he would remain lying as he was, squeamishness preventing him from moving.

In the morning he would go to the woods, a medical manual under his arm and both hands thrust under the tasselled cord girting his white Russian blouse. His university cap, worn askew in conformance to left-wing custom, allowed locks of brown hair to fall on his bumpy forehead. His eyebrows were knitted in a permanent frown. He might have been quite good-looking, had his lips been less blubbery. Once in the forest, he seated himself on a thick birch bole, which had been felled not long before by a thunderstorm (and still quivered with all its leaves from the shock), and smoked, and obstructed with his book the trickle of hurrying ants or lost himself in dark meditation. A lonely, impressionable, and touchy youth, he felt overkeenly the social side of things. He loathed the entire surroundings of the Godunovs' country life, such as their menials—"menials," he repeated, wrinkling his nose in voluptuous disgust. In their number he included the plump chauffeur, with his freckles, corduroy livery, orange-brown leggings, and starched collar propping a fold of his russet neck that used to flush purple when, in the carriage shed, he cranked up the no less revolting convertible upholstered in glossy red leather; and the senile flunky with gray side-whiskers who was employed to bite off the tails of newborn fox terriers; and the English tutor who could be seen striding across the village, hatless, raincoated, white-trousered—which caused the village boys to allude wittily to underpants and bareheaded religious processions; and the peasant girls, hired to weed the avenues of the park morning after morning under the supervision of one of the gardeners, a deaf little hunchback in a pink shirt, who, in conclusion, would sweep the sand near the porch with particular zest and ancient devotion. Innokentiy, with the book still under his arm, which hindered his crossing his arms—something he would have liked to do—stood leaning against a tree in the park and considered sullenly various items, such as the shiny roof of the white manor, which was not yet astir.

The first time he saw the Godunovs that summer was in late May (Old Style) from the top of a hill. A cavalcade appeared on the road curving around its base: Tanya in front, astraddle, boylike, on a bright bay; next, Count Godunov-Cherdyntsev himself, an insignificant-looking person riding an oddly small mouse-gray pacer; behind them the breeched Englishman; then some cousin or other; and, coming last, Tanya's brother, a boy of thirteen or so, who suddenly spurred his mount, overtook everybody, and dashed up the steep bit to the village, working his elbows jockey-fashion.

After that there followed several other chance encounters, and finally—all right, here we go. Ready? On a hot day in mid-June—

On a hot day in mid-June the mowers went swinging along on both sides of the path leading to the manor, and each mower's shirt stuck in alternate rhythm now to the right shoulder blade, now to the left. "May God assist you!" said Ilya Ilyich, in a passerby's traditional salute to men at work. He wore his best hat, a panama, and carried a bouquet of mauve bog orchids. Innokentiy walked alongside in silence, his mouth in circular motion (he was cracking sunflower seeds between his teeth and munching at the same time). They were nearing the manor park. At one end of the tennis court the deaf pink dwarf gardener, now wearing a work-man's apron, soaked a brush in a pail and, bent in two, walked backward as he traced a thick creamy line on the ground. "May God assist you," said Ilya Ilyich in passing.

The table was laid in the main avenue; Russian dappled sunlight played on the tablecloth. The housekeeper, wearing a gorget, her steely hair smoothly combed back, was already in the act of ladling out chocolate, which the footmen were serving in dark-blue cups. At close range the Count looked his age; there were ashy streaks in his yellowish beard, and wrinkles fanned out from eye to temple. He had placed his foot on the edge of a garden bench and was making a fox terrier jump: the dog jumped not only very high, trying to hap the already wet ball the Count was holding, but actually contrived, while hanging in midair, to jerk itself still higher by an additional twist of its entire body. Countess Elizaveta Godunov, a tall rosy woman in a big wavery hat, was coming up from the garden with another lady, to whom she was vivaciously talking and making the Russian two-hand splash gesture of uncertain dismay. Ilya Ilyich stood with his bouquet and bowed. In this varicolored haze (as perceived by Innokentiy, who, despite having briefly rehearsed on the eve an attitude of democratic scorn, was overcome by the greatest embarrassment) there flickered young people, running children, somebody's black shawl embroidered with gaudy poppies, a second fox terrier, and above all, above all, those eyes gliding through shine and shade, those features still indistinct but already threatening him with fatal fascination, the face of Tanya, whose birthday was being feted.

Everybody was now seated. He found himself at the shade end of the long table, at which end convives did not so much indulge in mutual conversation as keep looking, all their heads turned in the same direction, at the brighter end, where there was loud talk and laughter, and a magnificent pink cake with a satiny glaze and sixteen candles, and the exclamations of children, and the barking of both dogs that had all but jumped onto the table—whilst here, at this end, the garlands of linden shade linked up people of the meanest rank: Ilya Ilyich, smiling in a sort of daze; an ethereal but ugly damsel whose shyness expressed itself in onion sweat; a decrepit French governess with nasty eyes, who held in her lap under the table a tiny invisible creature that now and then emitted a tinkle; and so forth. Innokentiy's direct neighbor happened to be the estate steward's brother—a blockhead, a bore, and a stutterer. Innokentiy talked to him only because silence would have been worse, so that, despite the paralyzing nature of the conversation, he desperately tried to keep it up. Later, however, when he became a frequent visitor at the manor and chanced to run into the poor fellow, Innokentiy never spoke to him, shunning him as a kind of snare or shameful memory.

Rotating in slow descent, the winged fruit of a linden lit on the tablecloth.

At the nobility's end, Godunov-Cherdyntsev raised his voice, speaking across the table to a very old lady in a lacy gown, and as he spoke encircled with one arm the graceful waist of his daughter, who stood near and kept tossing up a rubber ball on her palm. For quite a time Innokentiy tussled with a luscious morsel of cake that had come to rest beyond the edge of his plate. Finally, following an awkward poke, the damned raspberry stuff rolled and tumbled under the table (where we shall leave it). His father either smiled vacantly or licked his mustache; somebody asked him to pass the biscuits—he burst into happy laughter and passed them. All at once, right above Innokentiy's ear, there came a rapid, gasping voice: unsmilingly, and still holding that ball, Tanya was asking him to join her and her cousins; all hot and confused, he struggled to rise from table, pushing against his neighbor in the process of disengaging his right leg from under the shared garden bench.

When speaking of her, people exclaimed, "What a pretty girl!" She had light-gray eyes, velvet-black eyebrows, a largish, pale, tender mouth, and sharp incisors, and when she was unwell or out of humor one could distinguish the dark little hairs above her lip. She was inordinately fond of all summer games—tennis, badminton, croquet—doing everything deftly, with a kind of charming concentration. And, of course, that was the end of the artless afternoons of fishing with Vasiliy, who was greatly perplexed by the change and would pop up in the vicinity of the school toward evening, beckoning Innokentiy with a hesitating grin and holding up at face level a canful of worms—and at such moments Innokentiy shuddered inwardly as he sensed his betrayal of the people's cause. Meanwhile he derived not much joy from the company of his new friends. He was not really admitted to the center of their existence, being kept on its green periphery, taking part in open-air amusements but never being invited

into the house. This infuriated him; he longed to be asked for lunch or dinner just to have the pleasure of haughtily refusing; and, in general, he remained constantly on the alert—sullen, suntanned, and shaggy, the muscles of his clenched jaws twitching—and feeling that every word Tanya said to her playmates cast an insulting little shadow in his direction, and, good God, how he hated them all: her boy cousins, her girl friends, the frolicsome dogs.

Abruptly, everything dimmed in noiseless disorder and vanished, and there he was, in the deep blackness of an August night, sitting on a bench at the bottom of the park and waiting, his breast prickly because of his having stuffed between shirt and skin the note which—as in an old novel—a barefoot little girl had brought him from the manor. The laconic style of the assignation led him to suspect a humiliating practical joke; yet he succumbed to the summons—and rightly: a light crunch of footfalls detached itself from the even rustle of the night. Her arrival, her incoherent speech, her nearness struck him as miraculous; the sudden intimate touch of her cold nimble fingers amazed his chastity. A huge, rapidly ascending moon burned through the trees. Shedding torrents of tears and blindly nuzzling him with salt-tasting lips, Tanya told him that on the following day her mother was taking her to the Crimea, that everything was finished, and—oh, how could he have been so obtuse! "Don't go anywhere, Tanya!" he pleaded, but a gust of wind drowned his words, and she sobbed even more violently. When she had hurried away, he remained on the bench without moving, listening to the hum in his ears, and presently walked back in the direction of the bridge, along the country road that seemed to stir in the dark, and then came the war years—ambulance work, his father's death—and after that, a general disintegration of things, but gradually life picked up again, and by 1920 he was already the assistant of Professor Behr at a spa in Bohemia, and three or four years later worked, under the same lung specialist, in Savoy, where one day, somewhere near Chamonix, Innokentiy happened to meet a young Soviet geologist. They got into conversation, and the latter mentioned that it was here, half a century ago, that Fedchenko, the great explorer of Fergana, had died the death of an ordinary tourist. How strange (the geologist added) that it should always turn out that way: death gets so used to pursuing fearless men in wild mountains and deserts that it also keeps coming at them in jest, without any special intent to harm, in all other circumstances, and to its own surprise catches them napping. Thus perished Fedchenko, and Severtsev, and Godunov-Cherdyntsev, as well as many foreigners of classic fame—Speke, Dumont d'Urville; and after several years more spent in medical research, far from the cares and concerns of political expatriation, Innokentiy happened to be in Paris for a few hours for a business interview with a colleague, and was already running down the stairs, gloving one hand, when, on one of the landings, a tall stoop-shouldered lady emerged from the lift—and he at once recognized Countess

SKULLS

Last night the snow came,
And again we face
Honest weather. The fence
That held its rose
So lightly is bent now
Under splintering snow.
It's winter. A flint cold
Has turned the house around

And the door hums in the wind.
If I went into the field,
Hearing the dry trees groan
In their barren cracking,
I would feel bones
Underfoot, winter's bones
Through snow, the furrow
Harder than the plough.

The ground's bone-hard. I first
Heard this in a place
Where snow was kindness.
Amazed, we had forced
Hard grass with our boots
Until it snapped. The clouds
Were scooped by easterlies
That set us hopping. It was

Our pink bones we imagined
Broken on that playground.
Long after a long snow,
After its memory,
When the sky had grown
Generously warm and sudden
Over as much world
As I remembered,

I went through a clarity
Of light in the early
Morning. And I climbed,
Climbed higher in the warmed
Hills than ever before.
Far away the sea
Burned, but I turned
To the last height

The growing sun could reach;
Then over it. Winter's touch
Lay there, unflawed
In a lake of snow
Below the peak. It was
A still depth—silence
For the raven's eye—
Holding its circled

Cold against the wreck
Of warmer seasons. Sprawled rock
Marked it, and a little
Moss. That world was all
Stillness; there was
No breathing in the place.
Skulls, the skulls of
Ponies, lay calmly dead above

The three-month snow, neckbones
Bent into snow, snow
Between the yellower hoops
Of their ribs. I had
Surprised them in their old
Deaths. Meek, vulnerable,
Stripped of flesh, muscle,
The last excuse of sinew,

They lay in a season
Too deep for sun,
For any weather to bother them.
Should the hornet
Perch in the empty
Pit of the eye, they
Would not startle. Let
Solid ice form

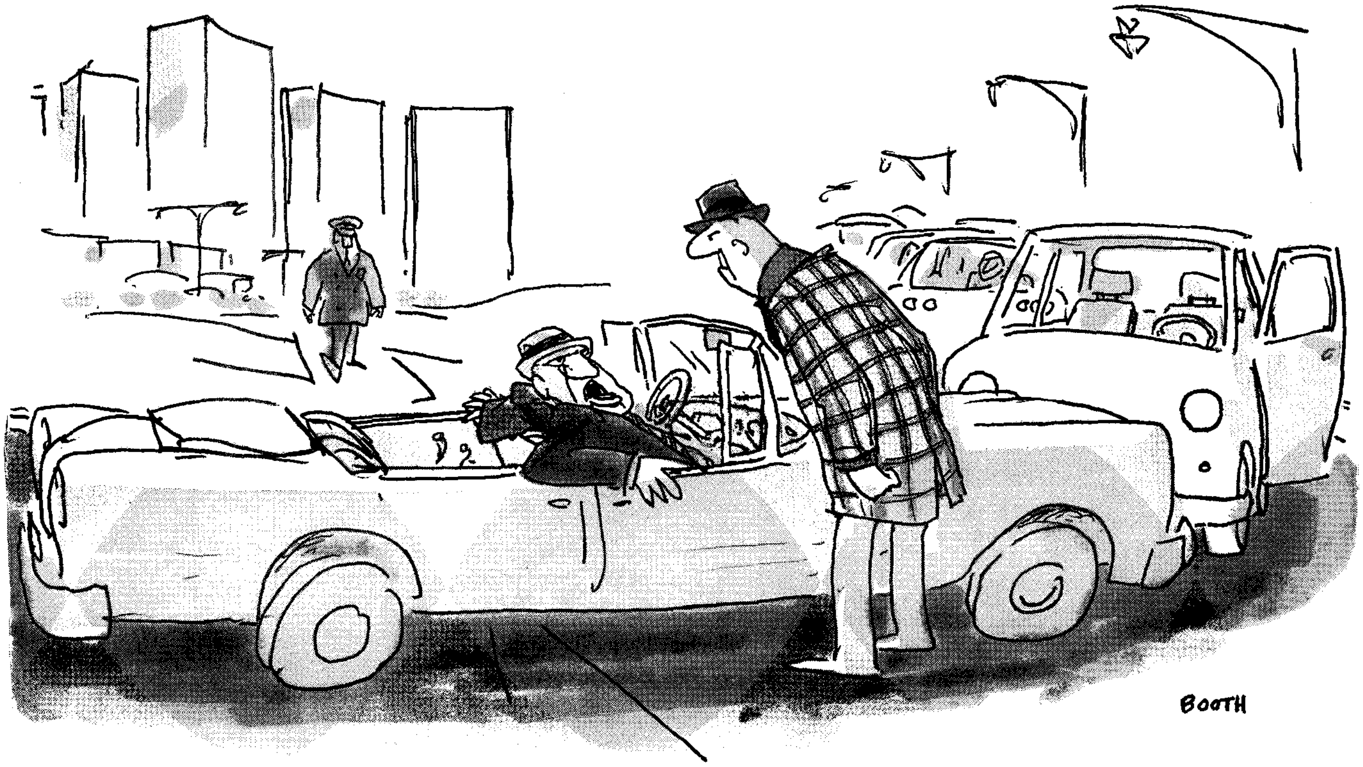
Its weight of the waterfall,
They would not huddle
Under the cliff. Their
Teeth, innocent of fear,
Were bare for birds to
Pick over. I let them lie,
The low dead in their cold,
While I caught at the comfort

Of breath. When I let fly
A wild call through
The hilly dark, momently
The birds eased from the
Ledges, croaked, then
Lofted home. Again
I called, but nothing moved.
A mountain silence filled

The rock crevices.
I think of those open skulls
When winter comes, and coldest
Air reveals us. I lace
Heavy boots, break brittle ice,
Feel winter's bones
Under the snow. I hold
My skull to the wind.

—Leslie Norris

•   •



"The air I breathe is filthy, my food is poisoned, my automobile is a gas-guzzling behemoth, my school taxes have doubled, the Internal Revenue Service plans to take the fillings out of my teeth, my wife is fifty-three and pregnant, my dog bit a lawyer's kid, my son steals, my mother-in-law is a Communist, my daughter ran off with a fink, and now you *tell me that if I don't back up and let you have the right-of-way I'll be in trouble."*

• •

Elizaveta Godunov-Cherdyntsev. "Of course I remember you; how could I not remember?" she said, gazing not at his face but over his shoulder, as if somebody were standing behind him. (She had a slight squint.) "Well, come in, my dear," she continued, recovering from a momentary trance, and with the point of her shoe turned back a corner of the thick doormat, replete with dust, to get the key. Innokentiy entered after her, tormented by the fact that he could not recall what he had been told exactly about the how and the when of her husband's death.

And a few moments later Tanya came home, all her features fixed more clearly now by the etching needle of years, with a smaller face and kinder eyes. She immediately lit a cigarette, laughing, and without the least embarrassment recalling that distant summer, whilst he kept marvelling that neither Tanya nor her mother mentioned the dead explorer, and spoke so simply about the past, instead of bursting into the awful sobs that he, a stranger, kept fighting back—or were those two displaying, perhaps, the self-control peculiar to their class? They were soon joined by a pale, dark-haired little girl about ten years of age: "This is my daughter—come here, darling," said Tanya, putting her cigarette butt, now stained with lipstick, into a seashell that served as an ashtray. Then her husband, Ivan Ivanovich Kutaysov, came home, and the Countess, meeting him in the next room, was heard to identify their visitor, in her domestic French brought over from Russia, as "*le fils du maître d'école chez nous au village*," which reminded Innokentiy of Tanya's saying once in his presence to a girl friend of hers whom she wanted to notice his very shapely hands: "*Regarde ses mains.*" And now, listening to the melodious, beautifully idiomatic Russian in which the child replied to Tanya's questions, he caught himself thinking, malevolently and quite absurdly, Aha, there is no longer the money to teach kids foreign languages! For it did not occur to him at that moment that in those émigré times, in the case of a Paris-born child going to a French school, this Russian language represented *the* idlest and best luxury.

The Leshino topic was falling apart. Tanya, getting it all wrong, insisted that he used to teach her the pre-Revolution songs of radical students, such as the one about "The despot who feasts in his rich palace hall while destiny's hand has already begun to trace the dread words on the wall." "In other words, our first *stengazeta* [Soviet wall gazette]," remarked Kutaysov, a great wit. Tanya's brother was mentioned; he lived in Berlin, and the Countess started to talk about him. Suddenly, Innokentiy grasped a wonderful fact: nothing is lost, nothing whatever; memory accumulates treasures, stored-up secrets grow in darkness and dust, and one day a transient visitor at a lending library wants a book that has not once been asked for in twenty-two years. He got up from his seat, made his adieus, was not detained overeffusively. How strange that his knees should be trembling. That was really a shattering experience. He crossed the square, entered a café, ordered a drink, briefly rose to remove his own squashed hat from under him. What a dreadful feeling of uneasiness. He felt that way for several reasons. In the first place, because Tanya had remained as enchanting and as invulnerable as she had been in the past.

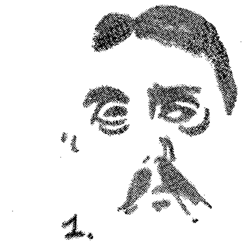
—Vladimir Nabokov

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Dmitri Nabokov, in collaboration with the author.*)

LITERARY FOOTNOTE

(Proust)...frequently...
had tantrums in which
he...crushed his friends'
hats...

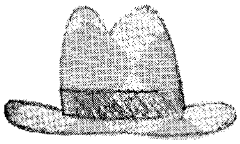
William H. Gass,
N.Y. Times Book Review



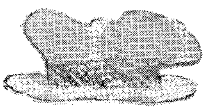
1) L'auteur
aperçoit...

DES EXEMPLES PRASTIQUES 1905

M. Jean-Louis Pleyle

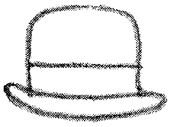


Avant

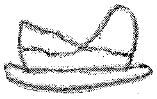


Après

le Comte Longet-Champon

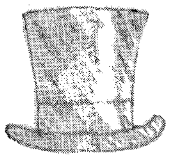


Avant

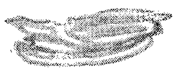


Après

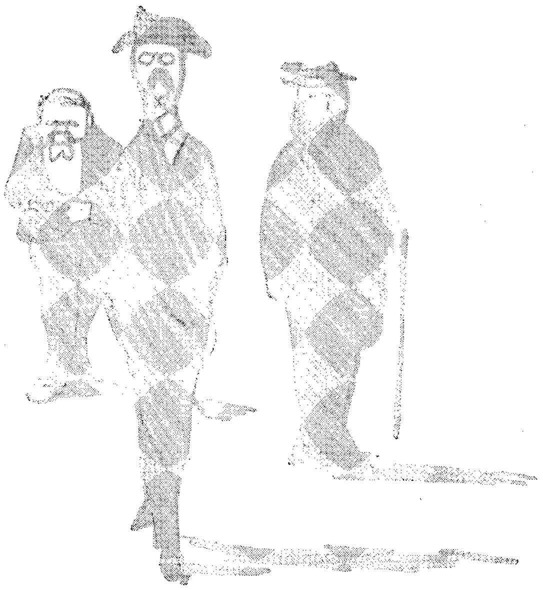
Duc de Bonbaccarat



Avant

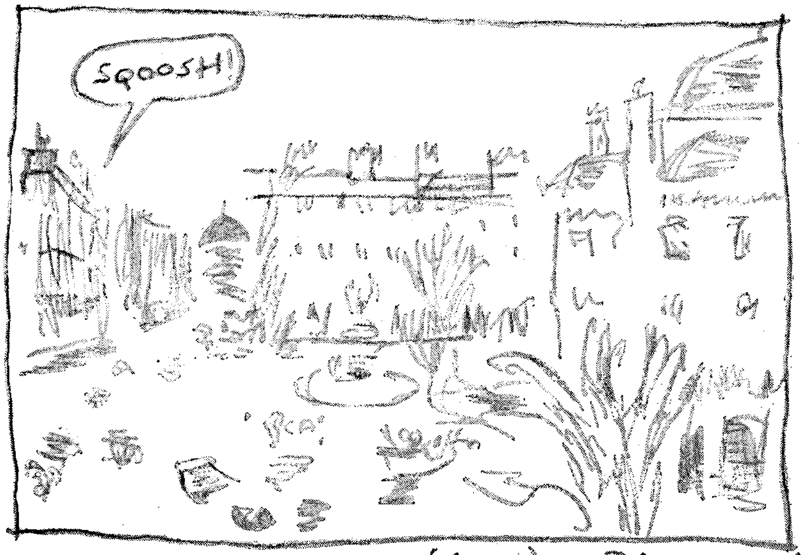


Après

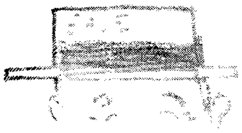


APRÈS LA GRANDE SOIRÉE, LES AMIS TRISTES RENTRENT CHEZ EUX.

LES SONS DE PARIS, 1898

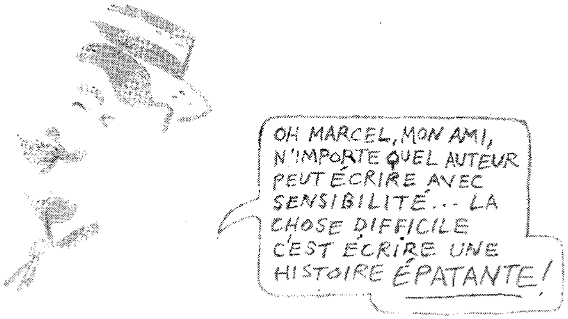


(Après Pissarro)



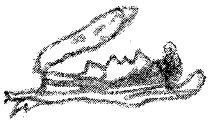
2.

2) le chapeau
d'un ami avec
des possibilités
magnifiques...


OH MARCEL, MON AMI, N'IMPORTE QUEL AUTEUR PEUT ÉCRIRE AVEC SENSIBILITÉ... LA CHOSE DIFFICILE C'EST ÉCRIRE UNE HISTOIRE ÉPATANTE!

3.

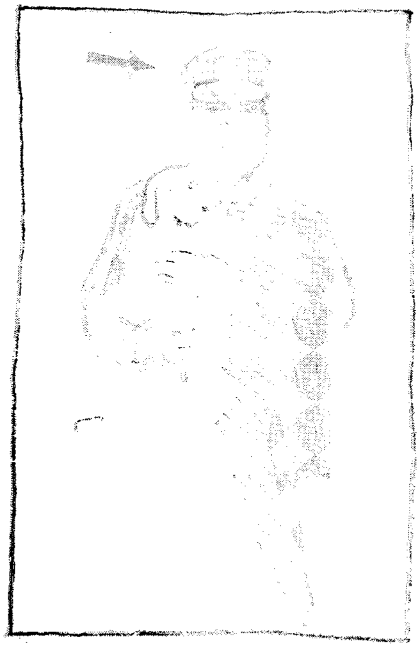
3) --une remarque
casuelle...



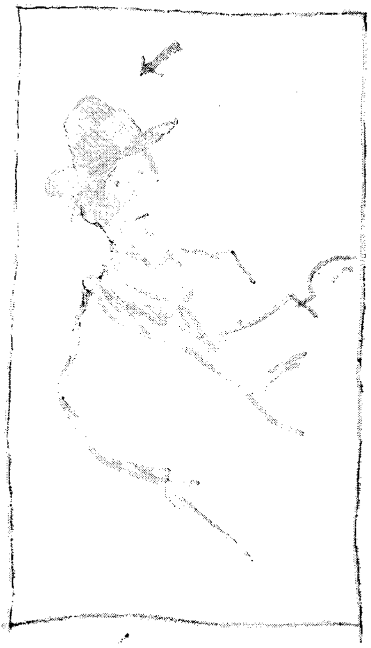
4.

4)...démollissement.

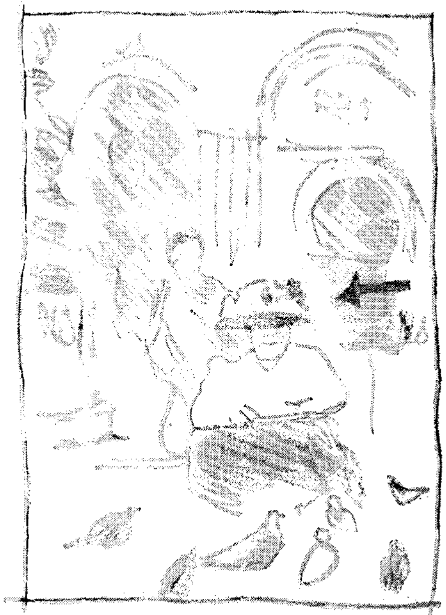
TRÉPIDATION DANS LE MONDE LITTÉRAIRE



HENRY JAMES avec son
dachshund Max, 1900
(notez le chapeau de golf)

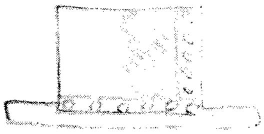


ANDRÉ GIDE 1909
(chapeau de feutre)

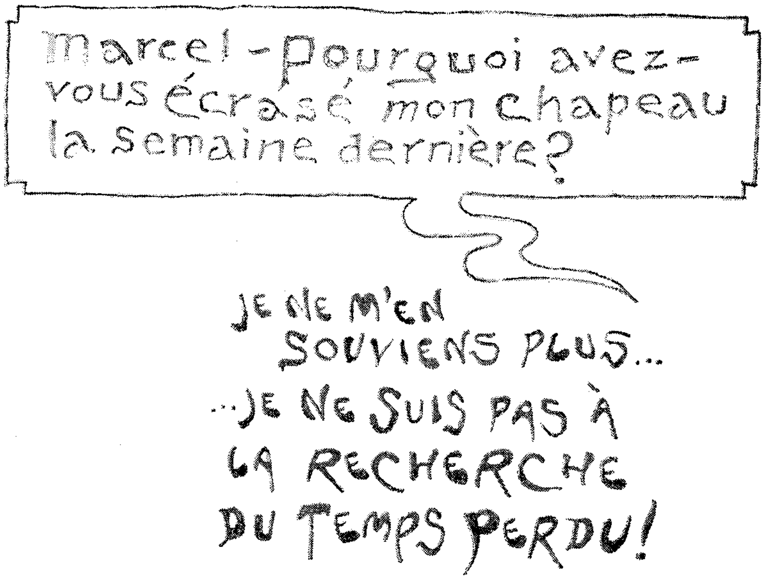


GERTRUDE STEIN 1914
(Elle est allée à Venise pour
porter son chapeau nouveau.)

NEVER AN APOLOGY.......



Chapeau de fer
porté par un ami
sympathique


Marcel-pourquoi avez-vous écrasé mon chapeau la semaine dernière?
JE NE M'EN SOUVIENS PLUS... ...JE NE SUIS PAS À LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU!

—James Stevenson

A REPORTER AT LARGE

COVERUP—II

SHORTLY before 8 A.M. on Sunday, March 17, 1968, two American military commanders walked into the headquarters of the Americal Division, at Chu Lai, South Vietnam, to report one of the most shocking events of the entire Vietnamese war—the massacre by American forces of scores of Vietnamese civilians the previous day at a hamlet known as My Lai 4. Both officers—Lieutenant Colonel John L. Holladay, the commander of the 123rd Aviation Battalion, and Major Frederic W. Watke, the commanding officer of Company B of the 123rd Aviation Battalion, which was attached to the Americal—were nervous, for in addition to reporting what appeared to be a major war crime they had to tell their superiors about a serious confrontation between two American officers at My Lai 4. The confrontation occurred when a chief warrant officer in the 123rd, Hugh C. Thompson, Jr., of Atlanta, who had been piloting a helicopter during the assault on My Lai 4, landed the craft in order to rescue some of the Vietnamese civilians who had become the focus of the American attack. Thompson was met by Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., who was a platoon leader in Charlie Company, one of three infantry companies that made up a unit called Task Force Barker. (The task force itself was part of the 11th Light Infantry Brigade, one of three brigades in the Americal Division.) Calley bitterly protested Thompson's interference, and Thompson, for his part, ordered the two machine gunners in his helicopter to train their weapons on the Lieutenant while the civilians were being taken on board. At about the time this confrontation was taking place, Bravo Company, another of the infantry companies in Task Force Barker, was carrying out an assault on the hamlet of My Khe 4, a mile and a half to the southeast. When the day's operation was over, the two hamlets had been virtually razed and an officially estimated total of nearly four hundred Vietnamese civilians had been killed, most of them in My Lai 4. By the time the news of the task-force operation reached the American public, the next day, what was actually a large-scale atrocity had been officially transformed into a significant American victory over hostile Vietcong.

The true version of what happened in the two hamlets that day began to emerge only a year afterward, when a former G.I. named Ronald L. Ridenhour, of Phoenix, Arizona, who had heard of the massacre while he was serving with the 11th Brigade in Vietnam, wrote a letter to President Nixon, to other top government officials, and to twenty-four members of Congress telling what he knew of the "dark and bloody" assault on My Lai 4. Gradually, as the facts about what had gone on that day came out, the Army realized that it was dealing not only with the matter of serious war crimes but also with that of widespread deceit on the part of American officers, who, for various reasons, presumably including the desire to protect their own careers, had covered up virtually all the details of the massacre. On November 24, 1969, eleven days after publication of the first press accounts of the massacre, the Army announced that it had appointed a commission, headed by Lieutenant General William R. Peers, then serving as Chief of the Office of Reserve Components, to investigate the charges of a coverup of the atrocity. Peers, fifty-seven, is now assigned as deputy commander of the Eighth United States Army, in South Korea. He had spent more than two years as a commander in Vietnam before his assignment to the My Lai 4 inquiry, serving both as commander of the 4th Infantry Division and as commander of the I Field Force in central and north-central Vietnam. Peers and his colleagues—the commission was officially known as the Department of the Army Review of the Preliminary Investigations into the My Lai Incident—began their work on November 26, 1969, and ended it nearly four months later; they recommended that charges ranging from false swearing to misprision (suppression) of a felony be placed against fourteen officers, including two generals, for their role in covering up the massacre. In all, the Peers commission interviewed four hundred witnesses, most of them at the Pentagon and about fifty of them in South Vietnam.

Two of the men who testified before General Peers were Colonel Holladay and Major Watke. One of the things that Holladay told the Peers commission concerned his meeting, the morning after My Lai 4, with Brigadier General George H. Young, Jr., one of the assistant commanders of the Americal Division, who received both Holladay and Watke when they arrived at the division headquarters to report on what had taken place at My Lai 4. "I went into General Young's office and told him . . . that something had occurred that I felt he should know about right away," Holladay testified. "And he invited us in, that is, Major Watke and me. I turned to Major Watke, as near as I can recollect. I said, 'Go ahead, you tell General Young the same story you told me last night.'. . . He told the same story to General Young on the seventeenth that he told to me on the night of the sixteenth. And here again, the points of that conversation that stick most clearly in my memory are the fact that there was some excessive killing down there that day, the sergeant standing on the ditch, firing an M-16 or an M-60 machine gun into the ditch, into a number, a great number, many civilians, and Mr. Thompson threatening to fire upon the advancing Americans . . . Fred told the story with little or no variation . . . and General Young sat there and listened to it very attentively. . . . Again, when the portion of the story unfolded that Mr. Thompson threatened to fire on the Americans, he was visually taken aback by this and showed great concern. . . . He may have said, 'My God,' or some exclamation or revelation to that portion of the story. . . . The only specific words that I remember General Young stating that morning was 'We don't want Americans shooting Americans.' Those were his precise words."

General Young testified that he had come away from the meeting with no knowledge of any murders. "I gained the impression, General Peers, that the civilians were in a cross fire between the friendly forces and the enemy forces," Young said. "That, in an effort to save the civilians and to insure that they were not injured, the pilot landed. . . . I would say, to the best of my knowledge, there was no mention made of any noncombatant casualties. I cannot recall being informed of any noncombatant casualties." Young said that the only confrontation he was told about involved Thompson and the ground troops.

At lunchtime on March 17th, when Major General Samuel W. Koster, the

• •

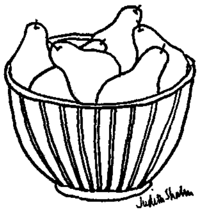
Americal Division commander, returned to his headquarters at Chu Lai from a routine inspection flight, Young took him aside to relay the report from Holladay and Watke. Koster testified that Young had explained the helicopter incident in the following manner: "The pilot had wanted to bring in some ships for evacuation of personnel, and I guess the ground commander at the time hadn't thought this was the time or the use of gunships for that mission." He said he had not been told about the murders at My Lai 4, nor had he been told that Thompson had trained his machine guns on fellow-Americans in order to evacuate Vietnamese civilians. (Yet in an earlier statement, given to the Army's Criminal Investigation Division, Koster acknowledged that he had been told by Young during the meeting that there had been some "indiscriminate shooting of Vietnamese civilians.") After hearing Young's report, Koster said, he ordered him to "find out what went on down there; interrogate the people involved and the leaders concerned and let's have the facts." Shortly after his meeting with Young, General Koster either telephoned or personally visited Lieutenant Colonel Frank A. Barker, Jr., the commander of Task Force Barker, and asked him about the conduct of his troops. "I received no indication from him that there had been unusual firing or incidents," Koster testified.

The Peers commission posed this inevitable question to Young and—indirectly—to Koster: If the only reports presented to them concerned some civilians inadvertently killed by cross fire or by overzealous infantrymen and a pilot who became involved in a dispute while attempting—perhaps recklessly—to rescue some civilians, what had there been to investigate? What, in other words, were "the facts" that Koster wanted Young to get at? None of those incidents were specific violations of any Army regulations or of international law.

Early that Sunday morning, Chief Warrant Officer Thompson, still angry over the massacre and his confrontation with Calley, visited Father Carl E. Creswell, the Episcopal chaplain at Chu Lai, and told his story again. He came in and "sat down very upset," Father Creswell told the Peers commission. Creswell particularly recalled Thompson's angry denunciation of a "sawed-off runt of a lieutenant" who had challenged him on the ground at My Lai 4. "He . . . wanted to know what to do from that point on," Creswell said. "It was my suggestion that he lodge an official protest in command channels and I'd do the same thing through chaplain channels." Creswell immediately went to see Lieutenant Colonel Francis R. Lewis, the Americal Division chaplain, who was his immediate superior in the chain of command. "I told him about these allegations that had been made," Creswell related. "And that I had an awful lot of confidence in Mr. Thompson and that I would— well, I'll be perfectly honest. I said that if there was not going to be an examination into these charges, I was going to resign my commission. . . ." Lewis planned to forward the complaint immediately to General Koster or his key assistants, through Lieutenant Colonel Jesmond D. Balmer, Jr., the operations officer for the Americal Division. Balmer was on leave at the time, however, so Lewis decided to wait until Balmer returned.

At Americal Division headquarters, Colonel Holladay decided to tell the division's chief of staff, Colonel Nels A. Parson, Jr., about the report he and Major Watke had made to General Young. Holladay testified that he went to Parson's office and "told him the story as Fred [Watke] had told it to me," and he continued, "I can recall Colonel Parson using the term 'That's murder,' and I can recall him saying, 'We're trying to win these people over and we do things like this.' . . . He was visibly and forcibly shaken up about this story."

That afternoon, General Young began the investigation that Koster had ordered by flying to Landing Zone Dottie, the headquarters for Task Force Barker. By the time General Young arrived there, much of the area to the east was shrouded in heavy smoke. Both Charlie Company and Bravo Company were continuing their search-and-destroy mission in Son My that day, burning at least six hamlets along the South China Sea coast near My Lai 1 and inland. The Peers commission investigated the weather conditions for March 17th and learned that, according to an official weather report, skies were fair, with some scattered clouds at four thousand feet; visibility was seven miles. Young acknowledged to the commission that he had probably flown over the operational area that afternoon, but he hedged when he was asked if he had seen the fires. "I possibly did see some, sir," he said. "As I said before, I don't recall it." General Young's aide at the time, Lieutenant Donald T. White, had a much clearer recollection of the area. "I remember one time there was a big operation along here, especially, because I remember there was a lot of smoke flying over the area," he told the Peers commission. "A lot of villages were burned." Specialist Fourth Class Henry E. Riddle was a door gunner aboard General Young's helicopter that day. He testified that at some point as they were flying along the South China Sea coast near Son My one of the pilots shouted, "My God, look at the fires!" Riddle continued, "I sat on the same side as the General. . . . There was a lot of smoke so I just took it . . . that it was hootches [huts] and so on burning."



At Landing Zone Dottie, Major Charles C. Calhoun, operations officer for Task Force Barker, gave Young an extensive briefing on the operation. The Major testified later that he had told the General "that sixty-nine were killed by artillery fire and that I thought that possibly some of those were civilians that had been killed by the artillery fire." Young asked him no direct questions, Calhoun testified, although the General "said something about that they were aware of some incident." The talk of artillery killings must have surprised the General; there had been no mention of artillery at the division briefing the night before.

Sometime after his briefing at the task-force headquarters, General Young ordered Colonel Oran K. Henderson, commanding officer of the 11th Brigade, Major Watke, Colonel Barker, and Colonel Holladay to attend a meeting with him there the next morning. Whatever he had heard or seen that afternoon apparently troubled him. Lieutenant Colonel Tommy P. Trexler, the Americal Division intelligence chief, recalled that sometime that day—or perhaps early the next day, the eighteenth—while he was flying in a helicopter with General Young, they began a private discussion on the intercom. Young was unhappy about the task force, Trexler told the Peers commission. "The main thing that stands out was [Young's] concern . . . that the people had gone beyond what he conceived was proper conduct," Trexler testified. "Units had indiscriminately burned villages and burned hootches."

In any case, by late evening of the seventeenth all the signs of a serious atrocity were present—one that might force an official investigation and, perhaps, widely publicized courts-martial, which could ruin the careers of many high officers. Over the next few weeks, the growing evidence that a massacre had taken place at My Lai 4 was either disregarded or covered up.

At nine on Monday morning, March 18th, Colonel Henderson, Colonel Barker, Colonel Holladay, and Major Watke arrived at Landing Zone Dottie for the meeting called by General Young. The five men moved, at Young's suggestion, into Barker's personal living quarters—a small house trailer a few dozen yards from the task-force operations center. Young sat on Barker's bed; the junior officers stood. Colonel Holladay later told the Peers commission, "General Young opened up the meeting . . . by saying . . . 'We are the only five that know about this.' " Holladay asked Watke to retell his story for the third time. The only person in the room who hadn't yet heard Watke's account at first hand was Henderson. Holladay and Watke agreed, in their testimony before the Peers commission, that the Major gave the same account he had given previously of the My Lai 4 confrontation between Warrant Officer Thompson and the ground troops and of the wanton shooting of civilians. Holladay recalled that Henderson did not seem surprised or shocked by Watke's tale, and he testified that when Watke had finished Young said again, "We don't want Americans shooting Americans," and told Colonel Henderson, "I want you to investigate this and have it to me . . ." Holladay's impression was that Colonel Henderson had been given seventy-two hours to complete his inquiry, and, he said, he left the meeting convinced that Henderson had been ordered to investigate the confrontation between Thompson and Lieutenant Calley and the indiscriminate killings, although no specific directives had been given. Watke recalled that Henderson, after hearing the account, suggested that Barker be assigned to investigate it, but was told by Young, "No, I want you to look into this and render a report."

Colonel Henderson told the Peers commission, however, that he had left the meeting convinced that the Thompson confrontation was to be the crux of his investigation. "The primary point that we were talking about, or the initial point, at least, was the confrontation between United States troops, between Warrant Officer Thompson and the troops on the ground," Henderson said. He denied hearing any information at the meeting about American G.I.s' shooting indiscriminately in My Lai 4, except for the alleged shooting of a woman by Captain Ernest L. Medina, the commander of Charlie Company. He also insisted that he had not been ordered to compile a formal investigation but had been told by Young only to "look into this matter" and to report his findings.

General Young had yet a different recollection of the meeting. He testified that he had spent only a few moments in Barker's trailer, during which he had relayed a request from General Koster that the incident be investigated quickly. Young emphatically denied a statement—made only by Colonel Henderson—that he had criticized Thompson at length for his actions at My Lai 4. "I admired the Warrant Officer for the action he took, and the fact that he did what he did," Young told the Peers commission. He added that during the meeting he had asked Barker what he knew about Thompson's accusations regarding indiscriminate firing. The task-force commander "acted quite surprised and gave every assurance that there had not been any casualties resulting from his troops," Young said. "He had indicated that he had received this report, but he . . . did not actually believe what had been reported." Young maintained, despite the briefing by Major Calhoun at Landing Zone Dottie the day before, that he had not been told at any time that "there had been civilian casualties resulting from either ground troops' engagement or helicopter engagement." Still, he said he thought the investigation that Henderson had been ordered to undertake would deal basically with the charges that civilians had been inadvertently caught in the cross fire at My Lai 4.

The conflicts over who said what and when were inevitable, given the fact that men's careers and reputations were at stake. But if Young had not learned from Watke at either of his meetings with him that there had been needless killing of civilians, the question remains: What did he ask Colonel Henderson to investigate? Shooting civilians accidentally in the heat of battle is not a war crime. At any time, too, Young could still have ordered one of the units in the Americal Division to inspect the area, and thus find out for himself—instead of relying on comments from those who had the most to lose—what had happened. Ronald Ridenhour and his 11th Brigade helicopter crew did inadvertently fly over the hamlet while they were on patrol a few days after the massacre. Ridenhour was appalled by the complete desolation at My Lai 4. "Not even a bird was singing," he told me later. "There were no people around. No signs of life anywhere."

After the meeting in Barker's trailer, Colonel Henderson, beginning his inquiry, asked Watke to send some of the complaining pilots to him for interviews. The aviators had been pulled off flight duty the day before in anticipation of the Colonel's request. Watke walked to the 123rd's operations van, three hundred yards away, and ordered Warrant Officer Thompson, Warrant Officer Jerry R. Culverhouse, who had been piloting a helicopter in support of Charlie Company, and Specialist Fourth Class Lawrence M. Colburn, one of Thompson's door gunners, to report to Henderson, who was still in Barker's personal quarters. Thompson testified before the Peers commission that he spent from twenty to thirty minutes telling Henderson of the massacre at My Lai 4. "I told him that I had seen the captain [Medina] shoot the Vietnamese girl," Thompson recalled. "I told him about the ditches and the bodies in the ditch. . . . I told him about the sergeant saying the only way he could help them was to shoot them. . . . I told him about what I said to Lieutenant Calley. . . . I told him about how I had gotten the people out of the bunker . . ." Thompson said that he had estimated the number of bodies in the ditch at between seventy-five and a hundred. But Henderson denied being told anything about his troops' having wantonly killed large groups of civilians. He also denied being told of a confrontation between Thompson and Calley. What he did remember, Henderson said, was a report from Thompson that a black sergeant had murdered a civilian after Thompson had marked the position with a smoke signal to indicate that there were wounded civilians in the area. Thompson also repeated the accusation about Medina's shooting of the woman. "He . . . told me that he saw a lot of dead civilians in the area," Henderson related to the Peers commission. "I recall asking him if he knew what were the results of the infantry units he had supported in this operation. And I informed him what the results were, that twenty civilians had been killed and a hundred twenty-eight V.C. And he said no, he did not. I said, 'Well, that is a hell of a lot of bodies on the ground.' And he said, 'Well, yes'. . . but that the civilians that he saw on the ground were . . . not V.C., that they were old men, old women, and children."

At this point, Henderson's testimony became hard to credit. Thompson, he claimed, did not mention his dispute with Calley, and therefore, Henderson said, he did not connect the confrontation or the subsequent evacuation of civilians from the area with the reports of indiscriminate shooting. "Although it [the Calley confrontation] happened perhaps the same day or part of the same operation, I did not tie this in with the report I had from Warrant Officer Thompson," Henderson said. "I know I didn't have the full story of what went on up there. I know I didn't have a full story from Warrant Officer Thompson. I know that when he was talking to me he was in tears . . ." By this time, Henderson had made up his mind about Thompson, he told the Peers commission: "It appeared to me that a young warrant officer who was apparently new—I didn't know this, but he appeared to be new and inexperi-

"The office phoned. Your employees have made up a pool on your temperature."

enced; and apparently what was a fierce fire fight going on down below appeared to the warrant officer that it was an act of savagery." (Thompson had actually been with the 123rd since it was formed, in February, and had been flying support missions in Vietnam for two months before that.) Henderson said he had already received the information from Colonel Barker about the "fierce fire fight," and he had been told that the only persons killed by Charlie Company that day were Vietcong and a few civilians.

On the other hand, Henderson was immediately provided with details of the extent of the massacre by Culverhouse and Colburn, who saw him after Thompson did. Warrant Officer Culverhouse, who had seen more than a hundred bodies at My Lai 4, testified that Henderson seemed most interested in determining whether a black sergeant had been firing into a ditch. "He asked me how I could say that it was a colored soldier and that he was an N.C.O.," Culverhouse said. "I told him that we were making very low passes over the village and not really all that fast. . . . I told him that there was no doubt in my mind that the individual was colored [and] . . . that I could definitely see chevrons above his rolled-up sleeves." Culverhouse said he had described the bloody ditches full of dead Vietnamese in some detail for Henderson. Specialist Fourth Class Colburn, Thompson's door gunner, similarly recalled telling the Colonel about the ditch, and said he had estimated the number of bodies at from sixty to seventy. He also described Thompson's landing and his evacuation of the civilians. Henderson, however, repeatedly denied any recollection of the two men and his talks with them, although the Peers commission established that the interviews had taken place, in Barker's trailer, shortly after the morning meeting on March 18th.

After lunch, Colonel Henderson flew out to see Captain Medina, taking along Lieutenant Colonel Richard K. Blackledge, the brigade's intelligence officer. Charlie Company had completed its mission by noon that day, and was waiting for helicopters to airlift the men back to their quarters, at Landing Zone Dottie. Henderson landed near a potato field, and moved a few dozen yards away with Medina and some staff members. The men talked while flattened on the ground as a precaution against enemy snipers. "I told him [Medina] I had a very serious report from a pilot who was flying over the operation on the sixteenth," Henderson told the Peers commission. "There had been possibly indiscriminate killing of civilians, and specifically a captain had been identified shooting a woman. And I remember saying, 'Dammit, Ernie, I want the truth from this, was that you?' " According to Henderson, Medina's initial response dealt with the killing of the woman seen by Thompson, and "it was almost step for step what the Warrant Officer [Thompson] had relayed to me, the only difference being the hand movement that Medina had seen out of the corner of his eye as he was moving away from the wounded woman, who he had earlier assumed [was] dead." Henderson continued, "I then asked him about any killing of civilians that his troops could be involved in that he couldn't have seen. He said he had had no such report from his platoon leaders, and he was certain he would have if it had happened. . . . I asked Captain Medina how he determined the number [of civilians] killed and he said they were reported by his platoon leaders as they came upon these bodies while moving through the area. And I asked him if all of them had been killed by artillery and by gunships and he said yes." Any other answer to that question would have contradicted the reports that had already been forwarded to higher headquarters.

After his visit to Medina, Henderson returned to Landing Zone Dottie to wait for the return of Charlie Company. The Colonel told the Peers commission that when the first group of G.I.s climbed out of the helicopter, he continued his investigation. "I walked up to them and grabbed the first N.C.O., whom I do not know, but told him, 'Just hold these people here, I'd like to talk to them for a moment.' . . . I started talking to this group of individuals—thirty to forty individuals. . . . So I told them . . . they had done a damn fine job and that I was their new brigade commander and appreciated the fine job they had done for the brigade. I also told them that I had heard a report that we had injured and killed some noncombatants; that this was an unsubstantiated report; that, if true, it would certainly discolor the fine record that they had. I spoke along this vein for a few moments . . . and then I asked them in a group, 'Does anybody here, does any individual, any of you observe any acts against noncombatants, any wild shooting? Did any of you, or do you have knowledge of anybody killing any civilians during this operation?' And I got silence. I then pointed to three or four individuals and I don't think they had name tags on, but I identified the man and I believe said, 'How about you?' . . . I got back from the first individual a loud response, 'No, sir.' And I pointed to three or four individuals and in each case I got back a loud and clear 'No, sir.' The men had their heads high. There was nobody trying to ignore my eyes. I looked at every individual there. They seemed to be in good spirits. They didn't appear to me to be a bunch of soldiers who had just gone out and shot up the countryside and killed a

SOLIPSISM AND THEOLOGY

Wild with ego, wild with world-blame,
He stared at the up-heave and enormity of ocean.
He said: *It does not even know my name.*

Wild with ego, wild with grief,
He stared at the antic, small aphid green on the green leaf.
He said: *It has a home—but I, I'm the lost one.*

Wild with ego, wild with despair,
He stared at the icy and paranoid glitter of stars in winter.
He said: *They would grind me like grain, small as dust, and not care.*

Wild with ego, wild with weeping,
He stared at the classic, shut eyelids of his true love sleeping.
He said: *She sleeps, and the wild boar gashes my groin.*

Wild with ego, wild with wrong,
He stared into the dark pit of self whence all had sprung.
He said: *What is man that I should be mindful of him!*

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

bunch of women and children."

Wm Hamilton

"Heminway, I think I speak for the rest of Maturity Village when I say I wish to hell you'd stop saying 'By cracky.'"

Obviously, no G.I. would admit to mass murder under those conditions; in interviews with me in late 1969 and early 1970, many of the Charlie Company men belittled Colonel Henderson's efforts on March 18th. And, contrary to Henderson's recollection, many soldiers described the meeting as an occasion of foot-shuffling and head-averting. "Some colonel came up and asked me if there was anything unusual going on in the village," said Isaiah Cowen, a sergeant in Calley's platoon. "I said, 'No comment,' and he passed on." Jay A. Buchanon, a second-platoon sergeant, had a recollection of Henderson's remarks that was strikingly different from Henderson's own recollection. "Well, he [Henderson] said, 'You're back off this operation,' " he told the Peers commission. " 'Do you think the V.C. will be happy with this operation?' And he said, 'Do you think it will leave the impression that when they see the American soldier they will say, "Here comes my buddy, he is here to help me." ' And he looked at me and said, 'What do you think, Sergeant?' I said, 'I have no comment, sir.'. . . I didn't say anything else. . . . He said, 'We're here to protect the people from the evils of Communism,' and he said, 'I want that known,' or something like that. He didn't ask any further questions from me."

By late afternoon, Henderson's investigation had run from a battlefield captain down through a number of enlisted men, with a common denominator that the investigations would continue to have for the next two months: every denial was accepted at face value.

ON Tuesday, March 19th, Colonel Henderson gave General Young an oral report of his investigation of what had happened at My Lai 4. The Colonel assured Young that Thompson's report of indiscriminate killing was incorrect. "I believe I told General Young that the only way that I could rationalize or understand what he [Thompson] had reported to have seen as opposed to what my troops and what other people had told me had occurred may have been as a result of his recent assignment," Henderson related to the Peers commission. "And I was under the impression that he had not been with the 123rd very long."

On the next day, Henderson told the Peers commission, he went to Chu Lai to pass along the results of his investigation to General Koster. He began his presentation by showing Koster a three-by-five-inch filing card, prepared by Colonel Barker, that purported to list the circumstances surrounding each of the twenty alleged civilian casualties, together with the victim's sex and approximate age. Barker had given Henderson the card on the morning of the seventeenth, Henderson testified. (Medina had told Henderson two days earlier that twenty to twenty-eight civilians had been inadvertently slain at My Lai 4. Henderson told the Peers commission that he cleared up the discrepancy by asking Barker about it: ". . . when I questioned Colonel Barker [about] this, he informed me that they had added, that Medina had added, the six to eight that I had observed [while overflying the hamlet] which were being counted twice and that in reality it was twenty.") Koster expressed annoyance. "I can't recall his exact words," Henderson told the Peers commission. He added that the General had said something like "Damn it! This is just thoroughly unacceptable, and we've got to provide in our plans so this doesn't happen anymore." Henderson continued, "I went into what Thompson reported to me . . . I did report to him that the machine-gun confrontation problem had apparently been whipped or put to bed, that the rapport between Major Watke and Colonel Barker was going well. . . . I told him that I had talked to Captain Medina. Captain Medina had been able to satisfy one aspect of this to my satisfaction . . . I told him [Koster] that I had observed personally only the six to eight bodies that I had reported to him previously in the area . . . Warrant Officer Thompson was the only individual that I placed as having observed [an atrocity] in that area." At this point, Henderson testified, Koster said that he had heard about the Thompson confrontation from General Young and "that he would discuss this with General Young further." Henderson continued, ". . . and he indicated to me, in sort of a disinterested way . . . that he didn't believe it was that important to find out how these twenty may have been killed. I did not open the issue that there might have been more than twenty within the area." That was the last word he heard about My Lai 4 for two weeks, he said.

Later, General Koster and General Young each claimed that the other had had the major responsibility for dealing with the results of Henderson's investigation. Young acknowledged that he had had many discussions with Henderson in late March and early April, but only to determine the status of the report he thought Henderson was preparing at the order of General Koster. His role, he indicated, was that of a liaison man between Henderson and Koster. "I never got the impression that I was to supervise the conduct of the investigation," Young told the Peers commission, ". . . and I did not get the interpretation that I was involved as deeply as Colonel Henderson or General Koster was." He testified that he did not specifically recall receiving Henderson's oral report on March 19th, nor did he recall suggesting that Henderson bring his findings to the attention of Koster.

Koster's recollection diverged sharply from General Young's. In his eyes, Young was responsible for overseeing the investigation, and he, as commanding general, was totally reliant on his assistant's reports. Koster, though his testimony was vague, claimed that the first report on the My Lai 4 incident came not from Henderson on March 20th but from Young, who said that Colonel Henderson had found some discrepancies in Thompson's story. He said that he then told General Young to follow through with the investigation. At no time, Koster said, was there any hint that many more than twenty civilians had been killed. In any case, neither General Koster nor General Young made any attempt to investigate any aspect of the charges personally but, instead, permitted Colonel Henderson to conduct an inquiry within his own unit. Nor did either of them offer Henderson any staff help for the study, although the new brigade commander was known to be woefully short of headquarters personnel.

In testimony before the Peers commission, Colonel Henderson recalled that in early April Young asked him to put his oral report—the one presented March 20th—in writing. General Young, he said, approached him ten days or two weeks after receiving the oral report and "advised me that General Koster wanted my report in writing." He went on, "I recall very vividly asking General Young, 'Has there been some new development or is there something I do not know about?' He stated, 'No, there is nothing new developing. General Koster wants it for the record.'" Henderson then wrote his report and delivered it to General Koster's headquarters.

Henderson, Young, and Koster again disagreed about what happened at this point. Neither Koster nor Young recalled either seeing the written report or telling Henderson to prepare it. Young, however, did remember "seeing Colonel Henderson in General Koster's office several days after I had been told he had made his oral report and he had a paper with him . . ." Koster recalled receiving a report in writing, but not until May. The Peers commission spent many hours trying to establish the timing and the contents of the early-April report—not because of its intrinsic value but because the investigators were operating in the dark. The reports and documents dealing with My Lai 4 and its aftermath, including investigations and after-action summaries, and copies of such reports, should have been on file at brigade and division headquarters, but all but two of them had vanished.

IN the weeks immediately after My Lai 4, Charlie Company virtually collapsed. "I think after a while everybody was pretty well ashamed of it, you know, because so many what they term 'innocent people' were killed," former Specialist Fourth Class Frank D. Beardslee, who served as a driver for Colonel Barker, told the Peers commission. By mid-April, Task Force Barker had been routinely disbanded, Lieutenant Calley had been relieved as leader of the first platoon of Charlie Company, and Captain Medina was getting ready to take over a brigade staff job. Major Harry P. Kissinger III, the assistant chaplain of the 11th Brigade, spent a few days near Charlie Company shortly after the Son My operation. Kissinger explained to the Peers commission that, knowing how highly company commanders value a large body count, "I said congratulations" to Medina for the hundred twenty-eight Vietcong that his men had helped kill. "I proceeded to ask about it, but I didn't get too much response," he said. "I can't remember any details of what he told me except a little nod, and, 'Yes, it was so,' or something like that. . . . I did not receive the impression that he was proud. . . . I proceeded to ask someone about it and didn't get too much of an answer. I just felt that he didn't want to talk about it and left it hang, didn't say any more." As an afterthought, the chaplain noted that he had stayed overnight in the field with the men, even going on a patrol. "Nothing was ever said to me by any of the men," Kissinger said. "I talked to a number of them there, and you'd think that someone would say something to the chaplain if there was anyone's conscience bothering them."

Yet within ten days one G.I. told Captain Maurice E. Vorhies, then serving in the provost marshal's office at Americal Division headquarters, about My Lai 4. Vorhies quickly learned that the story of My Lai 4 had already spread throughout the division; he also learned that no one intended to do anything about it. Captain Vorhies began asking questions at the 11th Brigade headquarters, in Duc Pho, and found that Charlie Company's high body count and low weapons report were "almost a joke." Later, he wrote in a private letter that was made available to me, he discussed the incident with an agent of the Army's Criminal Investigation Division. "He told me that he had heard rumors of the incident on 16 March and other incidents involving C Co . . . He informed me that he intended to investigate the matters. However, when I next spoke with him sometime later, he told me that he had been told by someone to 'forget about it.' To the best of my knowledge he did not actually conduct an investigation." After that, Vorhies discussed the accusation with some officers around Chu Lai but the discussion gradually drifted into other matters. "Quite frankly, it was not that extraordinary," he wrote. "This was neither the first nor the last story I was to hear of alleged atrocities. It was unusual only by its magnitude."

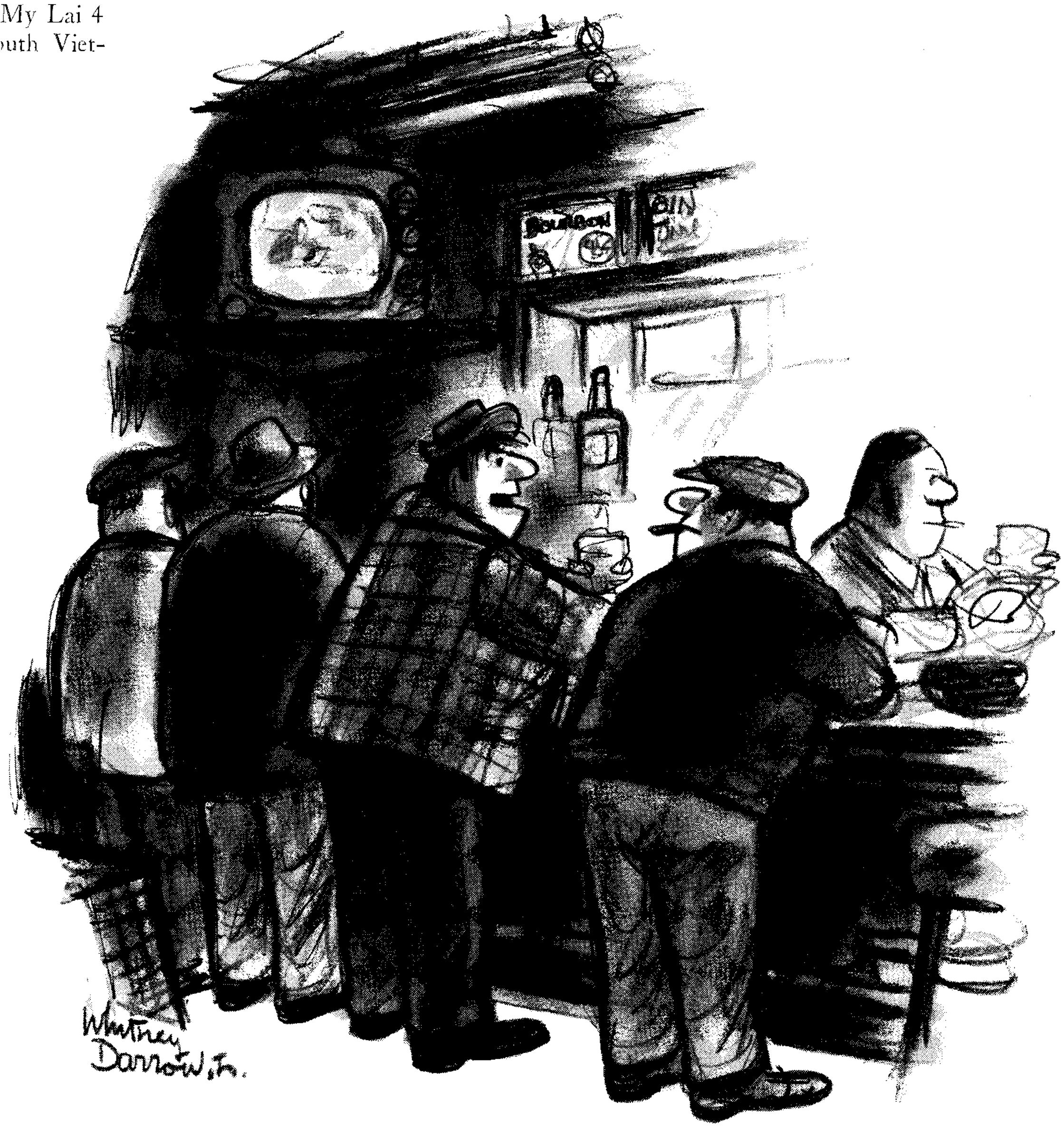
Some details of the massacre at My Lai 4 quickly became known throughout the 11th Brigade and the Americal Division. Some of the G.I.s who did not participate in or witness the massacre enjoyed gossiping about it. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Anistranski, the Americal Division's pacification-and-civil-affairs officer, told the Peers commission, "There was a lot of talk . . . near the end of March. . . . G.I.s were talking in the mess halls . . . When we walked by the division headquarters, by the chapel . . . we could hear people talking about it. But it was all done very jokingly: 'Hey, did ya hear about this? Hey, did ya hear about that?'" On a few occasions, the officer said, he also heard Lieutenant Calley and a sergeant mentioned around headquarters. "Surprisingly, none of the commissioned personnel talked about it, none of the general-staff members, at the mess or at any other place," Anistranski added.

The concern over loose talk and the obvious fear that existed of a career-ruining scandal among most of the senior officers were confirmed by the experiences of Colonel Lewis, the Americal Division chaplain, who attempted during the next few weeks to discuss Father Creswell's report of an atrocity with the top officers in the division. Lewis took up the matter first with Colonel Balmer, the operations officer for the division. "I told Balmer that I had heard some pretty bad things," Colonel Lewis told the Peers commission, ". . . and he said he had, too, and that this was going to be thoroughly investigated." After his first visit to Balmer, Lewis said, he brought up the subject of the investigation with Colonel Parson, the Americal's chief of staff. "I said, 'I wonder what's the situation on My Lai, and I'd like to talk to General Koster about it,' or words to this effect," Lewis testified. "He said, 'Well, it's being investigated and we're not to talk about it.' In other words, he put me off in seeing the General on this." The chaplain had then turned to Colonel Anistranski. Anistranski cautioned him not to talk about it, and so did other officials at headquarters.

FOR all the seeming lack of information within the Americal Division, details about the murders at My Lai 4 and My Khe 4 reached South Vietnamese government officials in Son Tinh District and Quang Ngai Province in less than three days. The first word came from survivors in both hamlets—sources who were never interrogated by the officers of the 11th Brigade or the Americal Division. Do Dinh Luyen, the government's village chief for Son My, told the Peers commission that he had first heard of the shootings from survivors of My Lai 4 who straggled into the city of Quang Ngai during the afternoon of March 16th. A few days later, he heard that hundreds of people had been killed in My Lai 4 and My Khe 4. "I heard they were killed by artillery, gunships, and small-arms fire during the battle to enter the village . . ." Luyen testified, through a translator. He relayed his information orally to Lieutenant Tran Ngoc Tan, the chief of Son Tinh District, who was his immediate superior. Reporting American atrocities was no way to get ahead in the Vietnamese Army in 1968, but Tan was in the midst of a long-standing feud with his counterpart, Major David C. Gavin, the senior American adviser in Son Tinh, and he was offended because he had not been informed in advance of Task Force Barker's operation. On March 22nd, six days after the atrocity, the Lieutenant relayed the substance of the village chief's report to his Vietnamese superiors at Quang Ngai Province headquarters. The message claimed that four hundred and eighty civilians had been killed at My Lai 4 and ninety at My Khe 4. "Besides persons killed, animals, property, and houses were ninety per cent destroyed," the report said. It further listed Vietcong casualties at forty-eight killed and fifty-two wounded. This was the first time that any report on My Lai 4—American or Vietnamese—had indicated that Vietcong had been wounded.

On March 28th, Lieutenant Tan received more information in a letter from Do Dinh Luyen. Again Tan forwarded a report to provincial headquarters, and he sent copies to the intelligence and operations advisory staff of the 2nd Division of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam, which was stationed in the city. The document was entitled "Confirmation of Allied Troops' Shooting at the Residents of Tu Cung Hamlet." (Tu Cung is the name that the Vietcong use for the immediate area of My Lai 4.) The report claimed that Vietcong units had initiated the gunfire at My Lai 4. Lieutenant Tan said that he discussed the allegation, before forwarding it, with Major Gavin, the district adviser, and Captain Angel M. Rodriguez, Gavin's assistant. Rodriguez later testified that he had got the impression that "since it was V.C. and that was a V.C. chief, the one who reported it, well, it was taken as propaganda rather than any other thing." At that point, a member of the Peers commission reminded him that Luyen was a government official.

The Vietnamese investigation might



"How would you feel if they bused you clear across town to another bar?"

have ended with Tan's second report, except that Do Dinh Luyen decided to forward to Tan a list of the known dead at the two hamlets. More than four hundred and forty names were on the list. A few days later, a committee of the National Liberation Front operating out of Quang Ngai Province began circulating three-page leaflets about the murders, filled with precise details—rare for such propaganda notices. The document did contain errors—the wrong Army division was accused of the assault on Son My—but over all it was amazingly accurate, and was obviously based on interviews with survivors. A similarly well-detailed broadcast by the National Liberation Front was monitored and translated at a radio listening outpost in the city of Quang Ngai.

By early April, many Vietnamese officers in Quang Ngai Province knew of the two reports from the Son Tinh district chief, and also of the Vietcong propaganda broadcast and the leaflet, which confirmed what they had learned from their own sources. But only a few Americans shared that knowledge, largely because the Vietnamese kept what they knew to themselves. It is difficult to understand why such a specific allegation, involving an American unit and the slaughter of more than four hundred civilians, was not shared throughout the advisory system or why the Vietnamese did not demand an immediate investigation. One possible explanation lies in a flaw in the basic assumptions behind the advisory system itself—that American military men and civilians can work closely and harmoniously with Vietnamese on an equal basis. In Quang Ngai Province, at least, the system did not work. There were actually two advisory teams in the province in April, 1968. The first was a mixed group of military officers and civilians—most of them from the State Department—who served as overall advisers for civilian problems, including pacification and security. James A. May, a State Department foreign-service officer now stationed in Somalia, was the senior province adviser. The second team consisted of perhaps a dozen American officers who were separately assigned as direct advisers to the ARVN 2nd Division, which had its headquarters in the area. The efficacy of the system depended on the relationship between each senior adviser and his Vietnamese counterpart. May's counterpart, for example, was the province chief, Lieutenant Colonel Ton That Khien. Theoretically, the American and Vietnamese counterparts were to establish close personal and working relationships with each other, but Vietnamese military officers found themselves in a frustrating situation: their careers depended in some degree on how well they got along with their counterparts, yet they were aware that most of the Americans had a low opinion of them. Many Vietnamese officers, apparently, decided to solve the problem by hiding their feelings—and any disturbing information—from their counterparts. The American officers who were assigned either to the provincial advisory team or to the ARVN 2nd Division told the Peers commission that they had not heard of the atrocity allegations, and expressed amazement when they were told that their Vietnamese counterparts had written memorandums on the subject.

ON April 11th, Lieutenant Tan sent a third written report to Colonel Khien, the province chief, and this came closer than his first two statements to describing what had actually happened at My Lai 4 and My Khe 4. The document, which was given a high Vietnamese classification, began, "On March 16, 1968, an American Army unit conducted a mopping-up operation at Tu Cung and Co Luy hamlets of Son My village, Son Tinh District. At about ten o'clock on the above day, the American unit encountered a V.C. mine and received fire from Tu Cung hamlet. One American soldier was killed and a number of others wounded.

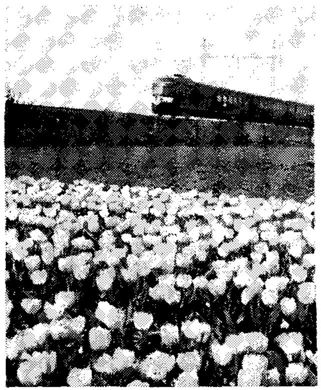
"In response, the operational forces attacked the village, assembled the people, and shot and killed more than four hundred people at Tu Cung hamlet and ninety more people in Co Luy hamlet of Son My village. While the V.C. were withdrawing from the hamlet, forty-eight V.C. and more than fifty-two guerrillas and self-defense soldiers were wounded by helicopter gunships. Tu Cung and Co Luy are two areas of Son My village that have long been held by the V.C. The district forces lack the capability of entering the area. Therefore, Allied units frequently conduct mop-up operations and bombing attacks freely in the area. But the basic position of the report of the Son My village committee is that although the V.C. cannot be held blameless for their actions in the 16 March 1968 operation, the Americans in anger killed too many civilians. Only one American was killed by the V.C.; however, the Allies killed nearly five hundred civilians in retaliation." Lieutenant Tan added this comment: "Really an atrocious attitude if it cannot be called an act of insane violence. Request you intervene on behalf of the people."

Tan's outspoken accusation—an exceptionally harsh criticism for a Vietnamese to make of an American unit—was included in

"According to Miss Spingarn, sex isn't just for the purpose of propagating the species. It's also a way for people to get together."

See Europe for only $125. 3 weeks unlimited First Class rail travel in 13 countries.

That's what the three-week version of Eurailpass buys you. Unlimited First Class travel on the 100,000 mile railroad networks of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.

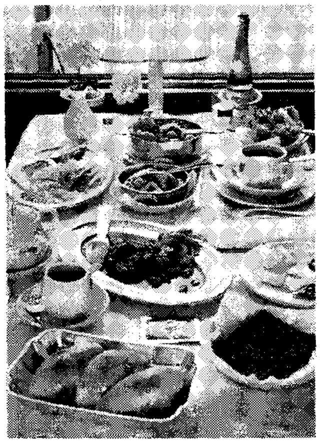


European trains are modern.

It adds up to rather too much for your money. And if you'd like more of the same, there's our one month Eurailpass for $160, the two month one for $210, and the three month edition for $250. What's more, there's our new Student-Railpass for bona fide students between 14 and 25, which gives them two months of unlimited Second Class rail travel for just $130.

And as if all this were not enough, your Eurailpass and Student-Railpass entitle you to free or reduced fares on certain river and lake ferries and steamers. And certain motor coach routes.

You'll find that First Class on the European railroads is just that. First class. The trains are spotlessly clean, and very comfortable. Long-distance trains have dining cars, bar cars and sleeping cars. And some of the crack Trans European Expresses also have Vistadome cars and telephone facilities.

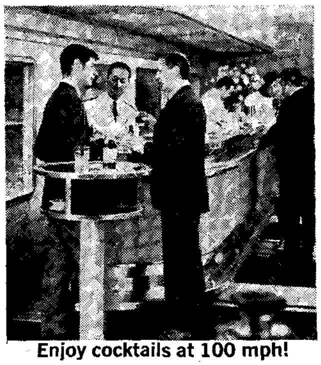


Enjoy fine meals on your train.

European trains will whisk you, often at speeds in excess of 100 miles-an-hour, from city center to city center. So that in many cases train travel is faster than flying—and the scenery a definite improvement! And European railroad stations are wonderfully helpful, with multi-lingual information booths, information signs, banks, dining rooms and bookstores among their many friendly facilities.

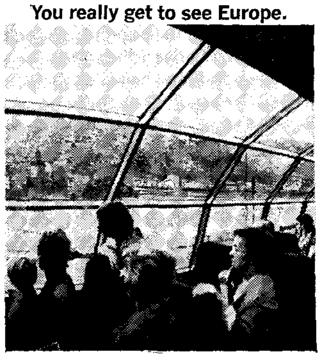
Sleep comfortably en route.

Train travel in Europe is completely civilized and very convenient. And with Eurailpass, it is very inexpensive. So see your Travel Agent for details and your Eurailpass or Student-Railpass—for they are *not* available in Europe—you must get them before you leave. And ask your Travel Agent for details of Eurailgroup for groups of ten or more, and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile, send in the coupon for your free Eurailpass folder with map.



Enjoy cocktails at 100 mph!

You really get to see Europe.



EURAILPASS The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

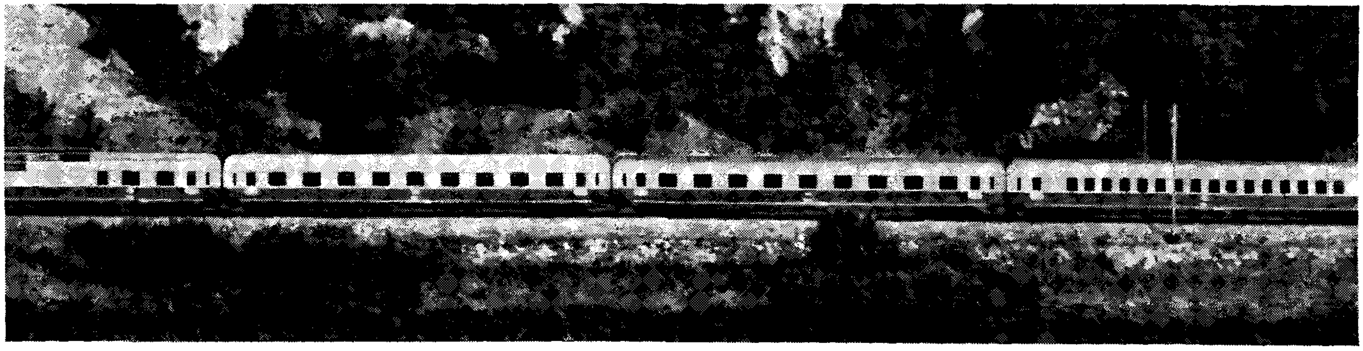
Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐ Or your free Student-Railpass folder order form. ☐

Name__________ Street__________ 153A

City__________ State______ Zip______



Extraordinary
Once-A-Year Offer for
Every Woman 35 and Over

Irma Shorell's
"Youthening Skin-Care"
Collection!

IRMA SHORELL
World renowned
Skin-Care Authority

Here is your opportunity to receive – at no cost – a generous jar of MOISTURE/35 – the first daytime cosmetic to truly MOISTURIZE • FIRM • PROTECT over-35 skin.

Unlike any other moisturizer, MOISTURE/35 contains miraculously effective firming agents. Absorbed almost instantly – not greasy or messy – MOISTURE/35 is yours when you take this once-a-year opportunity to try CONTOUR/35–recognized as the world's most effective night creme to improve the appearance of over-35 skin.

This special SKIN-CARE COLLECTION contains my *three* unique preparations . . . Irma Shorell's CONTOUR/35, MOISTURE/35 and FORMULA for CLEANSING in an alligator-like luxury cosmetic case. Perfect for home or travel . . . reg. $35, now only $17.50.

Containing NO HORMONES or STEROIDS, CONTOUR/35, used nightly, has been remarkably beneficial in restoring a vibrant, youthful appearance for the world's most famous and attractive women . . . notables of Stage, Screen, International and Diplomatic Set. In the short space of 21 days their contours appeared tightened, face and neck firmed, color and tone looked dramatically improved and fine dryness lines seemed erased.

Order today as supply is limited.

Irma Shorell

LIMITED TIME OFFER
IRMA SHORELL'S SKIN-CARE
COLLECTION *($35 reg.)* $17.50

Available at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT • TROY
BEVERLY HILLS • ST. LOUIS • PHOENIX • PALO ALTO • LA JOLLA
SKOKIE, ILL. • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • PITTSBURGH • BALA CYNWYD
ATLANTA • PALM BEACH • FT. LAUDERDALE • MIAMI BEACH
CHEVY CHASE, MD. • GARDEN CITY, N. Y. • WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

copies of the report he sent to the ARVN 2nd Division and to the office of Lieutenant Colonel William D. Guinn, the deputy adviser for military affairs in Quang Ngai Province. As for Colonel Khien, he took no immediate action beyond discussing the matter with Guinn, with whom he had developed some rapport. Colonel Nguyen Van Toan, the ARVN 2nd Division commander, was similarly reluctant to pursue an investigation, but he was confronted with a staff memorandum, and he was compelled to take some action. His response was to pass the buck back to Colonel Khien, who was eager to write off the allegations as Vietcong propaganda. Toan scrawled the following at the bottom of his copy of Tan's report: "If this is true, link up with the Americal Division to have this stopped." Predictably, the issue was simply left there.

Another reaction to Tan's third report involved the Americans. A day or two after the report was filed, Captain Rodriguez—temporarily in charge of the Son Tinh district headquarters because Major Gavin had taken a week's leave—was ordered to look into the complaint and file a report on it. Rodriguez began his inquiry by discussing the allegations with Tan, he told the commission, and asserted, "If I recall, he didn't pay much attention to this, because of the fact that he said this was just plain propaganda. . . . In my mind, I never actually figured that an American soldier, the way we are trained, would do something like this." He assumed, he said, that his subsequent report was received by Colonel Guinn. That report, dated April 14th, summarized Tan's third report and added this comment: "The letter was not given much importance by the district chief [Tan] but it was sent to the Quang Ngai province chief. . . . The district chief is not certain of the information received and he has to depend on the word of the village chief and other people living in the area."

Within the next seven days, Rodriguez's report and a copy of the Vietcong propaganda leaflet about the atrocities somehow ended up together in the hands of Colonel Henderson and General Koster instead of being forwarded to Charles T. Cross, the deputy ambassador for pacification in the I Corps region, which included Quang Ngai Province. The Peers commission was never able to determine how the documents got to the Americal Division offices, but it is possible that the key role may have been played by Colonel Guinn. One of the commission's attorneys hinted that Guinn's hopes of becoming a battalion commander might have affected his conduct in the My Lai 4 investigation.

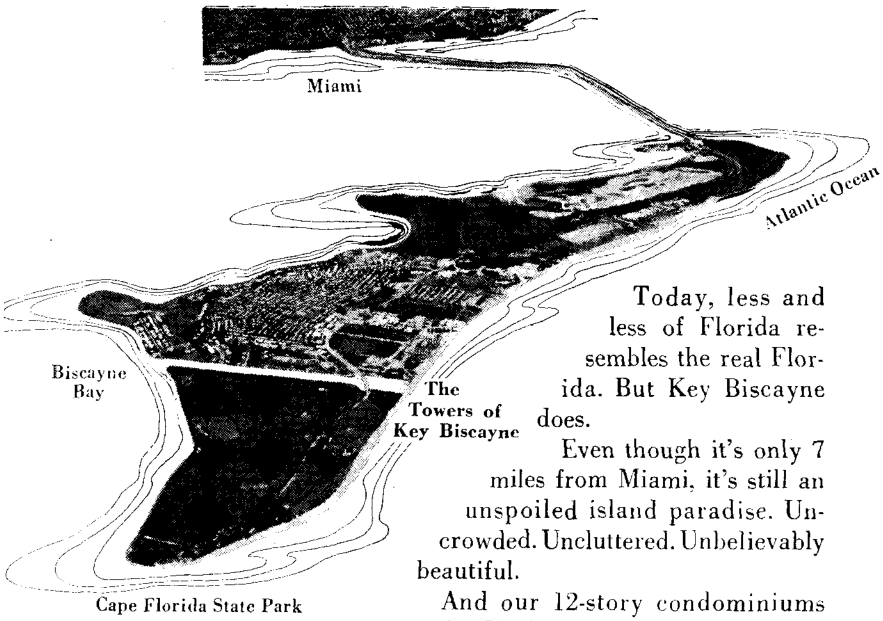
THE first official contact between a Vietnamese officer and the Americal Division in connection with the events at My Lai 4 was made by Colonel Toan, who eventually decided to talk with his counterpart about the allegations in Tan's third report. (He was one of the few Vietnamese to do so.) Toan told the Peers commission that he had telephoned General Koster shortly after receiving the third report, to "let him know about some rumor." Colonel Toan also testified that he told Koster about having ordered Khien to make an investigation. What Toan considered to be mere propaganda at best or, at worst, something to cover up was taken far more seriously by the Americal Division commander, who had perhaps thought that Henderson's oral report of March 20th had closed the incident. Koster flew almost immediately to the city of Quang Ngai to see Toan. Before going into Toan's office, Koster said, he had paid a visit to the province chief, Colonel Khien, and had been assured that Khien considered Lieutenant Tan's reports from Son Tinh District to be based on Vietcong propaganda. Koster then walked over to Toan's office. "I really went there to see if he felt there was anything to this; if he was concerned about it; if he had a Vietnamese source that had been able to uncover anything that we hadn't or that U.S. investigators hadn't been able to check out," Koster told the Peers commission. General Koster testified that he at no time thought that he was investigating a war crime, despite the specific allegations accusing American troops of the slaughter of more than four hundred Vietnamese civilians. "I considered those [allegations to be] emanating from a Vietcong source and a propaganda type document," Koster explained. The General's testimony to the Peers commission about his view of the new evidence contrasted sharply with his actions, according to one witness. Within a week after his visit to Toan, Koster sent directly to Colonel Henderson a private, "eyes only" letter demanding that he investigate the Vietnamese allegations. Enclosed was a copy of Lieutenant Tan's third report that had somehow come into his possession. The existence of the letter was revealed to the Peers commission by

Robert K. Gerberding, the intelligence sergeant for the 11th Brigade. Gerberding said that the letter, which arrived about April 20th, was written on Americal Division stationery and specifically called on Henderson to complete an in-depth investigation. The Sergeant was shown a copy of Tan's report and identified it as the one that was enclosed with Koster's letter.

General Koster did not recall sending the letter. He initially told the Peers commission, "It seems to me that I directed him [Henderson] to do something about it [the Vietnamese report] . . . but I don't specifically remember it being in writing or how it went or the sequence of it." Later, he suggested, "I was not inclined to write personal notes like that." (A few days earlier, Colonel Parson had testified that he saw a Vietnamese letter or report about My Lai 4 in Koster's office.) The General went so far as to declare, after being confronted with Gerberding's testimony, that he had never seen Tan's third report—one of the few direct contradictions that emerged from the testimony. Koster further claimed, however, that he did not recall obtaining any information from the Vietnamese "until, on my own instigation, I went around and talked to them." Koster, Toan, and Khien all agreed in their testimony before the Peers commission that no documents had been exchanged during their meetings—a statement that raised an obvious and important question. If, as Gerberding testified, Koster did send a letter to Henderson with a copy of Tan's report enclosed, where did he get it? One possible answer, based on my own research, was that Tan's report was transmitted to Koster by Colonel Anistranski, the pacification-and-civil-affairs officer for the division, who noted during an interview with me that he had been instructed by Colonel Guinn at this time to deliver an "eyes only" envelope to the General from Quang Ngai provincial headquarters. When Koster was asked specifically by General Peers if Guinn could have given him a copy of the Tan report, he again spoke vaguely but indicated that he did not think so. "I can't say how all this first came to our attention, but I wouldn't have put myself in the channel of communication for Colonel Guinn to go through," he testified. The General added, however, "I think he would have kept us informed of what was going on in the province."

Colonel Henderson, for his part, denied any knowledge of Koster's letter ordering him to file a report. "I am positive that I received no letter from

When you buy a $40,000 to $100,000 condominium in Florida, you have a right to expect the real Florida.



Today, less and less of Florida resembles the real Florida. But Key Biscayne does.

Even though it's only 7 miles from Miami, it's still an unspoiled island paradise. Uncrowded. Uncluttered. Unbelievably beautiful.

And our 12-story condominiums grace the Key's most private setting. 10 oceanfront acres, forever surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, 575-acre Cape Florida State Park and Biscayne Bay.

Behind our attended gatehouse, you'll find amenities unlike any you've ever seen. A greenhouse conservatory in your lobby. A fireplace in your club room. An outside elevator joining the opulent pool deck area and 440-foot ocean beach. A Roman tub in your master bath. A 23.5 cu. ft. refrigerator-freezer with thru-the-door ice dispenser in your fully-equipped kitchen. To mention a few.

Our 1, 2 and 3 bedroom condominium apartment residences are priced from $40,000 to $100,000. With construction underway, they'll be ready for you in 1972. Visit our furnished models when you're down here next, 'Till then, write or call for details.

You have to see us to believe us.

The Towers of Key Biscayne

Magnificent Condominium
Residences on the Ocean.
1111 Crandon Boulevard,
Key Biscayne, Florida 33149

A joint venture of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States and Sand Key, Inc., Stephen Muss, President.

Mail coupon or call toll-free 800-327-2001.

Towers of Key Biscayne
1111 Crandon Blvd.
Key Biscayne, Florida 33149
I'm interested. Please send me booklet, floor plans and financial data.
Name________________
Address________________
City________ State________ Zip____
I'll next be in Florida about________ (date)
I'll be staying at________________
159

This is not an offering which can be made by formal prospectus only NY-261.

General Koster," he told the Peers commission. Despite Gerberding's testimony, Henderson also denied ever seeing Tan's third report. But he had begun asking questions about the Son My incidents again. Why? Henderson explained that he had done so not because of a letter from Koster but because he had received a mysterious and unsigned statement referring to an allegation that American troops had slaughtered more than four hundred civilians. Henderson said that the statement indicated that Lieutenant Tan, the Son Tinh district chief, did not give the allegation much importance. The Colonel attached the document, without comment or explanation, to his resulting report to Koster.

The origin of the statement became a major concern of the Peers commission; it was finally determined that the unsigned document attached to Henderson's report was nothing more than a copy of the refutation prepared earlier by Captain Rodriguez, of Son Tinh district headquarters. Henderson insisted, however, that he had never seen the Captain's initial document but had received his statement—the one eventually given to Koster—from his staff. Henderson said at one point that both the statement and a copy of the Vietcong propaganda leaflet about Son My were delivered to his intelligence officer, Colonel Blackledge. "I do not know how he got the report," Henderson said. He added that his staff had sent copies of both documents to division headquarters for perusal.

Within two days of the mysterious receipt of the statement and the propaganda leaflet, the Colonel said, he decided—just as Koster had done earlier—to visit Colonel Toan at the ARVN 2nd Division headquarters. As Henderson recounted it, he showed Toan the leaflet and told the Vietnamese officer that "I was very much interested in this thing and that when he looked into this I would make available to him a battalion or any number of troops to go into this area. . . ." Toan assured him that the leaflet was simply propaganda.

Two or three days after his visit, Henderson said, "General Young came down and said General Koster wants you to—and it was not to make an investigation because I specifically asked: 'Does he want this open again and a formal investigation?' and General Young said, 'No. This paper you sent up, this V.C. propaganda message, has tripped his memory here a little bit, and he just wants some backup in the files here if anything further should develop on the matter. So provide him with a written report.' " At this point, Henderson said, he sat down and wrote a report, relying on notes taken during his interviews the month before—when only Warrant Officer Thompson's confrontation with ground troops and the allegations of wild shootings were being investigated.

Many witnesses contradicted one aspect or another of Henderson's testimony. General Young testified that he had no recollection of a conversation in late April with Henderson about a written report. Colonel Blackledge testified that his office had relayed to Colonel Henderson not the Rodriguez statement nor a Vietcong propaganda leaflet but only some preliminary and incomplete allegations of an atrocity that were being disseminated by the Vietcong. Blackledge added that he knew nothing about the origin of the Rodriguez statement. And Henderson himself finally acknowledged that he really did not know how or from where he received the information.

Henderson's subsequent report to General Koster, dated April 24th, included two enclosures: the Vietcong propaganda leaflet and the Rodriguez report, which was shorn of its signature but retained its date, April 14th. The Rodriguez document was attached to Henderson's report under the simple heading "Statement." Henderson's classified report, addressed to the commanding general, Americal Division, said, in part:

> 1. An investigation has been conducted of allegations cited in inclosure 1 [the Rodriguez statement]. The following are the results of this investigation.
> 2. On the day in question, 16 March 1968 . . . Task Force Barker, 11th Inf Bge, conducted a combat air assault in the vicinity of My Lai hamlet (Son My village) in eastern Son Tinh District. This area has long been an enemy stronghold and Task Force Barker had met heavy enemy opposition in this area on 12 and 23 February 1968. All persons living in this area are considered to be VC or VC sympathizers by the District Chief. Artillery and gunship preparatory fires were placed on the landing zones used by the two companies. Upon landing and during their advance on the enemy positions, the attacking forces were supported by gunships . . . By 1500 all enemy resistance had ceased and the remaining enemy forces had withdrawn. The results of this operation were 128 VC KIA. During preparatory fires and the ground action by the attacking companies 20 noncombatants caught in the battle area were killed. U.S. forces suffered 2 KHA [killed by hostile action] and 10 WHA [wounded by hostile action] by booby traps and 1 man slightly wounded in the foot by small arms fire. . . . Interviews [here Henderson listed only Colonel Barker, Major Calhoun, Captain Medina, and the commander of Bravo Company, Captain Earl R. Michles] revealed that at no time were any civilians gathered together and killed

A buck for a bar of soap with nothing in it?

$8,999 more and you could own a Mercedes Benz! But when it comes to sensitive skin, this clear, pure amber bar is no extravagance. Doctors often recommend Neutrogena because it has no detergents, medication, artificial glop, or additives to upset finicky complexions. It's made from only the most neutral, natural, biodegradable ingredients.

Find out how valuable Neutrogena can be to your skin. Send 25¢ for trial bar to Neutrogena, Dept. N-12, Box 6008, Inglewood, Ca. 90301.

Neutrogena®
the under-discovered soap.

in Chicago discover
STEVENS
OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD...zodiac pins by Eisenberg. Sculptured signs in fine rhodium or antique gold, sparked with Eisenberg Ice, 7.50 each. Add 75c for handling.
CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., 25 N. STATE

by U.S. soldiers. The civilian habitants in the area began withdrawing to the southwest as soon as the operation began and within the first hour and a half all visible civilians had cleared the area of operations.
3. The Son Tinh district chief does not give the allegations any importance and he pointed out that the two hamlets where the incident is alleged to have happened are in an area controlled by the VC since 1964. Col. Toan . . . reported that the making of such allegations against U.S. forces is a common technique of the VC propaganda machine. Inclosure 2 is a translation of an actual VC propaganda message targeted at the ARVN soldier and urging him to shoot Americans. This message was given to this headquarters by the CO, 2nd ARVN Division [Toan], on about 17 April 1968 . . . It makes the same allegations as made by the Son My village chief in addition to other claims of atrocities by American soldiers.
4. It is concluded that 20 non-combatants were inadvertently killed when caught in the area of preparatory fires and in the crossfires of the U.S. and VC forces on 16 March 1968. It is further concluded that no civilians were gathered together and shot by U.S. soldiers. The allegation that U.S. forces shot and killed 450-500 civilians is obviously a Vietcong propaganda move to discredit the United States in the eyes of the Vietnamese people in general and the ARVN soldier in particular.

The report, signed by Henderson, obviously relied heavily on Colonel Barker's report of the action. The original typed copy was placed in a double-sealed envelope marked "Eyes of the CG [commanding general] Only" and sent by courier to division headquarters, at Chu Lai. Only one copy was kept at brigade headquarters, according to Sergeant Gerberding, who was in charge of filing it, and that copy was handled on a "close hold" basis. "I kept this in what I called my personal or confidential file," the Sergeant testified. Gerberding's personal file was in his desk, where, he said, "I kept things I didn't want anybody else to see." The Army later found the carbon file copy in Gerberding's safe, where someone had moved it; it was the only existing record of any investigation in connection with My Lai 4. The file copy was initialled "RKB," for Richard K. Blackledge, and its existence enabled the Peers commission to confront Blackledge with documented evidence that contradicted his testimony. (The lack of records prevented the investigators from directly challenging the many witnesses who simply could not recall a fact or said they were not sure what had happened.) Blackledge, by then retired and living near Honolulu, was asked if he had ever seen the Henderson report prior to his testimony in 1970. "Negative, absolutely negative," the former intelligence officer replied. "I never saw this until I came here." After being shown his initialled

At John's Island's Oceanfront Condominiums, the only thing between you and Europe is 2½ miles of private beach and the blue Atlantic. That's John's Island.

Write Roy D. Chapin III, President,
john's island
2 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960.

john's island Privacy, Championship Dye-Nicklaus Eighteen, Golf Cottages, Oceanfront Condominiums, Private Residences, Club House, Beach & Tennis Club, South Village Condominiums, 2½ miles of Ocean Beach.

This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

AD-4416

Chalking the bias

The dark shirt, plaided with white, cut on the bias to fit closely, move easily. Washable polyester and cotton in navy, brown or black, 6 to 16 sizes, $17. Exclusively in our Blouse Collections.

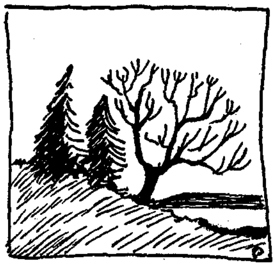
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75¢ for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

file copy, Blackledge said, "I now retract what I said, because those are my initials and I recognize the way I write my initials. But I don't recall the document . . . I had nothing to do with the preparation."

Although Henderson's report was sent as a high-priority, "eyes only" message to General Koster, the General testified that he did not recall seeing it until he returned from a brief vacation in Hawaii in early May. When he did see it, he decided that it was inadequate. "As best I recall, it was not my intent that this [the report] should be limited to only some discussion of some V.C. propaganda," Koster testified. He said that he and his staff "discussed the adequacy of the report" and decided to ask Henderson to submit a full analysis, covering not only the new Vietnamese allegations but also Warrant Officer Thompson's claims of indiscriminate shooting. In May, General Young made another trip to the Duc Pho headquarters area and informed Henderson that Koster now wanted a formal investigation of the incident, to embrace all the allegations—from both the Vietnamese and the pilots. Henderson said, "I discussed with him who the logical individual was to perform the investigation and told him that if he had no objections I would assign Colonel Barker to it."

Barker completed his report the next week. Henderson testified that "to the best of my knowledge, the report included statements from certainly all of the company commanders, from various pilots . . . from enlisted personnel, both Charlie and Bravo Company, it included statements from personnel working in the battalion T.O.C. [tactical-operations center]." Barker's formal report concluded once again that twenty civilians had been killed by artillery and gunships, Henderson said. He added, ". . . there was no term of atrocity used, or massacre, or anything of this nature. There was no evidence to support that any soldiers had willfully or negligently wounded or killed civilians during this operation." Barker, Henderson said, had attached from fifteen to twenty single-page signed statements to a covering report of three pages. Henderson testified that he had submitted Barker's work to General Koster with a written endorsement, saying, "I had reviewed the investigation . . . that the facts and circumstances cited throughout the investigation agreed generally with my own personal inquiry into the matter . . . and I recommended that the report be accepted."



The Peers commission was unable to find any copies of Colonel Barker's formal report in the headquarters of either the Americal Division or the 11th Brigade. In addition, of the four hundred witnesses who appeared before the commission, only two—Colonel Henderson and General Koster—claimed to have any knowledge of it. The evidence is overwhelming that if such a report was prepared by Barker it was a complete fraud. None of the principals in the My Lai 4 investigation—including Captain Medina, the commanding officer of Charlie Company; Warrant Officer Thompson, the helicopter pilot; Major Watke, Thompson's commanding officer; and Colonel Holladay, the 123rd Battalion commander—had any knowledge of further inquiries. For them, the investigation had ended in March, a few days after it began.

BY March, 1969, Task Force Barker's assault on the village of Son My was just another forgotten military victory. Two of the most important of the dramatis personae were dead. Lieutenant Colonel Barker, the task-force commander, had been killed the previous June when a helicopter he was flying in collided with an Air Force observation plane near My Lai 4. Captain Earl R. Michles, the commanding officer of Bravo Company, which had led the assault on My Khe 4, was also killed in the accident. Major General Koster was the Superintendent of West Point; Colonel Henderson and General Young were assigned to new duties, out of Vietnam; and most of the G.I.s from Bravo and Charlie Companies either were out of the service or were counting the days until they would be. Ronald L. Ridenhour, the Arizonian who served in the 11th Brigade in early 1968, was also out of the service, and at the end of March he mailed his letter describing the assault on My Lai 4 to the President, to Pentagon officials, and to two dozen members of Congress. "Quite frankly, my initial reaction to these charges was one of disbelief," General William C. Westmoreland, then serving as the Army's Chief of Staff, told a House armed-services subcommittee during closed briefings on My Lai 4 in the spring of 1970.

Ridenhour's letters posed an imme-

Sheer Elegance by Florence Eiseman. Flowing Cover-Up, shown with Multi-Print Suit. Cover-Up, $38 at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus; Swanson's, Kansas City.

FLORENCE EISEMAN
301 N. WATER ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS. 53202

I want to see a castle in New York, a ski lodge in Switzerland, a private Caribbean island and 552 other distinguished properties for sale, world-wide. So, I am enclosing $5 for Previews' 248 page photo Guide to Fine Real Estate.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

☐ AMEX ☐ C. BLANCHE ☐ DIN. CLUB

SIGNATURE Dept. NY

Previews inc.
International Real Estate Marketing Realtors
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

diate public-relations threat to the military, which was then in the process of helping to sell President Nixon's "Vietnamization" program to the nation, and within days the American military command in Saigon was ordered to investigate the charges. The task fell to Colonel Howard K. Whitaker, who was a senior officer in the Inspector General's office in Saigon; he was dispatched north to the Americal Division headquarters. Whitaker's investigation was similar to the earlier investigations of My Lai 4. He spent less than two days with the Americal Division, and he seems to have accepted at face value every Army document he could find. Thus he was able to write, "A review of the Combat After-Action Report . . . revealed that an estimated enemy Local Force BN [battalion] was in the vicinity of the My Lai . . . area. . . . Enemy losses during this action were heavy . . . The civilian population supporting the V.C. in the area numbered approximately 200. This created a problem in population control and medical care of those civilians caught in fires of opposing forces." Whitaker did not mention that only three enemy weapons had been captured, nor did he express any concern over the fact that a check of the files in the Americal Division and the 11th Brigade produced no evidence of any earlier investigation. The message from Washington ordering Whitaker's investigation had suggested that one had taken place. Whitaker completed his confidential report on April 17, 1969, four days after he began. Within days, it was relayed to the Inspector General's office in the Pentagon for action because, as Whitaker noted, most of the alleged participants were back in the United States.

Colonel Whitaker's attempt to get at the truth apparently stopped with a series of discussions he had with the top-ranking officers of the Americal Division, including Major General Charles M. Gettys, who had replaced General Koster as the commanding general, and Colonel John W. Donaldson, who had replaced Colonel Parson as the chief of staff. Whitaker's report noted, "Both stated they knew of no investigation ever having been conducted concerning the alleged incident." The Colonel's final conclusion was skeptical. "An examination of all available documents concerning the alleged incident reveals that the complainant [Ridenhour] has grossly exaggerated the military action in question," he wrote. "No evidence could be uncovered which would substantiate the allegations." Whitaker did suggest, however, that interviews be conducted

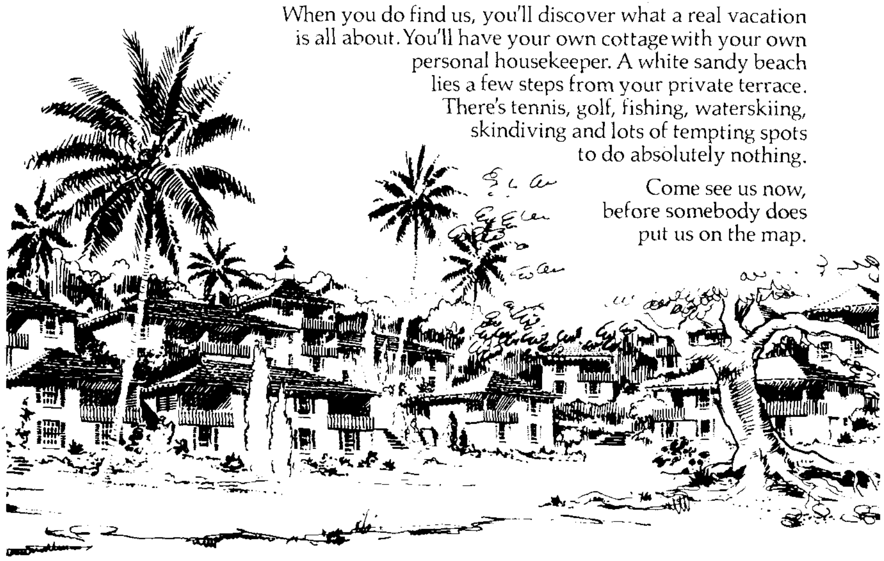
Dragon Bay
isn't even on the map.

You won't find it easy to find us. That's what makes it so great for the people that do.

We don't think a vacation spot should be right off U.S. 1 (or Jamaica 1) so we built our lovely village of cottages on the most beautiful hideaway cove in Port Antonio.

When you do find us, you'll discover what a real vacation is all about. You'll have your own cottage with your own personal housekeeper. A white sandy beach lies a few steps from your private terrace. There's tennis, golf, fishing, waterskiing, skindiving and lots of tempting spots to do absolutely nothing.

Come see us now, before somebody does put us on the map.



For more information, please write Dragon Bay, Department C, 30 Broad Street, New York, N.Y., call (212) 269-5010 or contact your nearest travel agent. **Dragon Bay, Port Antonio, Jamaica**

Eighteen karat gold heart pendant with fourteen karat bar link necklace, $805. Heart alone, $375. Chain, $430. Engraving additional.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 • ZIP: 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable

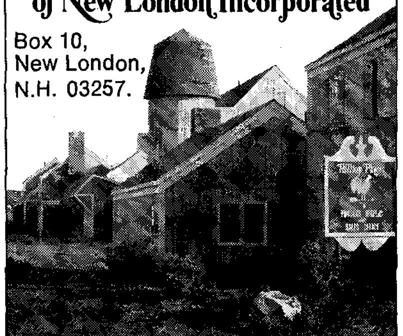
Harvest a new way of life at Hilltop Place

If you wish to retire in a superb environment where a new and rewarding life awaits you, consider Hilltop Place.

This small group of highly distinctive, carefree condominium residences is located in New London, New Hampshire, a small college town in the heart of the Lake Sunapee recreation area, 2 hours from Boston and ½ hour from Hanover. For our full brochure, write

Hilltop Place of New London, Incorporated

Box 10,
New London,
N.H. 03257.



One-piece Lounging Caftan.
Vivid prints, zipper front.
For after bath or swim or just lounging around.
One size fits all. Washable. $30.00

Sara Fredericks Dept. M
27 West 57th St. New York, N.Y. 10019
Enclosed is my check (money order) for $____
Please send____Caftans at $30 each plus $1.50 for postage and handling (add sales tax according to area)
Name____
Address____
City____State____Zip____

Sara Fredericks

with some of the pertinent witnesses to "determine if the allegations have substance." None of the participants had been questioned about My Lai 4 since March, 1968.

In mid-April of 1969, the Inspector General's office in the Pentagon was ordered by General Westmoreland to conduct a full-scale inquiry; officials there, in turn, assigned Colonel William V. Wilson, a highly skilled investigator, to the case. With that assignment, made in late April, the Army set in motion an inevitable sequence of events. The basic sources that Ridenhour had mentioned were the men of Charlie Company, some of whom had done the shooting, and they became Wilson's sources, too. In the early stages of the Wilson investigation, there were no colonels or majors to contrive reports—just guilt-ridden ex-G.I.s anxious to tell what they knew and why they had done what they did. By late May, Wilson had personally tracked down at least six members of Charlie Company, and had accumulated enough solid evidence to order Lieutenant Calley brought back from Vietnam for questioning at the Inspector General's office in the Pentagon. Although no hint of the pending atrocity case reached the public, many of the officers at work in the Pentagon knew that something was up.

The word also reached the headquarters of the Americal Division. Subsequently, the Peers commission was unable to establish how all but two of the reports relating to the Henderson investigations had vanished. Files pertaining to March 16th and thereafter were missing from the Americal Division headquarters, the 11th Brigade headquarters (where one copy of Henderson's April 24th report was found, in Sergeant Gerberding's safe), Quang Ngai province headquarters, and Son Tinh district headquarters. All the records for March 16th were also missing from the headquarters of the battalion commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Luper, chief officer of artillery units attached to the 11th Brigade. Detailed interrogations by the Peers commission of dozens of division and brigade officers, sergeants, and clerks who were still serving in 1969 produced only two witnesses who could recall handling a file on the My Lai 4 investigations—Gerberding, the intelligence sergeant for the 11th Brigade, and Sergeant Kenneth E. Camell, who replaced him in late October, 1968. Camell told the Peers commission that he recalled seeing a number of reports on investigations specifically dealing with My Lai 4, including Henderson's report and Rodriguez's report.

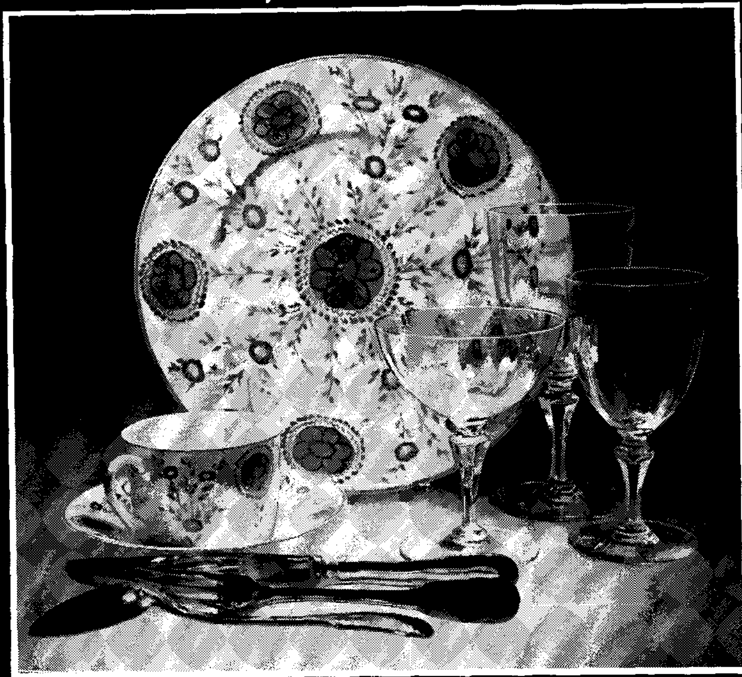
Colonel Whitaker's early investigation had failed to uncover Gerberding's personal file; no one knew it existed. In late May, however, Colonel Wilson ordered Colonel Henderson to report to Washington for interrogation in connection with the massacre. (As Henderson initially described the battle during his testimony before Wilson, Charlie Company was in heavy contact with Vietcong troops entrenched in bunkers surrounding the hamlet.) Henderson, who was then on duty in Hawaii, promptly telephoned Donaldson, the new chief of staff at Americal Division headquarters, to tell him that a copy of his investigation had been filed either in the intelligence office or in the operations office of the 11th Brigade. In his testimony before the Peers commission, Henderson said, "I asked him if he would call down to the 11th Brigade and have somebody look in the S-2 [intelligence] or the S-3 [operations] safe to see if there was not an envelope in there with a report of investigation in it." Henderson later testified that he was asking Donaldson for "any and all reports concerning the My Lai incident." This would have included the formal investigation made by Colonel Barker in May, 1968, with its multitude of attached statements.

By that time, however, the files had disappeared. Donaldson sent Henderson a message saying, "A thorough search of division headquarters files and 11th Infantry Brigade files has failed to produce the informal investigation you requested." (It is not known why Donaldson's message referred to an *informal* report, one which usually is filed on an interim basis.) A few days later, Donaldson telephoned Henderson with the additional news that a continuing check of the files had produced only the two-page interim report of April 24th, which was subsequently mailed to Henderson, who turned it over to the Army investigators. The material in Gerberding's personal file, Camell told the Peers commission, disappeared in two separate stages. That spring, as the Inspector General's inquiry was getting under way, a senior officer of the 11th Brigade came to him for the complete file. "The indication was that he had to make a report to someone else on it," Camell said of the officer, whose identity was never determined.

When the folder was returned to him a day or two later, he said, he noticed that some of the papers were missing. "As to what they were, I cannot tell you," Camell testified. In September, 1969, the Sergeant added, he was again asked for the file by a senior staff officer. He never saw the folder again. On September 5th, the Army announced that murder charges had been filed against Lieutenant Calley.

THE Peers commission concluded its investigation in March, 1970, without being able to discover how the My Lai 4 files had disappeared. General Peers himself suspected that some of the key officers involved at the time were responsible. The truth was more damaging to the Army's system than Peers could imagine: that subsequent officers of the Americal Division, who had had no direct involvement with My Lai 4 and its investigations, had destroyed evidence to protect the officers who preceded them.

The first evidence that some reports on My Lai 4, including the report on Colonel Barker's formal investigation, were on file at the Americal Division headquarters as late as May, 1969—fourteen months after the massacre—became known to the Army in the spring of 1970. The evidence was supplied by Lieutenant Colonel Barney L. Brannen, Jr., who had served with the Americal Division in the spring of 1969 as staff judge advocate—the senior legal officer. In September, 1970, Brannen told an Army pre-trial hearing into coverup charges against General Koster—charges that had been recommended six months earlier by the Peers commission—that while he was in Vietnam he had seen the original copy of Barker's investigation report of May, 1968. "It was sometime in May of 1969," he explained at Koster's pre-trial hearing. "I received a phone call from the division chief of staff, who at the time was Colonel John Donaldson, [who] asked me if I could come over to his office. So I did. . . . when I arrived at the headquarters . . . in Colonel Donaldson's office was the division G-1 [the officer in charge of administration and personnel]. . . a Lieutenant Colonel Henry Lowder. I don't recall anyone else being present at that time." Donaldson gave Brannen a copy of Ridenhour's letter to read and then ordered him to search his office files for any information on the alleged incident. It is not known who in the Pentagon had made a copy of Ridenhour's letter available to Donaldson. The only official link until that time between the letter and the Americal Divi-



bACCARAT CRYSTAL . . . since 1764

CHRISTOFLE SILVER . . . distinctive, classical, from France

CERALENE CHINA . . . imported from Limoges, France

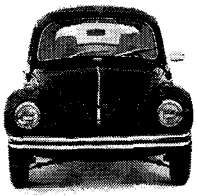
BACCARAT's quality has been known the world over for 200 years. Today we are still proud of its classical purity of line and variety of styles. Our CERALENE-RAYNAUD Limoges China, of perfect translucency, is gay, young and colorful as the dawn of a summer day. Our CHRISTOFLE Silver derives its beauty from the supreme simplicity of French period styles. Together, these three names offer the most sophisticated, original top-of-the-table lines at prices you can afford.

Write Dept. Y29 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each; silver, 10c; and/or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
bACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

After you get your shots, get the Bug.



On the way home from the doctor's office, stop in at your local Volkswagen Dealer.

He can arrange to have a Bug (or any other VW) waiting for you when you arrive in Europe.

He can also take care of things like licensing, registration and insurance.

From there on you make your own schedule.

Paris for a few days. Rome for a long weekend. Wherever your impulse takes you.

With a Volkswagen, you come and go as you please.

And when the tour's over, we'll even arrange to have your VW shipped back to the States.

That way, you can start saving dollars and cents.

Instead of francs and lira.

Volkswagen of America, Tourist Delivery
Dept. Y-1, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.
Please send me your illustrated brochure and a price list.

Name

Address

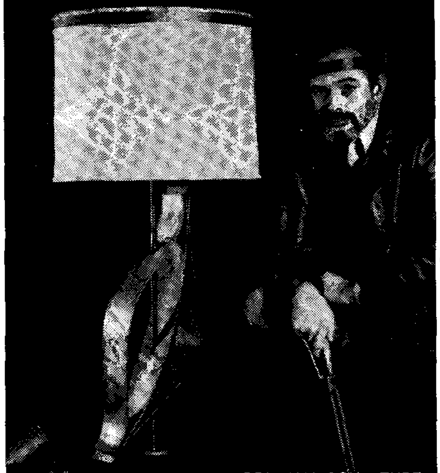
City State Zip

Transplanting torn-up roots is our business.

At Homerica we have helped over 65,000 relocating families settle into communities and homes that best fit their particular mode of living. Finding a new home 3,000 miles away can be just as easy as selecting one in your own home town . . . if you do it the Homerica way. We know over 6,700 key communities intimately and we can tell you all you need to know to help you pinpoint those that are just right for you. We'll screen them for homes that best fit your particular requirements. And afterwards we'll arrange for you to inspect each one, limiting your problems to selection only. A selection that is sure to be a happy one, not a nervous ill-informed one.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R129
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212)689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

Original Sculpture...



ORIGINAL SCULPTURE BY LEIMAN OF CALIFORNIA INTERPRETED BY LAUREL AS HANDSOME MODERN LIGHTING. THE 1094...WEATHERED BRONZE FINISH ON STEEL...BLOCK PEDESTAL BASE. APPROXIMATE RETAIL $110.

laurel lamp
230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK NY 10001

NEW YORK, NY / HIGH POINT, NC / LOS ANGELES, CAL
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL / CHICAGO, ILL / DALLAS, TEXAS

sion had been Colonel Whitaker, of the Inspector General's office, and he told the Peers commission that he was never given a copy of it. Brannen found no trace of the report on Barker's investigation. He testified at the Army hearing, "So I left my office and went down to the G-1's office, which was about one hundred yards away . . . and I entered Colonel Lowder's section—his own personal office and . . . he had a file in his hand at the time I walked in and he said, 'Well, we found this,' and he handed me this file . . . perhaps one-half inch thick." The file was Barker's report of May, 1968, complete with the letter of endorsement from Henderson. Brannen went on, "I said to Colonel Lowder, 'This appears to be the document we're looking for. Do you want me to go with you back to the chief of staff's office?' and he said, 'No, I'll take it over and talk to him about it.'. . . And then and there ended my connection with this investigative file."

Brannen left the Americal Division that summer and returned to the United States to take a year-long course at the Army's Command and General Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He was in school that November, when the My Lai 4 story broke in the newspapers. Brannen read many of the newspaper and magazine stories about the atrocity, and was particularly offended by one account, in *Newsweek*. "They [the magazine] went through the My Lai incident and they pretty well concluded that the Army had a big coverup and that there had never been any sort of investigation and so forth," the lawyer complained at Koster's pre-trial hearing. "Well . . . during the [Christmas] holidays . . . we were out of school for two weeks. I had a cocktail party . . . and there were some other judge-advocate officers who attended it. . . . the discussion of My Lai came up in the course of the evening because they knew I had been in the Americal. And one of them referred to the article. . . . And I told them in no uncertain terms that I didn't think the article was accurate but that was not unusual because I felt that a lot of news reporting was inaccurate anyway, and a lot of editorializing when they reported to be facts. [I told them] that I had seen . . . a formal investigative report that related to the My Lai incident. In fact, it did not appear to me that the Americal Division had in any way attempted to cover anything up but had in fact investigated it."

Brannen's story travelled through the Army's legal circles, and in March, 1970, he was asked by one of the attorneys for General Koster to make a formal statement about the file he had seen in Colonel Lowder's office. In June, Brannen gave another statement to agents for the Army's Criminal Investigation Division. A few days later, he passed a lie-detector test at the Pentagon. The test was urged upon Brannen because both Donaldson, who by then had been promoted to general and had been assigned to a key position on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Lowder were vigorously denying Brannen's account. By midsummer of 1970, both Donaldson and Lowder were under secret investigation themselves by the C.I.D. for their part in the My Lai 4 tragedy.

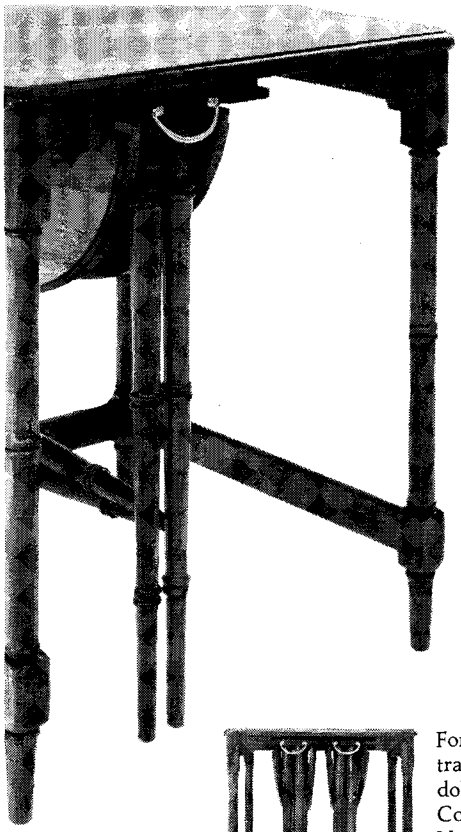
General Donaldson testified at the Koster hearing on September 14, 1970, five days after Brannen. He again denied any knowledge of an encounter with Brannen and also claimed that he had "no clear or positive recollection" of seeing Ridenhour's letter while he was in Vietnam. Within a year, nonetheless, General Donaldson's promising career received a serious setback. Late in 1970, an Army prosecutor, checking a tip that Colonel Henderson had engaged in "gook-hunting" in helicopters (looking for human targets) while serving as brigade commander in 1968, interviewed a number of helicopter pilots who had flown in Vietnam. The investigator discovered that his tipster had been mistaken in the identity of the "gook-hunter;" it was not Henderson. An investigation was initiated, and in June, 1971, Donaldson was formally charged with the murder of six Vietnamese civilians and the assault with intent to kill of two more. Pending further Army hearings, he was transferred from his position with the Joint Chiefs of Staff to a desk job at Fort Meade, Maryland. In December, 1971, after a four-month closed hearing, the Army exonerated Donaldson of all charges, permitting him to resume his career.

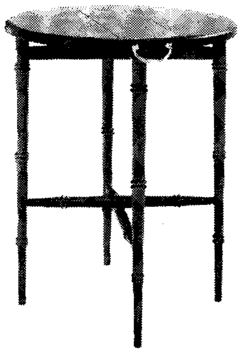
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE MELVIN A. LAIRD and other high Pentagon officials monitored the Associated Press and United Press International newspaper wires on the evening of September 5, 1969. Earlier that day, the public-information office at Fort Benning, Georgia, had issued its first press release about the mass-murder charges filed against Lieutenant Calley. The official concern wasn't necessary; the military news release—an announcement of the type that is routinely issued in connection with a serious crime—

gave no hint of the scope of the My Lai 4 massacre. Calley was charged with murder, it said, "for offenses allegedly committed against civilians while serving in Vietnam in March, 1968." There was no press outcry, and the military continued its investigation in secrecy. Ridenhour, who by then was making increasingly impatient telephone calls to the Pentagon demanding action on his letter, was informed by the Inspector General's office of the charges against Calley but was urged to "avoid any public discussion which could prejudice the continuing investigation or the rights of Lieutenant Calley." The chairmen of the Senate and House Armed Services Committees, Senator John C. Stennis, of Mississippi, and Representative L. Mendel Rivers, of South Carolina, were briefed by Army officers on the impending scandal and were also urged not to talk.

By then, the full scope of the My Lai 4 tragedy was becoming clear to the Army, and in the fall the investigation of Charlie Company G.I.s was transferred from the Inspector General to a newly organized office of the Criminal Investigation Division, headed by Colonel Henry H. Tufts, an experienced agent. At the same time, the Army broadened the scope of its inquiry, and assigned many agents to Tufts' office. Dozens of Charlie Company officers and men were now being interrogated. But in those months none of the senior officers of the 11th Brigade and the Americal Division were thought to be involved in a coverup. At last, as the furor over the Calley story grew, an atmosphere of crisis developed in the Pentagon. A series of meetings was held at which high officials discussed ways of abating the growing outcry from the press and the public over what seemed to be an obvious case of coverup. Incredibly, that possibility had not been formally discussed within the Pentagon until then. A working group that included Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, Army General Counsel Robert E. Jordan III, Vice Chief of Staff Bruce Palmer, Jr., who had formerly been deputy commander of all American forces in Vietnam, and Daniel Z. Henkin, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, determined that some kind of inquiry was needed.

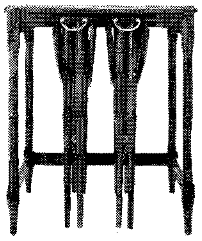
Before any decision was reached, a number of officers attached to the Americal Division and to the Quang Ngai Province advisory team were brought in to the Pentagon for private discussions. Among those interviewed were Major Watke, Colonel Guinn, and Colonel Balmer, the former opera-



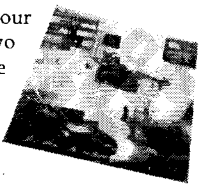


A little table that grows on you

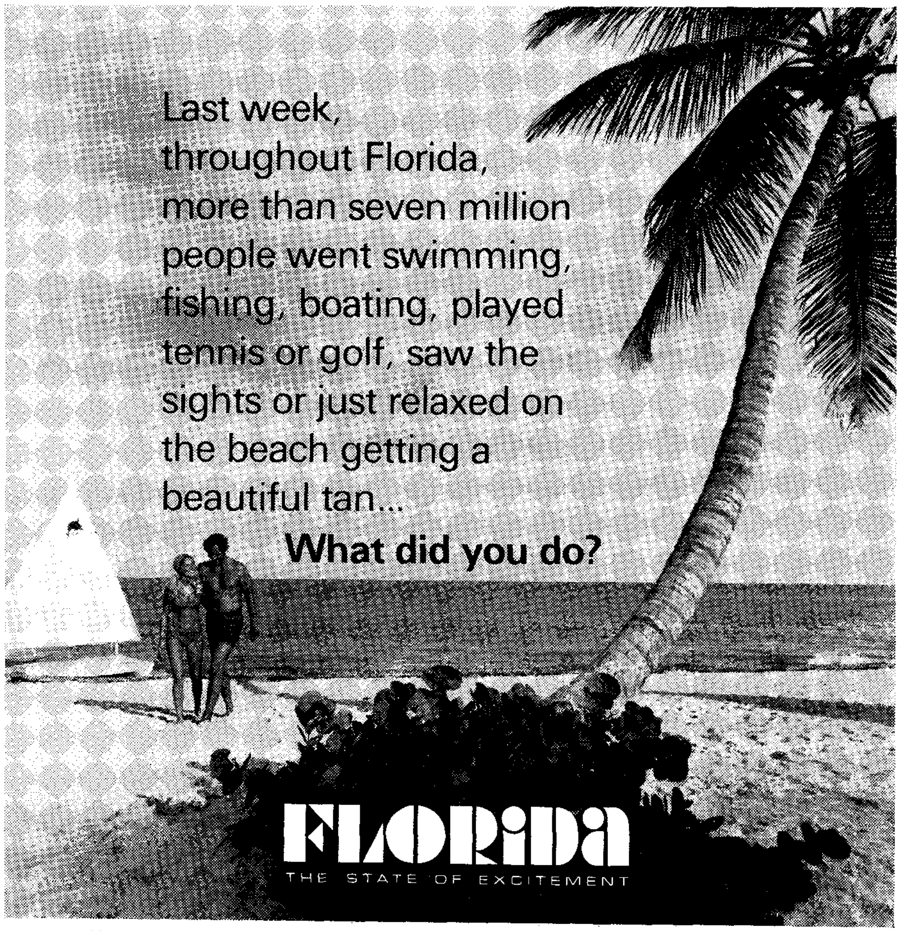
If you have room for a 19" x 19" table (21" high), you have room for its two 16½" round glide-out companions, too. All three in the hospitable glow of hand-rubbed solid cherry from Harden's own forests. Solid brass pulls. Authentic bamboo-turned legs and classic design let beautiful wood and beautiful workmanship speak for themselves.



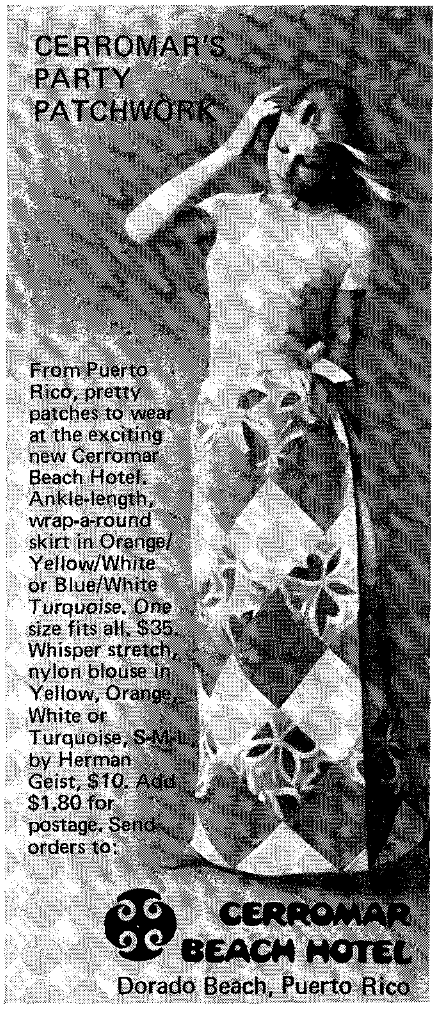
For a 128-page book of our traditional designs, send two dollars to Harden Furniture Company, McConnellsville, New York 13401.



FINE FURNITURE — THE Harden TRADITION



Write for your FREE Florida VACATION-MASTER Information Package!
Be sure to let us know what recreation you like and when you plan to arrive.
Florida Department of Commerce, Room 407, 107 West Gaines Street, Tallahassee, Florida 32304


CERROMAR'S
PARTY
PATCHWORK

From Puerto Rico, pretty patches to wear at the exciting new Cerromar Beach Hotel. Ankle-length, wrap-a-round skirt in Orange/Yellow/White or Blue/White Turquoise. One size fits all. $35. Whisper stretch nylon blouse in Yellow, Orange, White or Turquoise, S-M-L, by Herman Geist, $10. Add $1.80 for postage. Send orders to:

CERROMAR
BEACH HOTEL
Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico

Yes, we have no load funds.

There is no sales commission "loaded" on the price you pay for a Scudder Fund.

The Scudder Special Fund

The Scudder Special Fund seeks above-average growth of capital and may invest in securities with above-average risk.
(Minimum initial investment is $5,000.)
Prototype profit-sharing and Keogh plans available.

The Scudder Development Fund

The Scudder Development Fund seeks capital appreciation, and the portfolio may include speculative investments in new, small and little-known companies.
(Minimum initial investment is $10,000.)

SCUDDER
SCUDDER, STEVENS & CLARK INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Scudder Fund Distributors, Inc.
Dept. #45, 10 Post Office Square
Boston, Mass. 02110

Please send me a free prospectus for:
☐ Scudder Development Fund;
☐ Scudder Special Fund.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

tions officer under Koster. "Our personal feeling was 'Yeah, something's rotten in Denmark,' " the military official said of the results of the interviews. It was decided not to entrust the inquiry to Tufts' newly set up C.I.D. office, because his investigators would be outranked by the men they were interrogating. Koster's high rank meant that a two- or three-star general would be needed to head the investigating panel. "We wanted a military man with experience in Vietnam, and someone who was senior to Koster," the official said. "General Peers met those criteria. Moreover, he was not West Point, and we were afraid of the W.P.P.A." The initials stand for West Point Protective Association; it is a nonexistent organization, but the belief that West Point graduates take care of their own is widely held, and many military men who are not graduates of the United States Military Academy are convinced that young West Point generals get the choice assignments. "W.P.P.A. is a two-edged sword," the official said. "The West Pointer who goes down is trampled on harder, but it usually takes a higher standard of proof." Another reason for appointing General Peers was that he was then Chief of the Office of Reserve Components, a three-star position that is not usually considered a stepping stone to more important positions in the Army. "Peers' job was one in which he could be missed," the official said. "Let's face it—you don't charge a member of the club and tear up the system the way he did and expect to get ahead." Peers, a gruff, cigar-smoking man, was given carte blanche in picking his staff, and he eventually amassed a group of intelligent young officers who had been battlefield commanders in Vietnam to serve on his interrogation teams. (By the end of the investigation, the Army had assigned thirty-four officers, forty-eight enlisted men, and eleven civilians to the commission.) On November 24, 1969, the Pentagon formally announced that Peers had been chosen to head an inquiry into the "nature and scope" of the initial investigations into My Lai 4.

By early December, Peers was beginning to understand that he had badly underestimated the scope of his inquiry. In a memorandum written to Resor and Chief of Staff Westmoreland on November 30th, before he began hearings, the General had outlined a six-week investigation involving a trip to Vietnam and the interrogation of thirty or forty witnesses in the Pentagon. As things worked out, he and his staff interrogated more than fifty witnesses before Christmas, some of them twice. Early in December, two prominent New York lawyers—Robert MacCrate, a Harvard Law School graduate who had once served as counsel to Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York, and Jerome K. Walsh, Jr.—joined the investigating team. The civilian attorneys were added, one official told me, because at one stage of the game Robert Jordan, the Army general counsel, and Army Secretary Resor became aware of the credibility problem.

By taking these steps, the military blunted an earlier demand, made by liberals and conservatives alike, that an outside panel be established to investigate the coverup. This proposal had been made by such disparate men as Hubert H. Humphrey, the former Vice-President; Senator Stennis, the chairman of the Armed Services Committee; and Arthur J. Goldberg, the former Supreme Court Justice. Still, the Army's announcement of the Peers Inquiry triggered some Senate and House criticism. Two senators—Stephen M. Young, of Ohio, and Charles H. Percy, of Illinois—immediately called for a Senate investigation of My Lai 4. Young, perhaps anticipating a long military delay in making an uncensored version of the Peers report public, told the Senate that "Americans must know—and the sooner the better—the long-suppressed facts about what certainly has been one of our nation's most ignoble hours." In the House, Mendel Rivers, of the Armed Services Committee, announced that he had ordered his investigating subcommittee, headed by Representative F. Edward Hébert, of Louisiana, to investigate the massacre in closed hearings. That group's report, like the Army's, was released in heavily edited form eight months later.

The political furor over the coverup died as My Lai 4 receded from the front pages. No serious critic questioned the integrity of General Peers, and, indeed, the Peers Inquiry was a model of integrity and industry; at one time the General had four separate interview teams at work, compiling volumes of testimony. One thing that complicated the group's work was a question of time; under military law, the statute of limitations for some criminal offenses—though not murder—was two years, and therefore all charges would have to be prepared by March 16, 1970.

Ultimately, however, the Peers Inquiry failed to explore the sources of the coverup fully, for the coverup was the product not just of the individual actions of a few generals, colonels, and lesser officers but of an institution that made it almost inevitable that the investigations of My Lai 4 would be covered up. The inquiry members, perhaps unconsciously, were convinced that My Lai 4 and Task Force Barker were both aberrations. The witnesses—particularly the field-grade officers of the task force and the 11th Brigade—were considered to be individuals who were somehow unlike all their counterparts in the Army. Major Watke, for example, was accused by Colonel J. Ross Franklin, one of the Peers investigators, of giving an impression, "whether intended or not," of "an officer greatly concerned over making waves in his own career, whose judgment, or information of a possible horrible war crime . . . has been filtered, or clouded, or even almost diverted by the negative impact it could have on his career." Watke responded by telling the officers an important truth about the military. "If it had been my career at stake, I wouldn't have done anything," he said. "I think the fact that I carried this to my commander and to Colonel Barker . . . if I had been worried about my career . . . I would have just let it just stop right there when it came to me." General Peers simply couldn't accept Watke's comment. "Major Watke, let's be reasonable," he said. "You couldn't, and even if you had been thinking about your career, the worst thing that could have ever happened to you—and look at it very realistically—was for [Thompson's complaints] to get up the line without having gone through you. You wouldn't have had to worry about a career." Yet the overall testimony taken by the Peers commission suggested that if Watke had said nothing there would have been no immediate investigation at all.

As the inquiry proceeded, it should have become clear to General Peers and his colleagues that many underlying problems were exemplified by the officers testifying before them, yet My Lai 4 was always discussed in terms of an officer's failing to fulfill his military duty by not reporting a war crime—never in terms of a system that prevented literally hundreds of men and officers from telling their superiors about My Lai 4. In response to a question, Ridenhour told Peers why he

MAUPINTOUR TRAVEL ADVENTURES . . .
LEAVE CARES AT HOME!

SIBERIA CENTRAL ASIA!

SIBERIA/CENTRAL ASIA. 10,000 mile, 34-day USSR saga. Moscow, Leningrad, Irkutsk, Bratsk, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara, Dushanbe, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Kiev.
SAMARKAND/ORIENTAL RUSSIA. Moscow, Tashkent, Bukhara, Samarkand, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, and Kiev. 22 days.
DALMATIA/BALKANS. Unhurried. From the Danube to the Adriatic. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. 20 to 28 days.
SCANDINAVIA/USSR. 4 different holidays: 16, 22, and 56 days plus other combinations.
EASTERN EUROPE'S CAPITALS/GREAT CITIES. Comprehensive! 15, 22, and 42 days.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for Maupintour's new 52-page EASTERN EUROPE brochure describing 16 different programs or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Telephone 212/687-7773.

our 21st year of quality tour operation Maupintour

ASK ABOUT THESE MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ Siberia/Central Asia ☐ Europe By Train/By Air
☐ Spain/Portugal ☐ Alps of Europe ☐ Scandinavia
☐ Greece/Aegean ☐ Italy/Sicily ☐ British Isles
☐ France ☐ Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve
☐ USSR/Eastern Europe ☐ Dalmatia/The Balkans
☐ Samarkand/Oriental Russia ☐ South America
☐ South Pacific ☐ Orient ☐ Africa ☐ Middle East

A Valentine Spells L-O-V-E

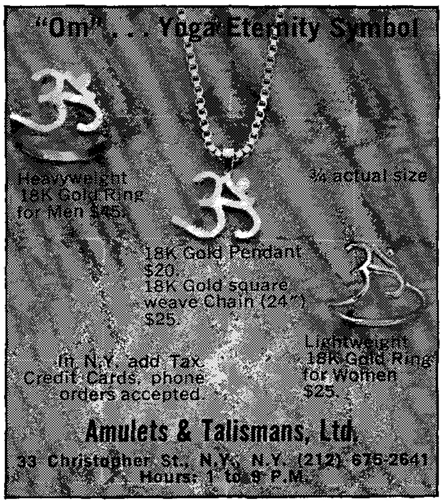
14 kt. yellow gold disc with ruby-eyed lovebirds and 24-inch chain, $275. (disc $185., chain $90.) Double heart pin with ruby and diamond, 14 kt., $85. Heart pin with bluebird, 14 kt., $35.
Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.) Shown actual size.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON • BOSTON • MASS. 02116 • (617) 267-9100

Denmark's national drink is akvavit and if Danish men have a national weakness, it's another akvavit. At I. Magnin women show a weakness of their own. But faced with our intoxicating furs, who can blame them?

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court



"Om"... Yoga Eternity Symbol

Heavyweight
18K Gold Ring
for Men $45.

¾ actual size

18K Gold Pendant
$20.
18K Gold square
weave Chain (24")
$25.

Lightweight
18K Gold Ring
for Women
$25.

In N.Y. add Tax
Credit Cards, phone
orders accepted.

Amulets & Talismans, Ltd.
33 Christopher St., N.Y., N.Y. (212) 675-2641
Hours: 1 to 9 P.M.

Bed to beach: 3½ seconds.

Because all our rooms are right on the beach facing the sea. Golf, tennis, water sports. Excellent food. Nightly entertainment. Join us. Call your travel agent, or
(212) 868-0420 or (212) OX7-2340.

Shaw Park Beach Hotel
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

hadn't reported his information about the massacre to his military superiors in Vietnam instead of writing his letter. "I didn't have a whole lot of trust in the Army, especially after some of these things happened," he testified. "And I was told bluntly from time to time that if accidents occurred, don't worry about it, because we'll cover you. . . . I couldn't help feel that this was a policy that was all-pervading within the [Americal] Division."

Father Creswell, the Episcopal chaplain at Americal Division headquarters, was asked by MacCrate during his testimony why he did not report Warrant Officer Thompson's charges about the shooting of civilians at My Lai to the staff judge advocate, and he replied, "Well, sir, let me tell you something at this point. I'm not a complete stranger with the J.A.G. [Judge Advocate General's] office. I went over from time to time. . . . And I became absolutely convinced that as far as the United States Army was concerned, there was no such thing as murder of a Vietnamese civilian."

Judith Shahn

Colonel Franklin seemed to many witnesses to be the most moralistic military member of the Peers commission. Franklin, the former deputy commander of the 173rd Airborne Brigade, often criticized witnesses and suggested that they were lying. Sergeant Michael Bernhardt's appearance before the commission particularly upset Franklin. Bernhardt, who was one of the first men to talk to newsmen about My Lai 4, testified that he had witnessed or had been told about many rapes and murders committed by men in Charlie Company. On being asked by Franklin to give a specific example, he told of a woman carrying baskets who had been shot when she ignored a request to stop running. Franklin responded, "Well . . . can you think of a better way to stop people that are running than doing that? I mean, are you comparing that woman carrying baskets that was shouted at to stop with the lining up and the gunning down of men, women, and children in My Lai 4? . . . The only point I want to make to you is if you are going to make damning accusations like this, and these very general statements, you had better have something to back it up. You're still wearing the uniform and you're portraying people that wear the uniform as really animals." Yet a year later Colonel Franklin was himself charged by a fellow-officer with seven counts of dereliction of duty and failure to comply with written directives in connection with the murder in 1969—before the Peers commission was convened—of at least five Vietnamese prisoners and the electric torture of a sixth. The charges were filed on March 15, 1971, by Lieutenant Colonel Anthony B. Herbert, the holder of four Silver Stars, who served in early 1969 as acting inspector general and as a battalion commander for the 173rd Airborne Brigade under Franklin and his superior, Major General John W. Barnes, who was himself charged by Herbert with three counts of dereliction of duty. Charges against both officers were eventually dismissed by the Army.

There is some reason to believe that General Peers, who personally ordered the full commission inquiry into the Bravo Company massacre, apparently did not do all he could to insure that those men and officers who were involved in the killings at My Khe 4 were punished or reprimanded. The first hint of Bravo Company's actions was given by Mrs. Nguyen Dhi Bay, a resident of My Khe 4, who was raped and then was forced to serve as a human mine detector during the Bravo Company operation that took place between the sixteenth and eighteenth of March, 1968. Mrs. Bay was interviewed on December 17, 1969, at the Chu Lai hospital by André C. Feher, an agent of the C.I.D. Peers, MacCrate, and a few other members of the investigating team arrived at the Americal Division headquarters a few weeks later to begin interviewing witnesses and to survey My Lai 4. Almost immediately, Peers sent the following "eyes only" message to Army Secretary Resor and General Westmoreland:

> You will recall that you had asked me to include Co Lay in our investigation. Two of the female detainees taken in the operation of . . . the 1st Cav on 13 Dec 69 south of My Lai 1 were recently interrogated by the C.I.D. in the Quang Ngai civil hospital. Both of them indicated that on the day of the 16th, possibly the 17th, of Mar 68 approximately 90-100 women and children in [My Khe 4] were removed from bunkers and shot in the immediate locality. . . . A few instances of rapes were also reported. This would have been the operation of B Co . . . in that general area.
>
> The two women have since been released from the hospital, but we will try to locate them and have them re-interrogated by members of this team. Additionally, we will continue pressing for information concerning any unusual activity in that area on the 16-17th of Mar 68.

You should also know that Mr. West [Bland West, an attorney on the investigating team] and the other members . . . in Washington are developing a list of individuals from B Co . . . to be interrogated in the CONUS [Continental United States] when we return.

The two Vietnamese women were not found, but by mid-January the Peers commission had set up a separate team of investigators to interrogate the former G.I.s of Bravo Company. On January 21st, Peers officially enlarged the scope of his inquiry when he informed Resor and Westmoreland in a memorandum, "There is evidence to show that other atrocities and/or violations of military regulations were committed in the other three hamlets of Son My village . . . In light of the above, it is recommended that the geographic scope of the final report be extended to include the entire Son My village." This was the first time since the day of the tragedy that even an intimation of Bravo Company's misdeeds at My Khe 4 had come to official light. The approval came routinely. (Peers' final summary report to Secretary Resor and General Westmoreland analyzed Bravo Company's assault on My Khe 4 in great detail, however, stating that the number of civilians killed there "may have been as high as ninety.") By February 5th, more than thirty members of Bravo Company had been interrogated, and the Peers commission soon had at least four G.I.s and one officer—First Lieutenant Thomas K. Willingham, who headed Bravo Company's first platoon—under suspicion of murder. The heavy questioning of Bravo Company stimulated press interest at the Pentagon, but military spokesmen had a standing rule against discussing any details of the Peers Inquiry, though they did provide a daily list of witnesses and their units. A few newspaper stories in early February pointed out that the commission had broadened its investigation of My Lai 4 to embrace the activities of Bravo Company, but no reporter was able to learn what had happened at My Khe 4. Spokesmen simply told the reporters that the Peers commission was investigating the entire Son My area, and not limiting itself to My Lai 4. On February 12th, the Army formally charged Willingham, who had by then been promoted to captain, with the unpremeditated murder of about twenty Vietnamese civilians. Few details of the case against Willingham were made public, although Pentagon officials did link the Willingham incident to the My Lai 4 operation. Willingham later refused to testify during a brief appearance before Peers. On February 18th, a reporter for the National

"The Baker Book"— a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
301 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS
Division of The Magnavox Company

Resort to elegance.

Surround yourself with a lush, tropical resort world.

With 4 private 18-hole golf courses and touring pro Bert Yancey. A tennis club and touring pro Billie Jean King. Luxurious accommodations facing a fairway or the sea. Pools. A beach club. And The Spa at Palm-Aire, America's newest, most complete health resort.

Escape to our world for a vacation. And stay forever. In one of the spacious condominiums that overlook our golf courses.

Find out all about The World of Palm-Aire. Use the coupon, call, or contact your travel agent. Now.

The World of Palm-Aire

Telephone (800) 327-4960 toll-free, or (305) 972-3300 collect.

This offer not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

A creative living project of FPA Corporation.

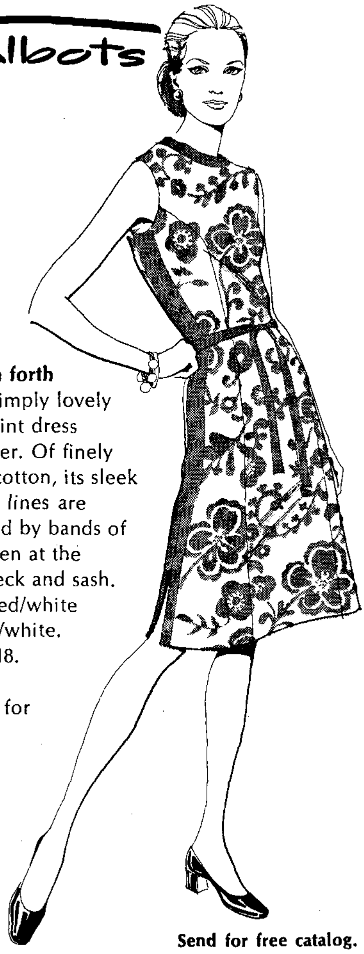
The World of Palm-Aire
Department 217
2501 Palm-Aire Drive North
Pompano Beach, Florida 33060
Tell me more about The World of Palm-Aire's
☐ vacations ☐ condominiums
☐ meeting facilities
Name____________________ Phone__________
Address______________________________
City__________ State________ Zip______

The Talbots

Blossom forth
in this simply lovely
floral print dress
by Tanner. Of finely
ribbed cotton, its sleek
princess lines are
enhanced by bands of
solid linen at the
sides, neck and sash.
Poppy red/white
or royal/white.
Sizes 8-18.
$38.00.
Add 90¢ for
postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. BD, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.



IN CENTRAL LONDON

THE
CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE

A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London can come close to it!

A LOEWS HOTEL

What Florida promises,
the Lido Biltmore provides.

On the shores of the Sun Coast, spacious lawns, broad vistas, incomparable serenity. A lovely pool, tennis, fishing, water sports, a great 18-hole golf course. Superb cuisine, entertainment, dancing. The promise of Florida is here . . . with us.

For information call your travel agent or our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB

Floyd Alford, Jr. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA

Broadcasting Company interviewed two Vietnamese survivors of the My Khe 4 assault, who told how almost a hundred villagers had been killed there during the Task Force Barker operation. By this time, however, the American press was focussed on My Lai 4, so it paid little attention to the story.

On February 21, 1970, General Peers sent Secretary Resor and General Westmoreland another memorandum, *informing them that from twenty* to twenty-five persons were suspected of offenses that "could be made the subject of court-martial charges." Some of those under suspicion had been members of Bravo Company. The Peers commission was not authorized by the Army to prefer charges on the coverup offenses, but had to submit its recommendations before the time for prosecuting such violations ran out on March 16, 1970, to a group of officers from the Judge Advocate General's Corps, who would determine whether there was sufficient evidence against each suspect to justify a court-martial. General Peers eventually presented a list of nineteen suspects who were still on active duty, only one of them in connection with the Bravo Company killings at My Khe 4. On March 17, 1970, then, General Peers announced that formal charges had been filed against fourteen officers:

Major General Koster, who was accused of failure to obey lawful regulations and of dereliction of duty.

Brigadier General Young, similarly accused of failure to obey regulations and of dereliction.

Colonel Henderson, accused of dereliction, of failure to obey regulations, of making a false official statement, and of false swearing.

Colonel (then Lieutenant Colonel) Luper, accused of failure to obey a lawful order.

Colonel Parson, accused of failure to obey regulations and of dereliction of duty.

Lieutenant Colonel Guinn, accused of failure to obey regulations, of dereliction, and of false swearing.

Lieutenant Colonel (then Major) Gavin, accused of failure to obey regulations, of dereliction, and of false swearing.

Major Calhoun, accused of dereliction and of failure to report possible misconduct. (An earlier suspicion that he helped plan a mission "which had as some of its purposes the unlawful and systematic destruction of . . . property and the killing of civilians in violation of the laws of war" was dropped.)

Major McKnight, accused of false swearing.

Major Watke, accused of failure to obey regulations and of dereliction.

Captain (then First Lieutenant) Kenneth W. Boatman, who was attached to Bravo Company as an artillery forward observer, accused of failure to report possible misconduct.

Captain (then First Lieutenant) Dennis Johnson, an intelligence officer attached to Task Force Barker, accused of failure to obey lawful regulations.

Captain (then First Lieutenant) Thomas Willingham, already facing unpremeditated-murder charges, accused of making false official statements and of misprision of a felony.

Captain Medina, also previously charged with murder, accused of misprision of a felony.

The press, properly, focussed attention on the charges against Koster, who was by then the Superintendent of West Point. He and Young were the first Army generals in eighteen years to face a possible court-martial. At the news conference, reporters were told that much of the Peers material, including the transcripts of interviews, "cannot be made public at this time, because of the possible prejudice to the military justice against the fourteen officers who have been charged this past weekend." However, there seemed to be little legal justification for withholding information about the second massacre, at My Khe 4, from the public. Peers did announce to the press, "Our inquiry clearly established that a tragedy of major proportions occurred there [in Son My village] on that day." After the Peers commission disbanded, the Army never did complete its investigation of My Khe 4, although even a cursory examination of the Bravo Company testimony accumulated by Peers demonstrated that a significant atrocity had taken place. No further charges were filed in connection with My Khe 4.

At his news conference, Peers was asked, "Is there any evidence that the type of behavior that the charges are based on was more widespread than what happened at My Lai on March 16th? In other words, other days or other places?" The General's answer was unequivocal. "If there is, I have no knowledge of it," he said. "It was not brought out to me in the evidence and I, personally, from my roughly thirty months in South Vietnam, I had no knowledge of anything that would approximate this."

The next question dealt with Bravo Company: "What about in the Son My area in that day? You have charges placed against a member of Company B [Willingham] who was not in My Lai village." Peers replied, in part, "What really is involved, what you might say in My Lai 4, encompassed several of the sub-hamlets, of which My Lai 4 is one of them . . . But the Bravo Company was not in that area, they were in another area further to the east. But it's all encompassed within the greater area of Son My village, and that is why we refer to it now as Son My village rather than try to delineate it to that one piece of terrain, My Lai 4."

No attempt was made in the final summary report of the Peers commission to deal with the continuing and more substantial issues raised by My Lai 4 and My Khe 4: the military attitudes; the calibre of officers; the training techniques; the promotion system—these and other factors basic to the Army itself. Instead, Volume I limited itself to three comments about the adequacy of the Army's policies, directives, and training revealed by the two massacres. First, it said that the existing policies "expressed a clear intent" regarding the proper treatment of noncombatants and prisoners. Second, it noted without comment that the regulations failed to provide procedures for the reporting of a war crime to superior officers when the officers participated in or sanctioned the crime in question. Third, "many soldiers" in the 11th Brigade were described as not being adequately trained in the provisions of the Geneva Convention, nor were they aware of their responsibilities for the reporting of war crimes. (Elsewhere in the final summary volume specifics were cited: "Evidence of scattered incidents involving the mistreatment, rape, and possibly the murder of Vietnamese by 11th Brigade soldiers prior to the Son My operation indicated that a permissive attitude existed and was not uncovered and corrected . . .") The sole recommendation provided by the final Peers Report, made after a two-hundred-and-fifty-page review of the atrocities at My Lai 4 and My Khe 4 and their coverup, was the following: "Consideration be given to the modification of applicable policies, directives, and training standards in order to correct the apparent deficiencies noted . . . above."

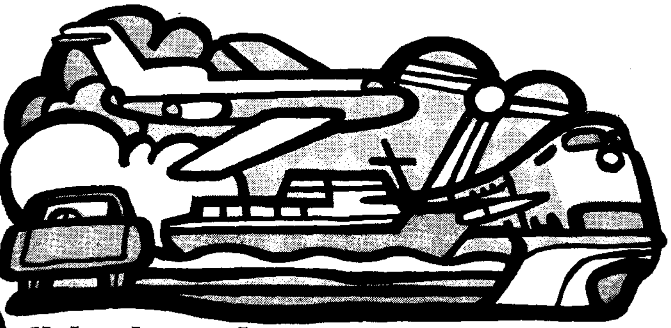
A few hours after Peers' news conference, the military began reacting predictably: Major General Winant Sidle, chief of Army public information, announced that measures to speed up the reporting of alleged war crimes were already under study by the Army. And nothing that happened in the next

ZODIAC RINGS.
the moon and the stars in your hands.

There's an almost magical, mystical feeling to these beautiful 18 kt. gold Zodiac Rings . . . imported from Italy. They're a world of dreams and ideas right in your hands. Available in your Zodiac Sign . . . for only $55.00.

By mail, if you wish. Duty, if any, on receipt.

THE HOUSE OF JEWELS
CARDOW
P.O. BOX 359, ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS



TOUR
(it's the only way to see Europe)

No matter what other countries you visit, be sure your tour includes Romania. There, above all, you'll find the picturesque village life of old Europe preserved in all its colorful fascination. And Europe's primeval beauties still unspoiled. The romantic Carpathian Mountains. Legendary Transylvania. The Black Sea coast. The Danube Delta nature preserve. Cities, too . . . Bucharest, Brasov, Sighisoara . . . modernity with an exotic Romanian accent. **Our new 20-page brochure details dozens of European tours, escorted or individual, offering just about every imaginable combination of countries. Suggestions for the independent traveler, as well. All with a very special extra dimension: Romania!**

ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE DEPT. 15
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036
Please send me your new 20-page Europe tour brochure and other travel literature on Romania.
Name________________
Address________________
City__________State__________Zip__________

Romania

Permanent press mix 'n' match blouses and permanent pleat pull-on skirts. All 65% Kodel® polyester/35% cotton. Blouse in 3-6X, $3.50; 7-14, $4. Skirt in 4-6X, $3; 7-14, $4. In spring pastels plus deeper tones. At B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue & branches; and other fine stores.

Her Majesty®

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

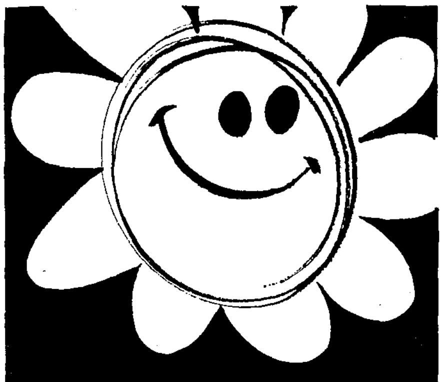
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

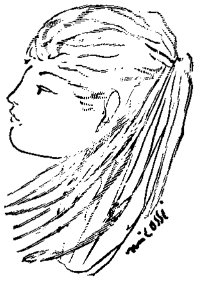
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



The happy place on the friendly island. Elbow Beach Surf Club. On the ocean in Paget, Bermuda. See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami or Toronto.

few months suggested that any of the recommendations of the Peers commission were being carried out; there was no sign that the system would change.

ON April 1, 1970, two weeks after General Peers announced his findings, the coverup charges against Captain Medina were withdrawn by legal officers at Third Army headquarters, at Fort McPherson, Georgia, which was where Medina and some of the other Charlie Company defendants accused of murder at My Lai 4 had been assigned. An Army statement explained that the Peers Inquiry's accusation of misprision of a felony had been dropped "because it is not common practice to charge an individual with the commission of an offense and its concealment." Medina was instead accused of being responsible for all the My Lai 4 murders committed by the men under his command. (The charge in connection with the mass slaying was reduced to involuntary manslaughter during Medina's court-martial. In September, 1971, a court-martial panel at Fort McPherson found Medina not guilty of the manslaughter charge, and also acquitted him of a murder charge stemming from the death of a Vietnamese woman at My Lai 4. Medina, who resigned his commission shortly after the trial, was the last member of Charlie Company to face a court-martial in connection with the actual slaying of the civilians. Of the twelve men and officers eventually charged by the Army with murder or with assault with intent to commit murder, only one—Lieutenant Calley—was convicted, and Calley's sentence of life imprisonment was reduced five months later to twenty years' imprisonment after the first of a series of military reviews.) Under the circumstances as of April, 1970—before any of the legal proceedings had begun—dismissal of Medina's coverup charges was reasonable. But two months later the Third Army announced that it had dismissed both the murder and the coverup charges against Captain Willingham, of Bravo Company. A statement explained that commanding officers there had "determined that, based upon available evidence, no further action should be taken in the prosecution of these charges."



The other officers accused by Peers, including Generals Koster and Young, were administratively transferred to First Army headquarters, at Fort Meade, Maryland, pending a review of the charges against them. Under military law, the commanding general of the First Army, Lieutenant General Jonathan O. Seaman, had to review the charges to determine if they were sufficient to convene an Article 32 hearing—the Army's equivalent of a grand-jury, or pre-trial, proceeding. The investigating officer of an Article 32 hearing has the obligation, after taking testimony, to recommend whether the defendant should stand court-martial. Within a year, the charges against eleven of the twelve officers at Fort Meade who had been named by the Peers commission had been dismissed.

On June 23, 1970, Seaman, a West Point graduate and a former Vietnam division commander nearing mandatory-retirement age, dismissed all coverup charges against General Young, Colonel Parson, and Major McKnight. A statement issued at Fort Meade said that Seaman had acted following "his evaluation that the charges were unsupported by the evidence." In Young's case, Seaman acted shortly after he received a recommendation to dismiss the charges from Colonel John P. Stafford, Jr., the staff judge advocate of the First Army. Stafford's discussion of the case against Young took up two paragraphs—one devoted to what Young had been told and one to what his obligations to investigate were—of a two-and-a-half-page report:

> Although LTC [Lieutenant Colonel] Holladay says BG [Brigadier General] Young was informed of facts which would constitute a war crime, both Major Watke and BG Young corroborate the fact that BG Young was aware of only the confrontation [between ground and helicopter personnel] and the indiscriminate fire. This view is also corroborated by the fact that Col. Parson and Col. Henderson claim to have received only that limited information from the same source. The preponderance of the evidence further supports that BG Young reported the lesser amount of information to MG [Major General] Koster, which is apparently all the information he knew of.
>
> The evidence pertaining to BG Young's requirement to supervise Col. Henderson's investigation is tenuous at best, being based not on specific direction but only on implication. Assuming the duty existed, however, Col. Henderson's activity of reporting directly to MG Koster and the fact that MG Koster accepted this report, weakens the theory of BG Young's dereliction. . . .

Using the same set of facts a year later, Army Secretary Resor concluded that Young "did not meet the required standards" of a general. Resor's conclusion was included in a brief prepared in defense of a subsequently announced decision to administratively censure the General and to strip him of his Distinguished Service Medal. Resor's brief said, in part:

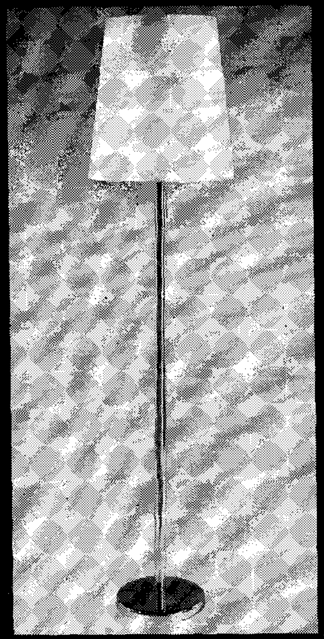
> General Young was informed by officers in the aviation unit the day following the incident at My Lai that a serious confrontation had occurred between American ground and helicopter personnel. There has been some dispute as to whether General Young was also given information concerning the killing of civilians and the presence of a number of bodies in a ditch. General Young discussed the matter with General Koster and was instructed to have a subordinate commander [Henderson] initiate an investigation. Subsequently, General Young made inquiries of the commander concerning the progress of the investigation. . . .
>
> Despite the fact that he possessed this information, and that General Koster had utilized him as the officer responsible for seeing that the subordinate commander initiate an investigation, General Young appears to have disassociated himself from the substance of the subsequent investigation. He made no effort to review or discuss with General Koster either the verbal report which General Koster had received from the commander or a subsequent written report which General Koster instructed the commander to prepare. It is General Young's position that he was unaware that the allegations being investigated included the actual deaths of noncombatant civilians. Assuming that to be the case, it indicates the inadequate degree to which General Young involved himself in the investigation, for it is clear that General Koster and the subordinate commander, as well as various others involved in the investigation, understood that a central issue in the investigation was that of civilian casualties. General Young did not seek to assure himself that a satisfactory resolution had been made respecting the confrontation, a confrontation which had serious implications concerning coöperation between infantry and helicopter units in future operations. . . .
>
> I have concluded that General Young did not exercise the degree of initiative and assume the responsibility which is expected with respect to a general officer serving as an assistant division commander.

Young, after losing a legal battle to avoid censure (although he did fight off an attempt to reduce him to colonel), retired from the Army on June 30, 1971.

On July 28, 1970, General Seaman announced that he had decided that seven of the twelve officers under his jurisdiction, including Koster, were to be held for Article 32 hearings. Besides Koster, the officers were Colonel Henderson, Lieutenant Colonels Guinn and Gavin, Majors Calhoun and Watke, and Captain Johnson. The coverup charges against two other officers—Colonel Luper, the artillery-battalion commander at My Lai 4, and Captain Boatman, who served as a

OUR 700 WATT POWER STATION

If you're a frustrated electrical engineer—or just power crazy, this 63" floor lamp is for you. (If you're sort of normal, we'll sell you one anyway). Turn the switch once and you get direct light from 4-100 watt bulbs. Turn it again, you get indirect light from a 300 watt flood lamp. A third turn and you are the master of 700 watts! Both the stem and 10" diameter base are polished chrome. The 16" shade is off-white linen. $65. And you can have the brightest room in town.



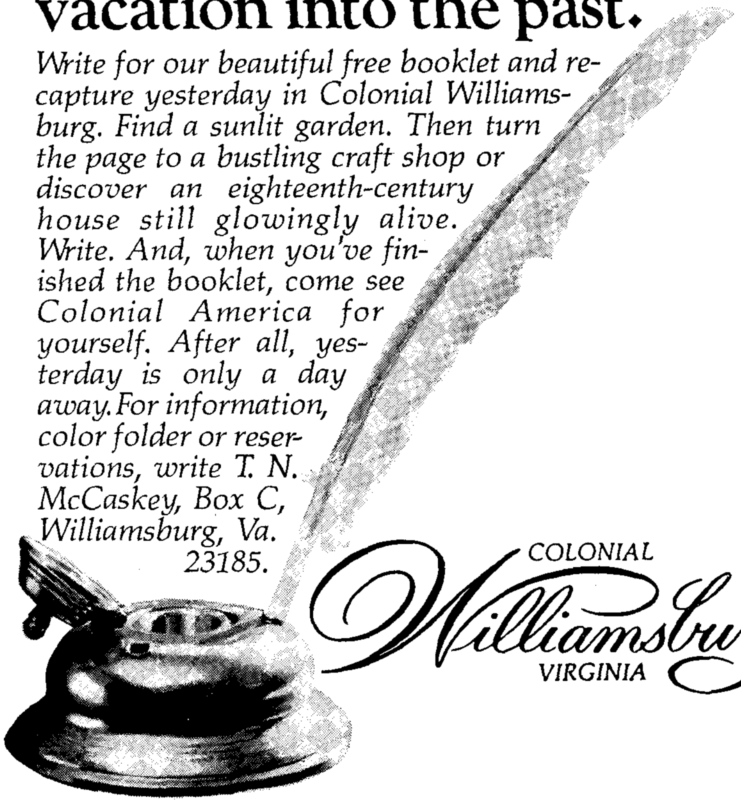
SEND 50c FOR OUR NEW ENLARGED CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-178, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

Write ahead for a vacation into the past.

Write for our beautiful free booklet and recapture yesterday in Colonial Williamsburg. Find a sunlit garden. Then turn the page to a bustling craft shop or discover an eighteenth-century house still glowingly alive. Write. And, when you've finished the booklet, come see Colonial America for yourself. After all, yesterday is only a day away. For information, color folder or reservations, write T. N. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.



COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
for more **comfort** than going **barefoot**
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For him
MR. CASUAL
$40 ☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
Color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is________

Send______pairs @ $40. each.
Add $1.00 per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______

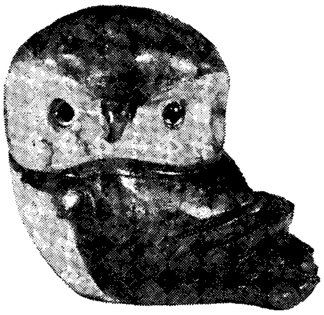
Name______

Address______

City______State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

Horned Owl from Italy



Our owl looks as if he had dressed himself to decorate your shelves. Of finest alabaster, with yellow face, his grey "tuxedo" sets off snowy white vest. 3¼" high. $9.95 ppd.

Send 25c for our new 48-page catalog of 500 imports.

Visit our stores in Norwich, Vt., Wellesley, Mass., Simsbury, Conn.

shopping international
592 Shopping International Bldg.
Norwich, Vermont 05055

BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS
The "in" islands that are out-of-this-world!
For information about where to go for superb resort accommodations, wonderful water sports, golf, tennis and deep sea fishing in the Out Islands write today. Free Brochures:

BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS ASSOCIATION, Dept. NY
P.O. Box 4325, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304
NAME______
ADDRESS______
CITY______
STATE______ZIP______

forward artillery observer attached to Bravo Company—were dismissed. The Article 32 sessions began at Fort Meade in August and were closed to the public; they continued for six months.

On January 6, 1971, after the hearings, General Seaman dismissed charges against four officers "because of insufficient evidence." Those freed were Guinn, Gavin, Calhoun, and Watke. Twenty-three days later, General Seaman dismissed the charges against General Koster, "in the interest of justice." A Pentagon statement said that Seaman, though he had found "some evidence" that Koster had heard about the deaths of the twenty civilians, had determined that the General was not guilty of any "intentional abrogation of responsibilities." Seaman's action was based on a four-page memorandum that was submitted to him on October 27, 1970, by Major General B. F. Evans, Jr., the investigating officer for Koster's Article 32 hearing. It is not known why Seaman waited nearly three months before announcing the findings, which he accepted in full. Seaman did issue a statement acknowledging that there was some evidence that Koster had not properly reported the deaths of twenty civilians to higher headquarters, and also had not thoroughly investigated the matter, but he added that in consideration of "the long and honorable career of General Koster" and the fact that Koster had not intentionally lapsed he had decided to dismiss all the charges. General Evans' confidential memorandum—like Colonel Stafford's in General Young's case—conceded every point of dispute to Koster. After concluding that Koster's "testimony was completely truthful," he added, in summary, "It is also my belief that there was no attempt by General Koster to hinder the investigation of the My Lai incident. . . . the [testimonial] letters included with [the] Article 32 investigation attesting to General Koster's character coupled with his past record of outstanding service would render it highly unlikely that General Koster would be a party to any subterfuge or dishonest act."

The dismissal of the charges against Koster brought an immediate outcry from MacCrate, the former Peers investigator. In his first public comment on My Lai in ten months, he told the New York *Times*, "I am shocked by the action of the commanding general [Seaman] in dismissing at this time the charges against General Koster." MacCrate's criticisms, however, were directed not at the substance of Seaman's action but at its timing. "Charges are still pending against men who were within his [Koster's] command" at the time of the incident, the lawyer said, referring to the officers under investigation at Fort Meade.

Aside from MacCrate's protest, little indignation was expressed over the Army's decision to drop all charges against the senior officer involved in the My Lai 4 massacre; the newspapers' information was limited to what they had been told by the Army, and most of them treated the dismissal as a routine, one-day story. And only one member of Congress, Representative Samuel S. Stratton, a New York Democrat, who had served on Hébert's Son My investigating subcommittee, challenged the decision. On January 29th, Stratton, a former Navy officer, called the dismissal of charges against Koster "a grave miscarriage of military justice," and said, "To drop the charges against the top officer responsible in this situation raises once again the whole question of a military whitewash. . . . If the Army system is either unwilling or unable to produce the facts and to punish the guilty in this case, then I am inclined to feel that we do need some independent tribunal which will be higher and separate from the ordinary military-controlled court-martial proceeding to make a final determination in this case." Within a day, an Army spokesman revealed that General Seaman—while throwing out the charges against Koster—had given a letter of censure to him for "his failure to report civilian casualties and to insure that the circumstances of these casualties were investigated promptly and thoroughly." None of this got much attention in the newspapers.

A few days later, Stratton gave his fellow House members a lengthy dossier on Koster's alleged derelictions, which he had culled from the censored subcommittee report on Son My, published the previous July. Once again, few newspapers paid attention to Stratton's charges. Stratton told the House, "I am afraid that this is a case where the ground rules of the mythical W.P.P.A., the West Point Protective Association, have taken precedence over the welfare of the nation and the fundamental right of the American people to know the facts: never mind what happens to the Army or to the country, just make sure we keep our paid-up members out of embarrassment and hot water." He also questioned the timing of the Pentagon's revelation that a letter of censure had been given to Koster. "One cannot help wondering why this censure action was not made public at the time the original announcement was made that charges were being dropped," Stratton said. "Why was the impression given that General Koster was being let off completely free and clear? Was the Army perhaps waiting to test the public reaction to their decision to sweep the Koster case under the rug?"

Koster was subsequently demoted by administrative fiat to brigadier general and stripped of his Distinguished Service Medal—actions he unsuccessfully fought. Secretary Resor's statement justifying the administrative action contrasted sharply—especially in its view of the responsibility of a commander—with General Evans' argument for dismissing the case. Resor wrote:

> A great deal of information suggesting that a possible tragedy of serious proportions had occurred at My Lai was either known directly to General Koster, or was readily available in the operational logs and other records of the Division. He did not utilize the investigative staff resources available in the Division either to conduct an investigation, or to review the investigations which were conducted. In so doing, he took upon himself a much greater personal burden than would otherwise have been the case.
>
> As the Division commander, General Koster clearly must be held responsible for ascertaining the accuracy of the information which he had about My Lai, as that information indicated that his troops might have been guilty of serious misconduct. Any other conclusion would render essentially meaningless the concept of command responsibility accompanying senior positions of authority.

On February 26, 1971, the First Army completed its review of the year-old charges by announcing that Colonel Henderson, the 11th Brigade commander, would be tried by a general court-martial for his part in the coverup of My Lai 4. At the same time, General Seaman dismissed all charges against Captain Johnson, the intelligence officer, on the ground of *insufficient evidence*. Thus, Henderson became the only officer of the fourteen initially charged to be required to face a court-martial in connection with the charges of a coverup.

In August, 1971, Army Secretary Robert F. Froehlke, who had replaced Resor on July 1st, initiated administrative punishment against a number of the fourteen officers accused by General Peers. Pending appeals, two colonels were to be stripped of their Legions of Merit and given letters of reprimand; one major's name was to be removed from the list of majors eligible for promotion to lieutenant colonel; one captain was to be given a letter of reprimand; and a similar censure

People who go places know where to stay.
A Knott Hotel

In New York, for instance.

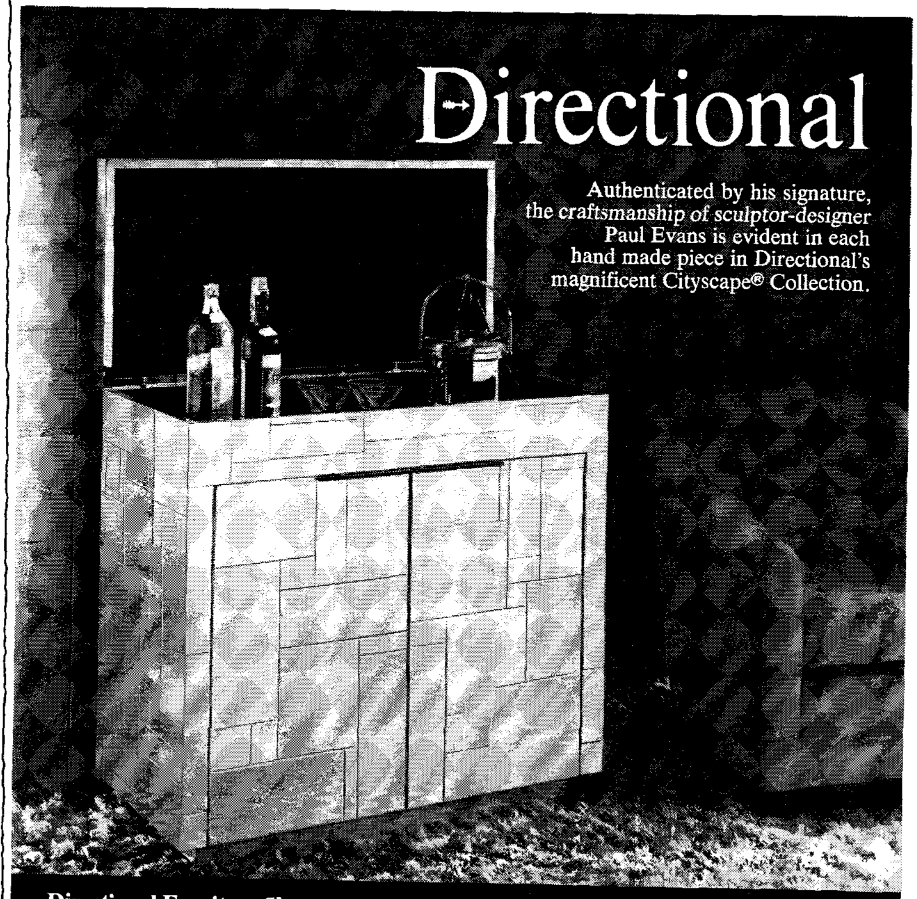
THE BERKSHIRE HOTEL
Madison Avenue at 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

In the heart of the advertising, TV, publicity and publishing district. Close to shops, theatres, sightseeing. Home of the famed Barberry Restaurant.

On two continents, in three countries, seven cities, Knott Hotels are the places world travelers prefer. You, too, will favor the outstanding service, tasteful decor, comfortable accommodations and gourmet cuisine.

For toll-free reservations from anywhere in the Continental U.S. (Except Fla.) call 800-327-3384. In Florida, 800-221-2653.

For a brochure describing all our fine hotels, write Dept. N, Knott Hotels Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.


Directional
Authenticated by his signature, the craftsmanship of sculptor-designer Paul Evans is evident in each hand made piece in Directional's magnificent Cityscape® Collection.

Directional Furniture Showrooms: New York: 979 Third Avenue, D & D Building.
Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart. Boston: Rapids Furniture Co.
Miami, Florida and Washington, D.C.: Vanleigh Furniture Co. Los Angeles: Hasi Hester
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer. Send 25¢ for color brochures PE-2N

(its details still unknown) was to be meted out to a fifth officer. Four enlisted men who had served with Charlie Company and, like the officers, had been cleared of criminal charges were also proposed for administrative punishment by Froehlke, and were told that, pending final reviews, they would be honorably discharged from the Army for the convenience of the government. Details of Froehlke's actions were leaked to the Associated Press and were published on August 18, 1971. The A.P., however, was not told the identity of the punished officers, though the names and home towns of the enlisted men were provided and published.

Colonel Henderson's military attorneys, as might have been expected, depicted their client as a scapegoat, and claimed that he would not have been charged if Representative Stratton hadn't begun objecting to the dismissal of the charges against Koster. I was told that during Henderson's Article 32 hearing at Fort Meade, which lasted five months, more than seven thousand pages of testimony was taken. At the conclusion of the hearing—in January, just before Stratton made his speeches in the House—the investigating officer dismissed one of the five specifications against Henderson but had found some evidence to support the complaints of dereliction of duty and false swearing. The officer did not recommend a court-martial, it was said, suggesting instead that Henderson be given a form of nonjudicial punishment under Article 15. General Seaman decided to proceed with the court-martial, however—a decision that was announced shortly after Army Secretary Resor began his administrative proceedings to censure Koster and Young. But Stratton, then the chief critic of the Army's handling of the coverup prosecutions, wasn't pacified either by the administrative action against the officers or by the filing of the Henderson charges. Still unable to attract wide press coverage, he wrote an article for the editorial section of the New York *Times* on March 8, 1971, caustically pointing out that a letter of censure "has one clear advantage over a court-martial; it keeps the general's [Koster's] case out of the papers."

Yet Stratton's public criticism of the Army's handling of the Koster charges, important though it was, still did not bear on the crucial issue of the Army as an institution that was capable of covering up a My Lai 4 and ignoring a My Khe 4. Neither did Colonel Henderson's subsequent court-martial, which began August 23, 1971, at Fort

A Florida hideaway resort where the sun rises in the Atlantic. And sets in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the unbelievably beautiful Florida Keys, 75 miles south of Miami. Amid the elegant, informal accommodations of Indies Inn & Yacht Club. In the exclusive setting of Duck Key.

Duck Key. America's most unique hideaway.

Great golf. Beautiful beach. Large fresh water pool, and extra-large salt water pool. Fully equipped marina (rental and charter boats available). Finest tarpon, bone, permit and sailfishing in the world. Trap shooting. Championship tennis courts. And one of the country's finest hotels.

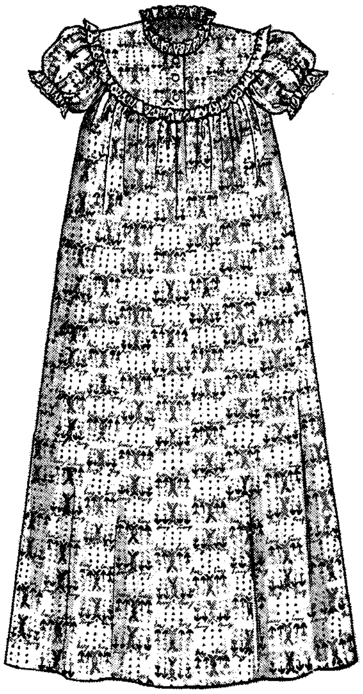
Indies Inn & Yacht Club
Write for our brochure.
Or see your travel agent.
Or our representatives,
Hetland & Stevens Inc.
Duck Key, Florida 33050
Executive Director/Jack C. Knight

Jules Podell presents
DICK JENSEN
THE DUNCAN SISTERS
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY AT 8 P.M. AND 12
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place For Conversation During Cocktails

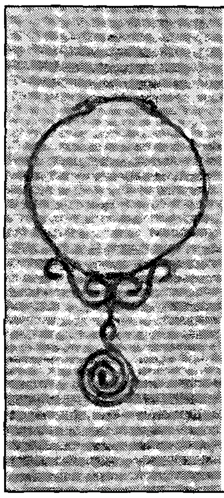
Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.

The Talbots



Sweet Dreams. Our beguiling full-length granny nightgown by Lanz of cool polyester/cotton batiste has eyelet ruffles at neck and yoke, and short puffed sleeves. Enchanting bunny-and-blossom print in pink and blue on white. Sizes XS, S, M, L. $13.00. Add 90¢ for postage. ***Send for free catalog.***

THE TALBOTS, DEPT. BE, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.



Dramatic Greek choker pendant in a scroll design that looks like the free-and-airy border of a classic vase. In hand-hammered silver- or gold-color metal. $8.50 plus $.75 post.

Only at
Greek Island Ltd.
215 East 49th St.
New York, New York
10017

Our learn-to-ski-in-style week puts you on your feet.

THE Woodstock Inn

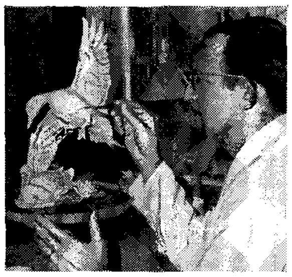
WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for our color brochure, Box 57-N
In New York call (212) 245-8771
In Boston call (617) 523-4497
Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

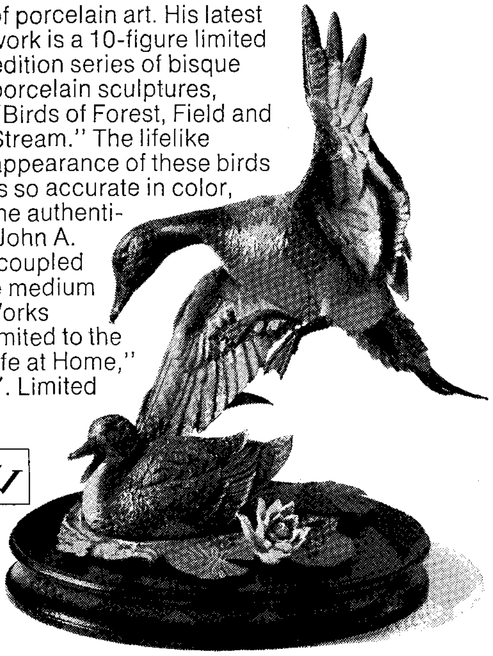
Meade, and quickly became mired in technical disputes over, among other things, the validity of the Colonel's testimony before the commission. Henderson's attorneys also spent weeks attempting to establish the existence of the May, 1968, report of the Barker investigation, although the evidence before Peers made it clear that the document was a fraud. The trial, which dragged on through the fall, was marked by much self-serving and less than candid testimony. At least two key witnesses changed testimony. Chief Warrant Officer Hugh Thompson, a captain by late 1971, testified that he was no longer positive that he had made a statement about My Lai 4 to Colonel Henderson two days after the massacre. (Before the Peers commission, Henderson, among others, had identified the pilot as the man with whom he spoke.) Warrant Officer Jerry Culverhouse, who also had been promoted to captain, told the court-martial that he no longer could say whether Henderson "was or was not" the man to whom he reported on March 18, 1968. On December 17, 1971, Henderson was found not guilty of the coverup charges.

In the end, only legal technicalities and personalities were being debated. It is unlikely that any other atrocities of the magnitude and character of My Lai 4 have taken place in South Vietnam, but how many My Khe 4s have there been? By the fall of 1971, the massacre by Bravo Company was forgotten. That slaughter and its cover-up reveal an important truth about the American Army. Bravo Company killed between forty and a hundred innocent Vietnamese civilians on the morning of March 16, 1968. There was no Lieutenant Calley ordering other men to "waste them." There was no confrontation with a helicopter pilot, and no protesting over a radio network. My Lai 4 was out of the ordinary, but it was obviously not isolated. My Khe 4, however, was just another atrocity, and that atrocity was covered up—after its uncovering in the midst of the My Lai 4 investigation—by a lieutenant general and a Secretary of the Army unwilling or unable to face up to its meaning. There is a point, this suggests, at which even the generals and civilian officials of the Army, like the G.I.s involved in the massacres and like the innocent Vietnamese at My Lai 4 and My Khe 4, become victims.

—SEYMOUR M. HERSH

(This is the second of two articles on the Army's investigation of the Son My massacres.)

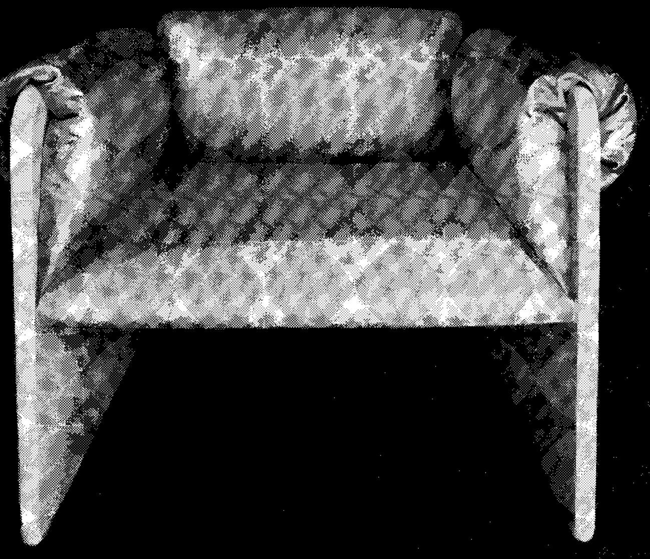




What makes a Granget bird valuable?

Gunther Granget, born in Karlsruhe, Germany is one of the few masters of porcelain art. His latest work is a 10-figure limited edition series of bisque porcelain sculptures, "Birds of Forest, Field and Stream." The lifelike appearance of these birds is so accurate in color, form and detail it received the authentication of noted consultant, John A. Ruthven. Granget's artistry coupled with the skill required by the medium is evident in all his works. Works sought after by many. But limited to the lucky few. Shown here: "Safe at Home," Pintails, Size 15¾" by 12½". Limited edition of 350. $2,250.00.

STERLING, CHINA, CRYSTAL
WALLACE
Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



Our museum piece.

Museum pieces usually have two things in common. Staggering beauty. And a staggering price. Which is where our 2000 Lounge Chair went wrong. Because we created a priceless award-winning design, that's priced less than most ordinary chairs around. But that's the price you have to pay for success.

Available at Baldwin Kingery, Chicago; Euster Associates, Armonk, N.Y. and other fine stores.

Design Import, 511 E. Wells, Milwaukee, WI 53202

THE THEATRE

QUEENS PREENING

THE thinness of texture of Robert Bolt's new play, "Vivat! Vivat Regina!," at the Broadhurst, amounts, at first or second glance, to a mystery—one that is heightened for us by the fact that the play has been sumptuously produced, with settings and costumes of royal splendor by Carl Toms, and is also exceptionally well acted by a large cast that includes Claire Bloom, Eileen Atkins, Douglas Rain, Lee Richardson, John Devlin, and Alexander Scourby. Moreover, the historic figures with which the anfractuous plot is concerned—Elizabeth Tudor, Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox, William Cecil, Bothwell, Darnley, Dudley, and the rest—are, on their grand sixteenth-century scale and in their documented eloquence, characters mouthwateringly melodramatic and enactable. Save for Equity rules, what actor would not gladly *pay* the producers for the chance to embody dour John Knox in evangelical eruption, or wily Cecil weaving a web of greatness about his Virgin Queen? If, then, we get an impression of skimpy make-believe instead of robust and tragic conflict among passionate, unscrupulous mortals, the fault must lie with Mr. Bolt. Plainly, something has gone wrong, and I suspect that what has gone wrong has to do less with Mr. Bolt's talent than with his method; still, since method is a function of intelligence, in schoolmasterly fashion I rap a former schoolmaster over the knuckles for seeming always to take the easy way out. "Vivat! Vivat Regina!" is a pretty toy that imitates an engine of formidable size and complexity; given the materials at his disposal, the author owed it to us to provide the real thing and send it careering headlong into our emotions.

A decade ago, Mr. Bolt enjoyed a great success with his play "A Man for All Seasons," based on events taking place a generation or so before those we behold in "Vivat!" Subsequently, he wrote an excellent screenplay on the same subject, as well as screenplays for "Lawrence of Arabia," "Doctor Zhivago," and "Ryan's Daughter." It may be that his skill as a screenwriter is the springe that catches him when it comes to writing plays, for in movies one is, in Frost's phrase, "neither out far nor in deep," and a quick cross-cutting from scene to scene, with a ripple of spare, lively dialogue to serve as a bridge from one episode to the next, keeps an audience continuously engaged and even, with luck, mesmerized. In a movie, as in a feat of magic, there is nearly always less than meets the eye, and this by intention; long stretches of a movie—for example, most of the glorious chase sequence in "The French Connection"—may lack content and be all the better for it, but no amount of ingenious scene-changing and witty stichomythy will conceal a lack of content in a play. One is astonished and dismayed when in "Vivat!" the prolonged international struggle for power that centered upon Mary and Elizabeth and that mingled (even for holy John Knox!) lust, treachery, bloodshed, and death becomes an occasion for courtly conversation and amorous byplay. The stupendous tale, which has the artistic advantage, rare in history, that every outrageous unlikelihood it contains is true and that only the likeliest event—a confrontation between the two Queens—failed to take place, is reduced to a richly upholstered Edwardian drawing-room comedy; we might be in the presence not of the first Elizabeth but of the second Mrs. Tanqueray.

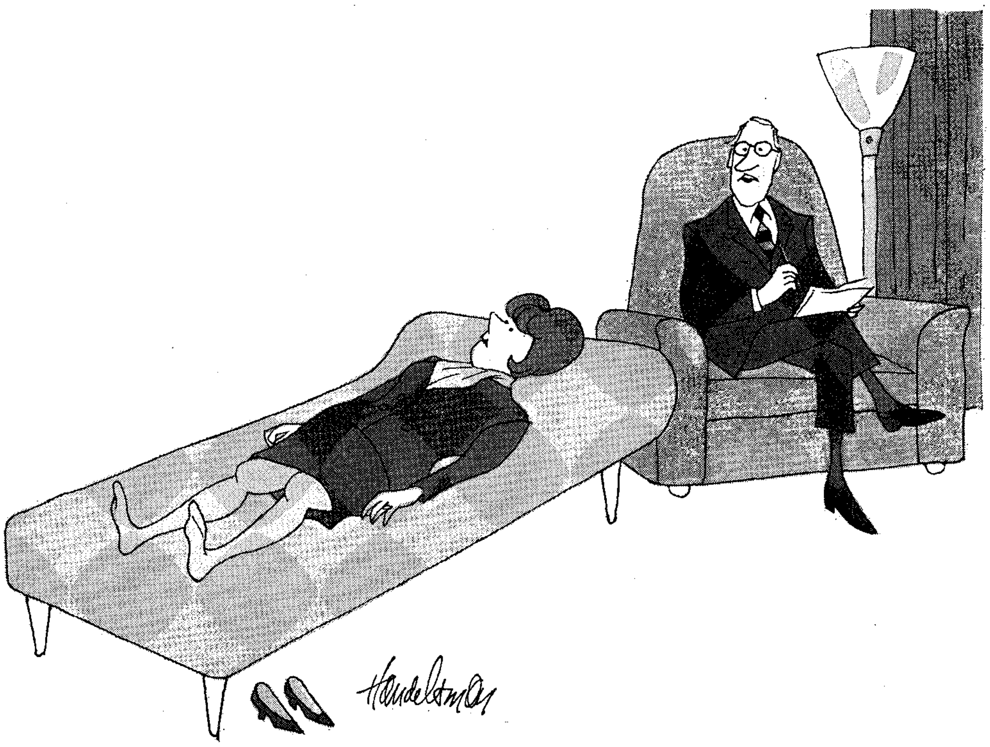
I am sorry that Miss Bloom, Miss Atkins, Mr. Rain, and the remainder of the company have not had graver and nobler matter to exercise their skills upon, and I congratulate the director, Peter Dews, on making a long play march at a brisk and unfaltering pace.
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Prisoner's Base

J. E. GAINES is one of the best actors in the company at the Lafayette, in Harlem. His first play, "Don't Let It Go to Your Head," which opened last week at the Henry Street Playhouse, is so lively and accomplished that the only risk is that he will abandon acting altogether for writing, which would be a pity. The play is fascinating and believable right up to its insufferable final moment—a murderous gunshot that makes everything that came before it just an exercise in futility. At the time, I was outraged (along with everyone else in the audience; there are other, though perhaps tougher, ways to end a play), but the more I thought about it the more I realized that perhaps Mr. Gaines is right; I know nothing about the kind of life that he has so vividly exposed, and he appears to know everything.

Mr. Gaines' hero is a young black



"After all these years, you still feel guilt? You should be ashamed of yourself."

Golf Course by Columbus and Dye.

We give credit for our golf course to two famous people. Chris Columbus for discovering it. And Pete Dye for modifying it.

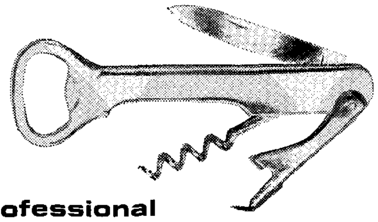
We also give credit to Sports Illustrated for saying a lot of nice things about it. In case you missed the article, here are some things about us you shouldn't miss:

Fishing is so good here—if you can't catch your fill of snook, tarpon, and wahoo, you should seriously think about taking up tiddlywinks. Our hotel is one of the finest in the Caribbean. Our food is slightly sensational. Our beach is gorgeous. And our service is superb.

For a free brochure, see your travel agent or write us: Hotel Romana, P. O. Box 3869, Ft. Pierce, Fla. 33450.

HOTEL ROMANA
La Romana, Dominican Republic

Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.



Professional Bottle Opener & Corkscrew

Next time you dine out, observe the Wine Steward: we'll wager you a bottle of Chateau Von Rothschild '31 he uses our marvelous tool. It opens every type of bottle with grace and nonchalance ... indispensable to the Compleat Connoisseur. Of superb quality, good for a Lifetime. $5.00 ea. 2 for $9.50, 6 for $27.00. Add 50¢ post. per order & 5% in Calif. Your Money Refunded if not pleased.

J. D. Browne · 900 North Point
Ghirardelli Square · San Francisco · Calif. 94109

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid

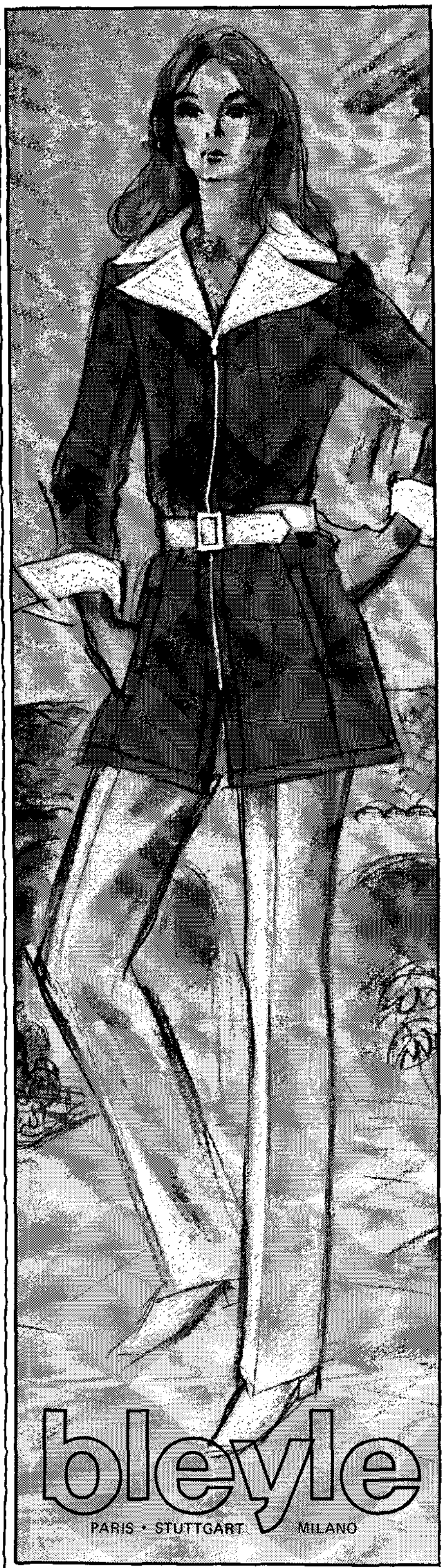
LUISA MARIA
Latin American Singing Star

MARCELO
and his Flamenco Ballet
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080

NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave.
48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

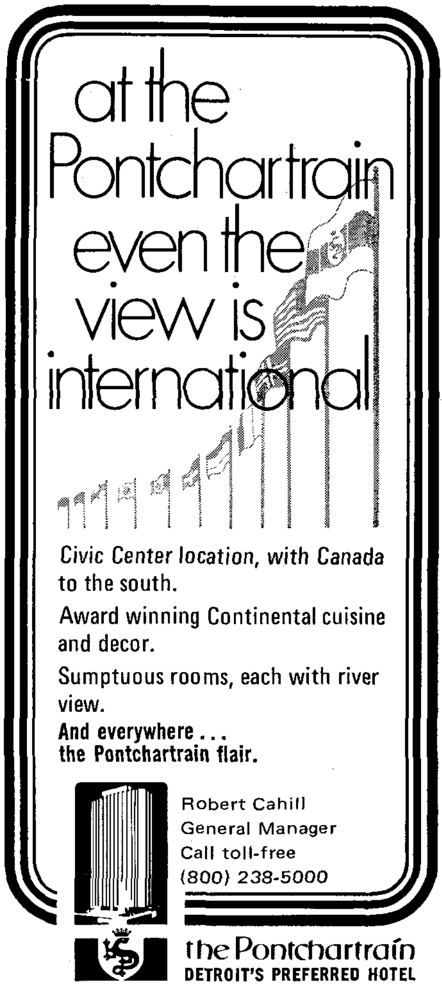
man named Bubba Green, whom we first see in the lower bunk of a prison cell. He is about to be released after serving a seven-year term for moonshining, and he has not heard from his wife for two years. In the first scene, which amounts to an extended prologue, he is convinced by his older and much wiser cellmate that there can be more to his future than just going home and raising hell with—perhaps killing—his wife and whomever she happens to be living with. The rest of the action takes place in the black neighborhood of his small Southern home town, where he comes to see his child, and where he is eventually trapped and betrayed by the wife. (The man she has deserted him for turns out to be his closest friend, now a powerful racketeer.) So much for the plot, which sounds grim, but the action belies it at every turn. Perhaps the reason one feels so confounded and cheated at the end is that there is so much fun and hope in the play, along with the menace and waste. The action consists of a series of small episodes, which quite subtly develop the story or else shed light upon it in an indirect way, and it is the incidental characters, many of them humorous and none of them boring, that give the story its richness and color and sense of reality. A very funny scene, for example, is one in which the wife, now grown cynical and wanton, instructs a friend of hers in the shrewdest method for handling a man if what she wants is plenty of money and plenty of attention. The language, by the way, is rough, and appropriately so.

Under Gilbert Moses' admirable direction, everything is made clear every step of the way, and the fine, truthful performances by all concerned, no matter how small the part, do him and the actors the greatest credit. J. Herbert Kerr, Jr., makes a truly heroic Bubba, and a complex and attractive one as well. As the wife, Peggy Kirkpatrick is hard and tricky, but with a hint of the tragic, too; she just might still love Bubba, as she claims she does. Leilia Danette is comical as an obstreperous old whore named Squatty Dotty, and Allegro Kane is comical as a barfly with tender feelings and tender feet. Bob Judd is impressive as a stalwart, fatherly bartender, and so is pretty Phyllis Ayers-Allen as his delightful niece, who has just graduated from college and is giving him a hand around the place. The other actors—Mel Winkler, Lee Roy Giles, James Hainsworth, Barbara Montgomery, Hampton Clanton, and Allia Schellander—are good, too. The settings are by Kert Lundell, and Ran-



Dashing cavalier jacket with flaring collar and cuffs of a paler shade to play up a tan superbly. Bleyle makes it in easy-care polyester knit, zips it up for more ease. With it, color-cued polyester pants. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036


at the Pontchartrain even the view is international

Civic Center location, with Canada to the south.

Award winning Continental cuisine and decor.

Sumptuous rooms, each with river view.

And everywhere . . .
the Pontchartrain flair.

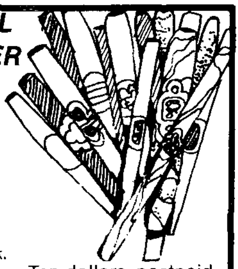
Robert Cahill
General Manager
Call toll-free
(800) 238-5000

the Pontchartrain
DETROIT'S PREFERRED HOTEL

Golf and Ski at *Stowe*

On very favored West Hill near Stowe Country Club. Minimum 5 acre parcels, some with ponds and gorgeous views. Price on the high side, but it **IS** West Hill. **$12,000 to $25,000.** Excellent terms. (15% down, 7¾% simple interest, 6 years.)

CALL *Whitecaps* **at 802-253-4720**
or Write Box KN, Stowe, Vt.


INTERNATIONAL CIGAR SAMPLER

Unique gift idea! Our assortment of 14 of the world's finest cigars, everyone handmade to please the connoisseur. Included are Royal Jamaica, Punch, Dos Gonzales, Joya de Nicaragua, Bances, Rey del Mundo, and Suerdieck. Gift boxed with card included on request.

Ten dollars, postpaid. Send check or moneyorder to:

GEORGETOWN
TOBACCO & PIPE STORES
3144 M St. NW, Dept. N.Y. Washington, 20007
Free 30-page catalog with order.

dy Hobbs plays the electric guitar to fine effect.

"WANTED," at the Cherry Lane, has a melodic score by Al Carmines and quite entertaining lyrics, mostly by Mr. Carmines, but the show is absolutely demolished by David Epstein's asinine book. Anything that tries that hard to be funny and significant and misses on both counts is not just boring but downright depressing. It is also depressing to have to report bad news about any project of the invaluable Mr. Carmines. When I first saw the show, some months ago at the Judson Memorial Church, where he is a resident pastor, I thought it was weak but perhaps improvable. I was wrong.

The aim of "Wanted" is satire. The style is relentless, vulgar facetiousness with spurts of earnestness, but there are a few acceptable numbers. I enjoyed watching and listening to the bulky Lee Guilliatt, who played St. Joan in Mr. Carmines' "Joan," belting out her songs in country-and-Western style, and the singing and dancing of Frank Coppola and June Gable. Reathel Bean and Peter Lombard sing well, too. But even the music and the actors cannot save the evening.

EVERYTHING you've read in praise of "One for the Money," Equity Library Theatre's revival of three of Nancy Hamilton's and Morgan Lewis's revues, is true. The show, which is made up of selections from "One for the Money," "Two for the Show," and "Three to Make Ready," will run at the Masters only until January 30th, but there is talk of bringing it downtown to another Off Broadway house, where I hope it will run forever. The tunes seem more tuneful and the words much brighter than they did back in the forties, and the fresh and talented company plays with a spirit and innocence that spin right through period references and inside jokes (about the Lunts, for example). The only mistake was casting a non-dancer in Ray Bolger's great number, "The Old Soft Shoe," but everything else works well, and "How High the Moon" sounds as good as ever. The high point of the evening, aside from a wonderful intermission pitch by the whole troupe to raise money for Equity Library, is "Wisconsin," a funny, dead-on-target parody of "Oklahoma!," with Geoff Leon as the hero, Beth Fortenberry as the heroine, and Douglas Houston as the hero as a little boy. Those three were my favorite performers, but almost everyone else is fine, too. —EDITH OLIVER

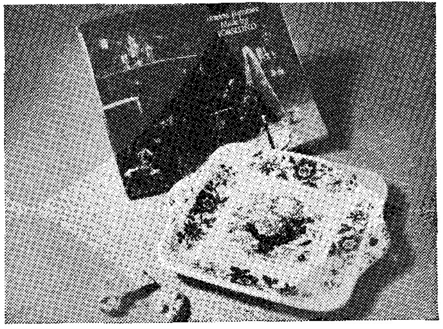
The most popular imported Baby Gouda cheese has a bright red face and a flavor that's never boring.

Hum® brand, from Holland.

Look for it in the dairy case at your store.
Gerber Cheese Co., Inc.,
Stamford, Conn. 06905

THE DUTCH COOKIE PLATE

in Green Strathmore Pattern
made by famous English Pottery — Mason's
of Stoke-on-Trent, England . . .
and our 100 page catalog of
"Timeless Furniture Made by Forslund"
Both for $5.00 Postpaid. Plate size 9" x 11".
Carl Forslund (Father and Three Sons)
122 East Fulton Street
DEPT. N.Y., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49502

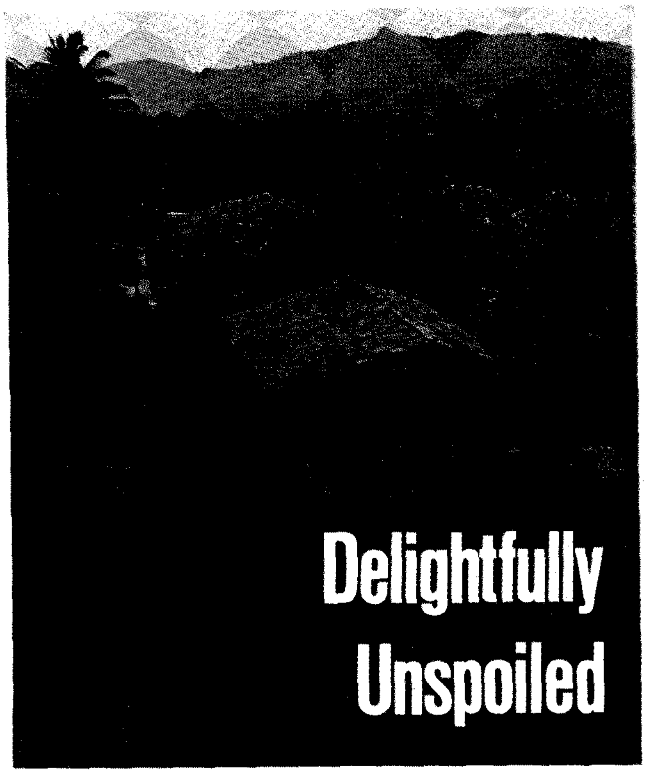


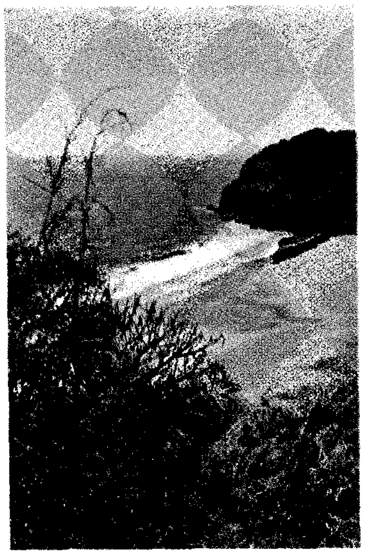
1972
SWANS OF LONDON
present
ART TREASURES TOURS
AND ARCHAEOLOGICAL CRUISES

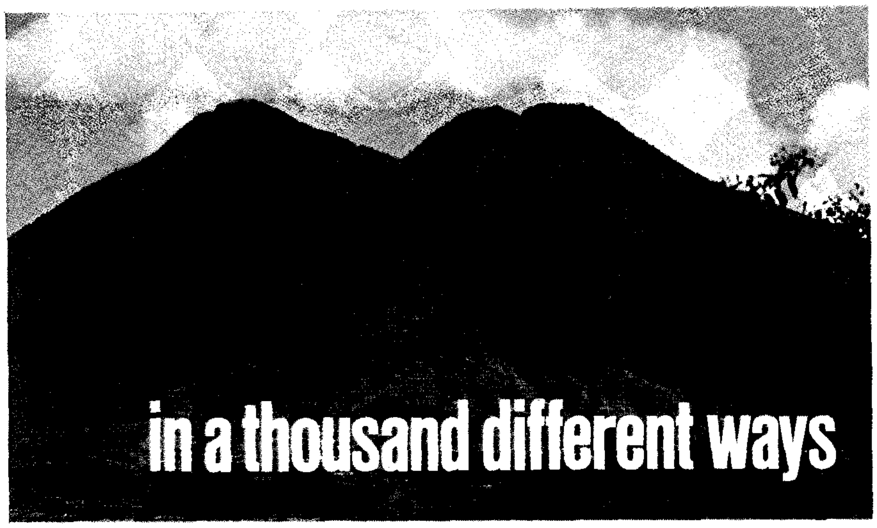
PERSIA — SPAIN — MEXICO
RUSSIA — ITALY — INDIA — ETHIOPIA
FAR EAST — HELLENIC CRUISES
600 MILE NILE CRUISES
EAST AFRICAN SAFARIS
BRITAIN GREAT HOUSES AND GARDENS

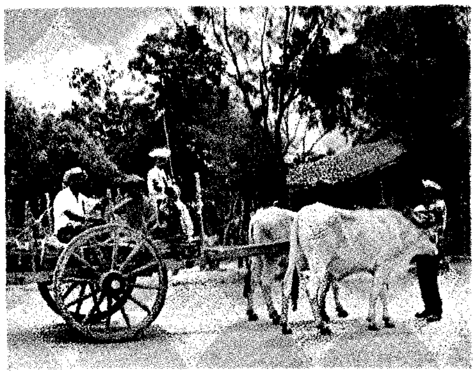
All tours and cruises accompanied by foremost authorities and lecturers on the areas to be visited.

Reservations & Information:
ESPLANADE TOURS, 14 Newbury Street,
Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 266-7465

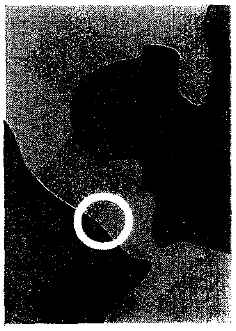








El Salvador
CENTRAL AMERICA



With 10 lakes, 28 beaches, 22 volcanoes, 710 rivers, 5 pre-Columbian ruins, tropical breezes, a sparkling capital city, and hundreds of friendly villages . . . compact El Salvador offers one delightfully unspoiled place after another. Conveniently near your hotel.

So this year, make the most of your vacation. Choose a modern resort hotel in San Salvador, the capital, and enjoy the surrounding pleasures. Drive among lush coffee plantations that hug the sides of sleeping volcanoes. Visit charming Ilobasco, where villagers capture everyday scenes in clay miniatures. Follow the spectacular coastal route, El Litoral, as it threads its way along a string of black sand and white sand beaches. Then, come evening, dine in a fine restaurant in San Salvador.

That's just the beginning . . . in this land of a thousand delights. And it's all just a short flight from the U.S. For a closer look at El Salvador, contact your Travel Agent. Or mail the coupon today.

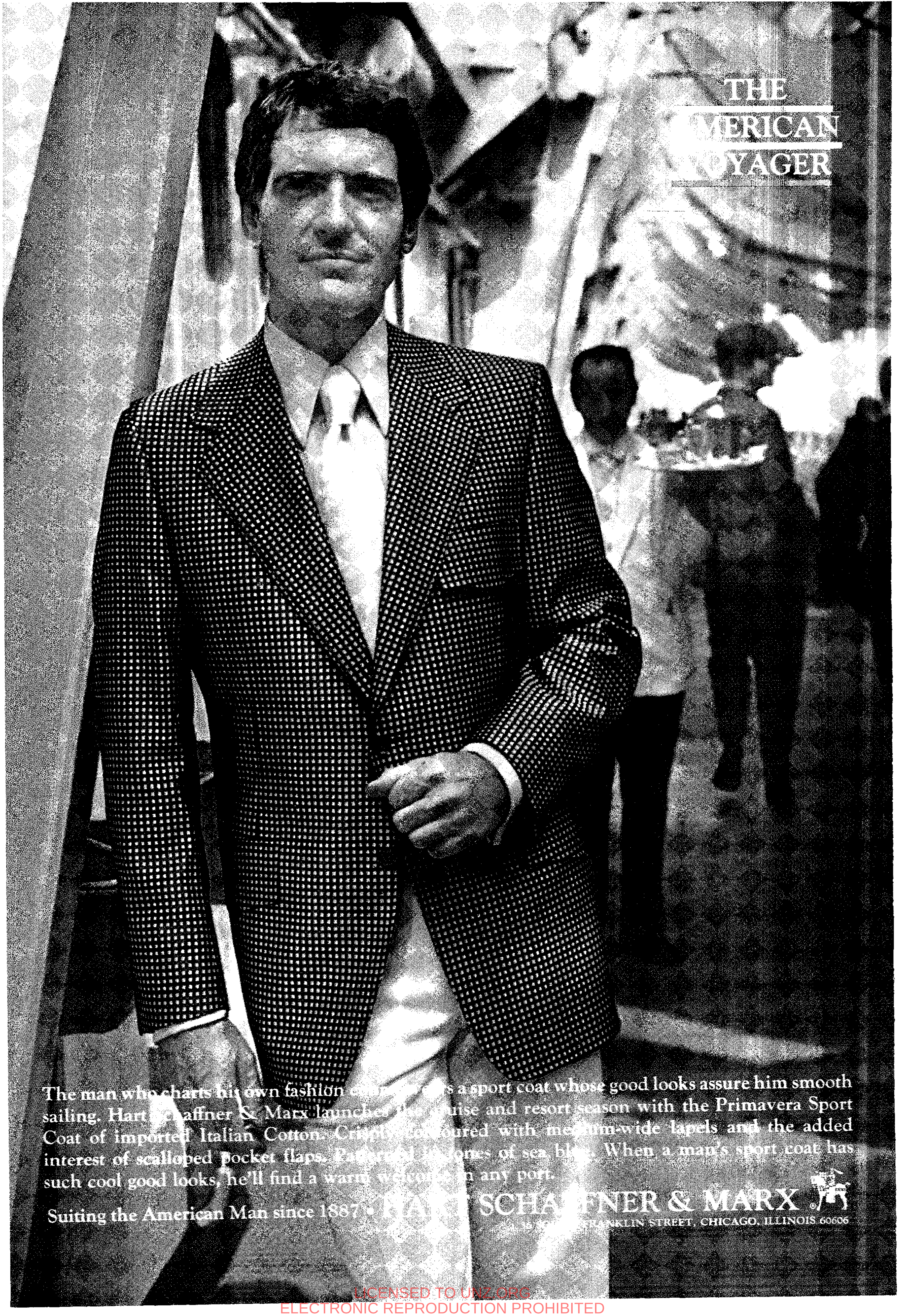
EL SALVADOR TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE
703 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94103

Please send me your colorful literature on El Salvador.

☐ I am also interested in special 3-5 day tour packages.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ Zip __________
Travel Agent ____________________

NY-172



THE
AMERICAN
VOYAGER

The man who charts his own fashion course wears a sport coat whose good looks assure him smooth sailing. Hart Schaffner & Marx launches the cruise and resort season with the Primavera Sport Coat of imported Italian Cotton. Crisply contoured with medium-wide lapels and the added interest of scalloped pocket flaps. Patterned in tones of sea blue. When a man's sport coat has such cool good looks, he'll find a warm welcome in any port.

Suiting the American Man since 1887 • HART SCHAFFNER & MARX ®
36 SOUTH FRANKLIN STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60606

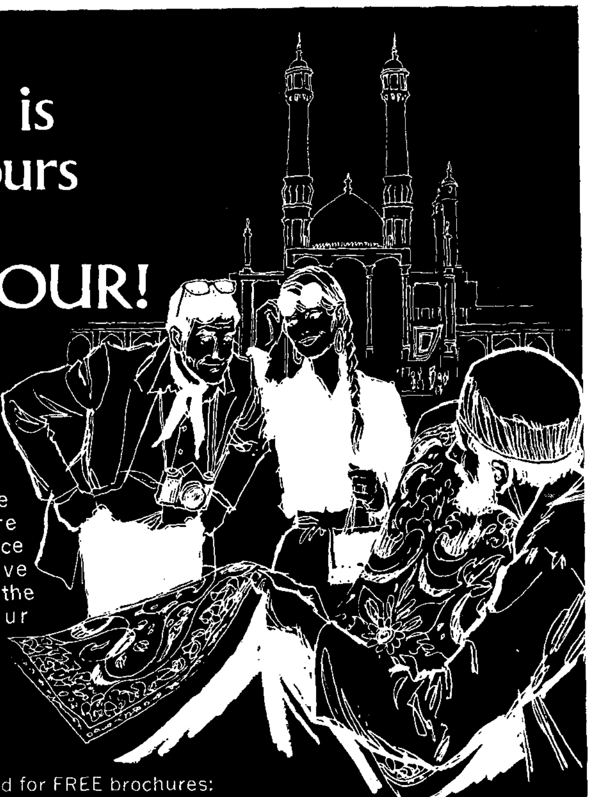
THE RACE TRACK

New Era

AS you've probably heard, Gulfstream Park opened its forty-day meeting last week in the choice spot on the Florida racing calendar, a spot that Hialeah Park has had since 1925. One of this department's outriders reports, however, that the opening didn't have the glamour of Hialeah's openings in the days when Joseph E. Widener was making it a showplace and Florida East Coast special trains brought carloads of society people from Palm Beach to the clubhouse gates. Nevertheless, it was a good show—a flower show. My man said he'd never seen such exotic greenery. It was a triumph, too, for the persistency of Jimmie Donn and his son, James Jr., who have been trying for more than twenty years to get Hialeah's dates for their track. In fact, long before that, in the days when he owned Tropical Park, the elder Donn had an eye on the way they did things at Hialeah. When he landscaped Tropical Park, he lined the road to the clubhouse with orange trees, to match Hialeah's rows of royal palms. The trees were loaded with oranges—wired on.

How the switch in dates will work out—Hialeah now will run from March 3rd through April 29th—remains to be seen. Tote-board and turnstile watchers say that Gulfstream's figures so far total less than Hialeah's last year. The main event on opening day was the New Era Handicap—a nice touch, that!—and it was won in fine style by Hobeau Farm's Duck Dance from Our Note, Insubordination, and ten others. But even a stable in top form can't win 'em all. In the Appleton Handicap last Saturday, Hobeau Farm's Peace Corps, second to Beaukins, his stablemate, in the Saul Silberman the last day at Tropical, wasn't in the first three in the first division. This went to No No Billy, unplaced in the New Era. Mr. Pow Wow, something of a star in Chicago last summer, was an easy winner of the second division.

THE surprise of the week at Santa Anita, which is rolling along merrily, came in the Santa Monica Handicap, when Turkish Trousers, winner



The World is Lavishly Yours on an OLSON TOUR!

You are pampered wherever your dreams may carry you—to iridescent Venice, Polynesian paradises, seldom-visited ancient Persia, the temples of the Upper Nile. Olson's more than 40 years of experience assure you of superlative hotels, sumptuous dining, the world's most expert tour conductors, unobtrusive attention to every detail. Follow the leader in travel on an Olson Tour!

Ask your travel agent or send for FREE brochures:

■ Olson's Orient '72 ■ Olson's World's Wonder Luxury Air Cruise '72
■ Olson's South Pacific Luxury Air Cruise ■ Olson's African Adventure Safaris
■ Olson's Europe in Luxury '72 ■ Olson's Royal Coach Tours—Europe '72

OLSON TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, One No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. 60602
Affiliated with Olson's Royal Coach Tours

APOLLO 14
Shepard
Roosa
Mitchell

Selected by NASA

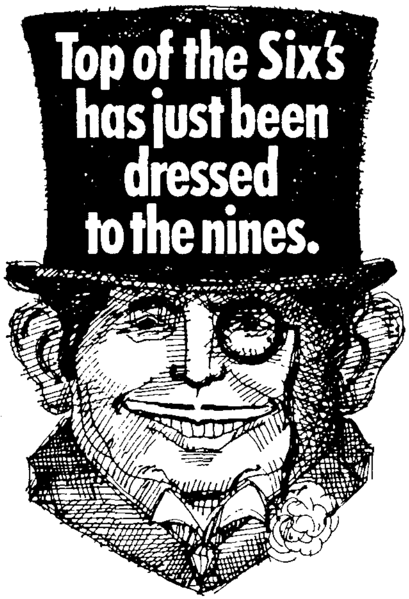
the shaver that went to the Moon

When Astronauts Shepard and Roosa returned from their historic Apollo-14 flight, they were as clean-shaven as when they left 9 days earlier. (Mitchell decided to grow a beard!) The reason? The Wind-Up Monaco shaver, selected by NASA to keep them comfortable and clean-shaven on their long journey. ●The first secret of the Monaco's marvelous performance lies in its shaving head. Three continuously self-sharpening blades revolve at such a fast clip that they actually give 72,000 cutting strokes per minute. And the guard is so unbelievably thin (5/100 of a mm—about the thickness of a cigarette paper) that pressure is unnecessary. Just touch the shaver to your face and guide it in circular motions for the smoothest shave ever. ●The second secret is the power plant. The palm-shaped body of the Monaco is filled with a huge mainspring, made of the same Swedish super-steel used in the most expensive watch movements. Just wind it up and the Monaco shaves and shaves. From ear to ear, from nose to neck, and maintains full speed to the end—long enough to do the complete job. We could go on about the virtues of the Monaco, but (as with so many things) you have to try it to really believe it.● Send for your Monaco today in full confidence. Put it to the test for two weeks. You'll be delighted with the comfort, speed and convenience—and the independence it will give you from water, soap, batteries, electricity, styptic pencil and all other paraphernalia of conventional shaving.● If you decide the Monaco isn't the best shaver ever, send it back to us for prompt refund. If the Monaco served the Apollo-14 astronauts so well, think what it can do for you under much less trying conditions. Once you've tried it you'll never let it go.

Please send me:
☐ Monaco Shaver-Standard Model $20.95
☐ Monaco Deluxe-Model-Anatomique $22.95
☐ Special Trimming Head (optional) $4.95
My check, plus $1 for post. & ins. is encl.
(Calif. res. add tax.) Guaranteed 1 year.

Name ______
Address ______
______ Zip ______

584 Washington
San Francisco
94111
haverhill's
NY0129


Top of the Six's has just been dressed to the nines.

(Our complete dinners from $6.95 are beautiful, too!)
Inside we've lavished a whole luxurious new look on the Top of the Six's. Our exterior decor is still a sensational view. Our drinks satisfy. And complete dinners are yours from $6.95. It all adds up to an evening in seventh heaven.

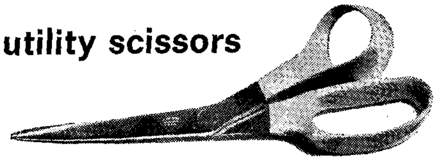
Top of the Six's
39th Floor—666 Fifth Avenue 765-1666

Learn to ski,
or just learn how beautiful winter can be.

THE Woodstock Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for our color brochure, Box 57-N
In New York call (212) 245-8771
In Boston call (617) 523-4497
Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

FISKARS
utility scissors



Featherweight, precision stainless steel blades from Finland with anatomically shaped finger grips. $7.50 postpaid.

Finland Design, Inc.
816 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010
Discount available on lots of 20 pairs.

of eight straight in California last year and voted the best three-year-old filly of 1971, was defeated by Typecast. Turkish Trousers led in the stretch, but Typecast, who had a three-pound advantage in the weights, wore her down.

THREE-YEAR-OLD fillies were also in action at Liberty Belle and Bowie last weekend. In the Heirloom Handicap at the Philadelphia track, Controlled Landing, who moves up in sloppy going, beat Early Lass, who doesn't. Incidentally, Loguercio, who rode Controlled Landing, had four winners. And if you had wanted to make a hunch play on the Virginia Belle Stakes at Bowie, it would have had to be on Misty Plum, for a drizzle of rain and fog made it difficult for the crowd in the stand to see the runners as they went down the backstretch. And you would have clicked, for as the race came over my TV set, Misty Plum cut the corner on the turn into the stretch, and took a lead that she held long enough to win by a neck from Naleesa. Typhoon Tina was third. By the way, Colonel Martingale wonders how the Maryland Racing Commission feels now about its recommendation that Bowie be closed because it couldn't hold its place with Laurel and Pimlico. Attendance at the current meeting is up eight per cent, and betting is up nine per cent since 1970.

I COULD be wrong, but from where I sit it looks as though one afternoon last week the boys tried a little past-posting, as they call getting a bet down on the winner after a race is over. While the Off-Track Betting Corporation's computer was having another trauma, bettors dumped an undisclosed sum in on Gentle Beat, who'd won at Bowie half an hour before and paid $11.80. Payment of tickets time-stamped after post for the race have been held up. Dearie me, dearie me.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Agnew said Mr. Nixon was entitled to re-election as the only man who could handle programs needed to carry the contrary through the last third of the 20th century.—*Washington Post.*

He speaks his mind, that Agnew.

•

11:00 P.M.

12 'Catherine of Oregon'—*TV listing in the Omaha World-Herald.*

It's a sequel to "The Girl of the Golden West."

The John's Island rental program:
John's Island is a private 1,500-acre resort community built around the Ocean, the Indian River and 18 championship golf holes designed by Pete Dye and Jack Nicklaus. Located adjacent to Vero Beach, in sub-tropical Florida, John's Island is owned and administered by the same family that created Lost Tree Village. Golf cottages and private residences bordering the fairways of the John's Island course, and Oceanfront Condominium apartments are privately owned and may be rented through the John's Island Property Owners Association while the owner is not in residence. These attractive two and three bedroom retreats are fully furnished and ready for immediate occupancy. Guests have full privileges of the John's Island Club, course and 2½ miles of private beach. Requests for rental applications and a brochure may be obtained by writing 1 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. (305) 567-7147.

john's island

CONSERVE WILD LIFE
Gertrude Lathrop
Sculptor—1938

One of the fine art medals in the Society of Medalists' 42-year collection. Two high-relief bronze medals (2⅞" diam.) are issued annually to members for $16 dues. Free brochure illustrates full collection by such distinguished American sculptors as Paul Manship, Lee Lawrie, Carl Jennewein, Anna Hyatt Huntington, Adolph Weinman, James Earle Fraser, Frank Eliscu, Ralph Menconi, many others.

Write for free illustrated brochure
THE SOCIETY OF MEDALISTS
37 West Branch Road, Weston, Conn. 06880

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA — directly on our private beach. Nightly candlelight dining, dancing, entertainment, water sports, fishing, tennis and golf nearby. No conventions. Adults only. A staff of 350 provides gracious service. Privately owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul.
Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization. **NEW YORK 765-5800.**

NEEDLEPOINT TRIPLEX
If you're tired of the shopping bag routine for needlepoint canvas and yarn, we have found the basket to end all baskets! It's a stack of three individual circular baskets that fit snugly between a firm bamboo handle. The open-weave wicker sides enable you to see almost everything at a glance, keep sewing items separated. Beautifully made by a fifth generation Chinese bamboo wizard. Write for brochure.
THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
328 East 9th Street New York 10003

You can save Erlinda Cosay for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.

An Apache Indian child.
A family of six in a tiny two-room house.
No water. No heat. No electricity.
In the center of this desolation
Erlinda Cosay. A child of five.
A child who hasn't seen her father since she was three.
A child who must travel four miles a day to school.
A child whose last dress was a castoff.
Erlinda needs your help so she can help herself.
And through Save the Children Federation you can give her that help.
For $15.00 a month you can sponsor an American Indian child like Erlinda.
So that there can be electricity in the house instead of kerosene and wood.
So Erlinda can have a new dress. And books.
So Erlinda's neighbors can improve their village. With a community well. A new road. Perhaps a laundromat. To make money to buy necessities to make dependent people independent.
And for you there's even more. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports.
That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. Please. Clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ Where the need is most urgent
☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ India
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment
☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually
☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $ ________.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

NY1/29/2

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Peckinpah's Obsession

SAM PECKINPAH is the youngest legendary American director. When you see his Western movies, you feel that he's tearing himself apart, split between a compulsion to show that people are messing up their lives and an overwhelming love of the look and feel of those people rattling around in the grandeur and apparent freedom of the landscape. He is so passionate and sensual a film artist that you may experience his romantic perversity kinesthetically, and get quite giddy from feeling trapped and yet liberated. He's an artist in conflict with himself, but unmistakably and prodigally an artist, who uses images of great subtlety and emotional sophistication—the blown-up bridge of "The Wild Bunch," with the horses and riders falling to the water in an instant extended to eternity; the exhilaration of space in "Major Dundee;" the visual tribute to the old Westerner of "Ride the High Country," who sinks to the bottom of the frame to die; the vulture in the "The Wild Bunch" sitting on a dead man's chest and turning his squalid, naked head to stare at the camera.

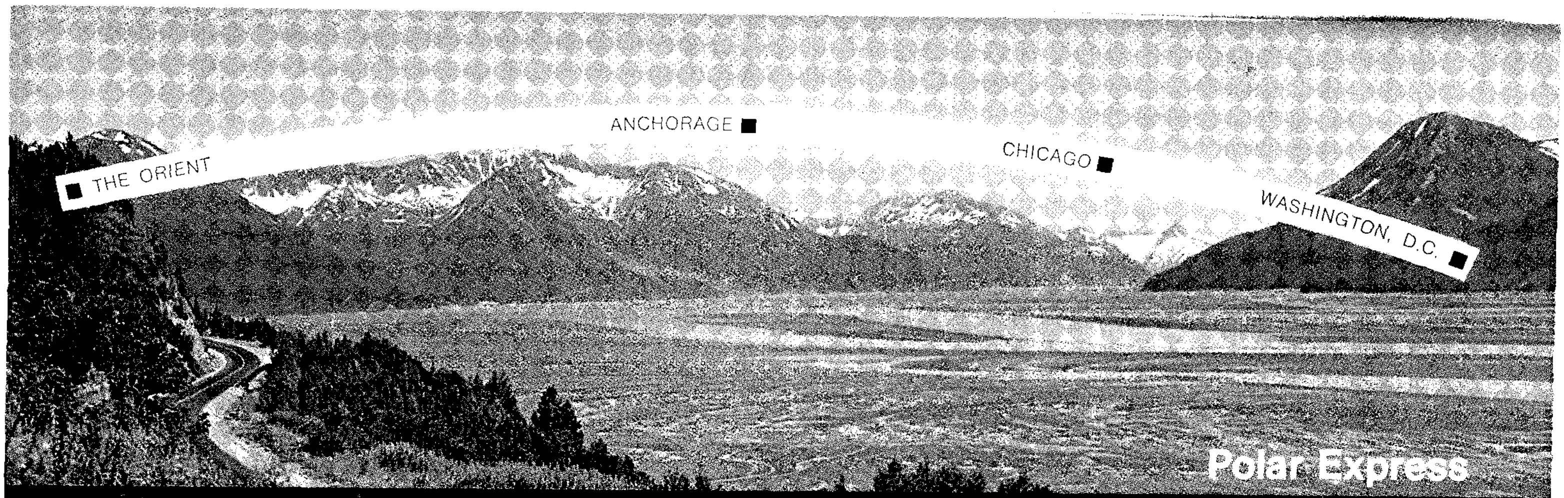
Peckinpah has finally made the movie he's been working his way toward: though small in scale, and not nearly as rich or varied as parts of his earlier films, "Straw Dogs" is a complete work—a structured vision of life on film. I think Peckinpah has been honest in terms of his convictions, and in terms of those convictions it's a work of integrity, but it's not a work of major intelligence. It represents—superficially, at least—a resolution of his conflicts, but in a spiritually ugly way. His earlier films were recklessly high on beauty and excess; this time he brings everyone down. The vision of "Straw Dogs" is narrow and puny, as obsessions with masculinity so often are; Peckinpah's view of human experience seems to be no more than the sort of anecdote that drunks tell in bars. The story is a male fantasy about a mathematics professor's hot young wife (Susan George) who wants to be raped and gets sodomized, which is more than she bargained for, and the timid cuckold-mathematician (Dustin Hoffman), who turns into a man when he learns to fight like an animal. The subject of "Straw Dogs" is machismo. It has been the obsession behind most of Peckinpah's other films; now that it's out in the open, his strengths and follies are clearly visible. His intuitions as a director are infinitely superior to his thinking.

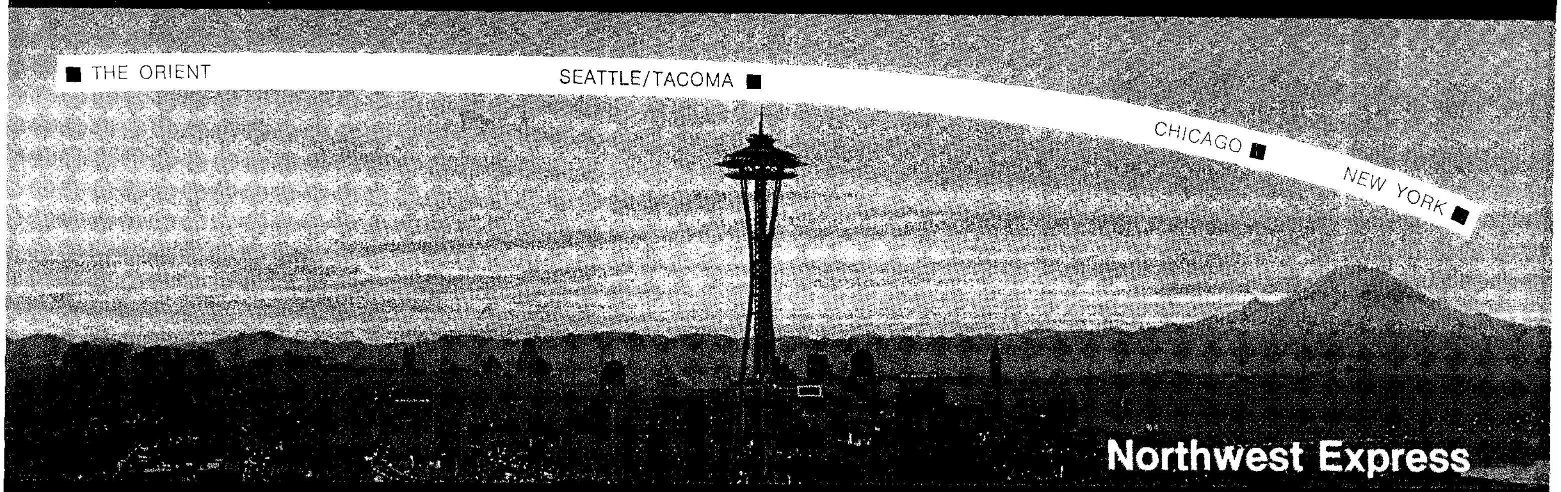
From the opening shot, of ambiguous children's games in a church cemetery, through to the close, there is no suggestion of human happiness, no frolicking animal, nothing blooming anywhere. The actors are not allowed their usual freedom to become characters, because they're pawns in the over-all scheme. The director doesn't cut loose, either; he sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. For the first time, he has left the West, and for the first time he has a statement to make. The film is constructed like a demonstration—a misanthropic one. Working from a script that he wrote with David Z. Goodman, he carefully plants the prejudicial details that will later pay off; there are menacing closeups and more than one superfluous reaction shot. The preparations are not in themselves pleasurable; the atmosphere is ominous and oppressive, but you're drawn in and you're held, because you can feel that it is building purposefully. The setting is a Cornish village and a lonely farmhouse on the moors that the American mathematician—he has a grant to work on celestial navigation—and his English wife have moved into. The farmhouse is singularly uninviting; no objects have been placed to catch the light or give off a glow. The landscape is barren and alien—not exactly desolate but neutral. Peckinpah is famous for the love that makes his Western landscapes expressive, but no love informs this landscape with feeling. The townspeople, who are creepy enough for a horror thriller, include a collection of stud louts who jeer at Hoffman while they snigger and smack their lips over his wife's braless sweaters. One look at her provocative walk and you know that her husband is in trouble—that he can't handle her.

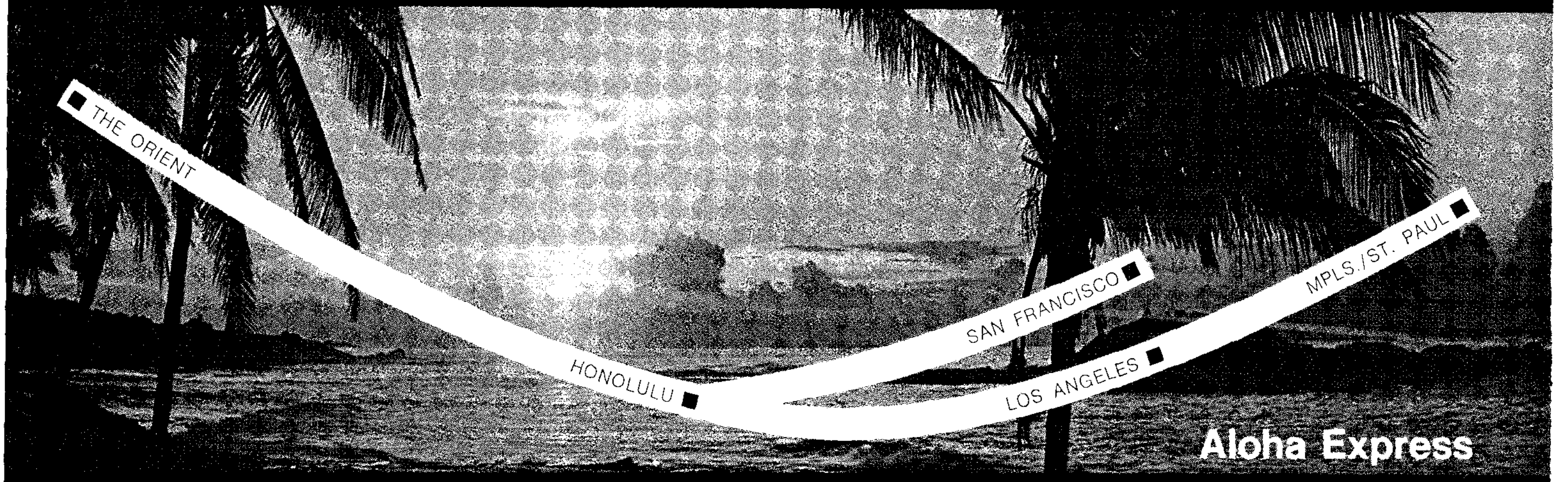
The setting, the music, and the people are deliberately disquieting. It *is* a thriller—a machine headed for destruction. Hoffman, the victim of the villagers' (and the director's) contempt, is that stock figure of fun the priggish, cowardly intellectual. It's embarrassing that a man of Peckinpah's gifts should offer such stale anti-intellectualism, but one can't avoid the conclusion that Hoffman's David is meant to be a symbolic "uncommitted" intellectual who is escaping the turmoil of America. "You left because you didn't want to take a stand," his wife taunts him, while we squirm and wish she didn't represent the film's point of view. Inevitably, David discovers that he can't hide in his study, and that in the peaceful countryside nature is red in tooth and claw. The casting, however, is impeccable. Hoffman, notoriously a cerebral actor, projects thought before movement; he's already a cartoon of an intellectual. There's a split second of blank indecision before the face lights up with purpose. He never looks as if he just naturally lived in the places he's stuck into for the camera; he always seems slightly the outsider anyway, and his duck walk and physical movements are a shade clumsy. Whatever he does seems a bit of a feat—and that, I think, is why we're drawn to him. This role might almost be a continuation of his Benjamin in "The Graduate."

The movie never explains how he and his Lolita-wife got together, and one's mind strays from the action to ask this question. We can't believe in this marriage; we feel it to be a marriage for Peckinpah's convenience. Susan George, with her smudged, pouty mouth and her smile that's also a snarl, is superlatively cast and can act, besides; she's a sex kitten here—an unsatisfied little tart, a child-wife who wants to be played with. David is even more of an ingenuous jerk than Benjamin. We don't believe it when he interrupts his wife's passionate lovemaking to wind the alarm clock; we just take it as a point being racked up. Peckinpah treats him so prejudicially that it isn't even meant to be funny when he stares in bewilderment at the joshing of the locals—as if no one in America ever indulged in coarse, dumb badinage—and it isn't played for comedy when he goes out hunting with local yokels, who leave him sitting in the brush while they go back to get at his wife. David allows himself to be humiliated for an unpleasantly long time—for so long that he becomes quite unappetizing. We're just about ready to give up on him when his car hits a half-wit (David Warner) who is trying to escape these same bullies, who are after him for molesting a teen-age girl. David shelters the half-wit in the farmhouse, and, while waiting for a doctor to arrive, is confronted by them—a childish, crazed, indiscriminately violent gang (like the most wanton degenerates among the Wild Bunch) led by a grizzle-bearded old horror who fills the

For four generations
we've been making medicines
as if people's lives depended on them.
ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS


THE ORIENT
ANCHORAGE
CHICAGO
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Polar Express


THE ORIENT
SEATTLE/TACOMA
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
Northwest Express


THE ORIENT
HONOLULU
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
MPLS./ST. PAUL
Aloha Express

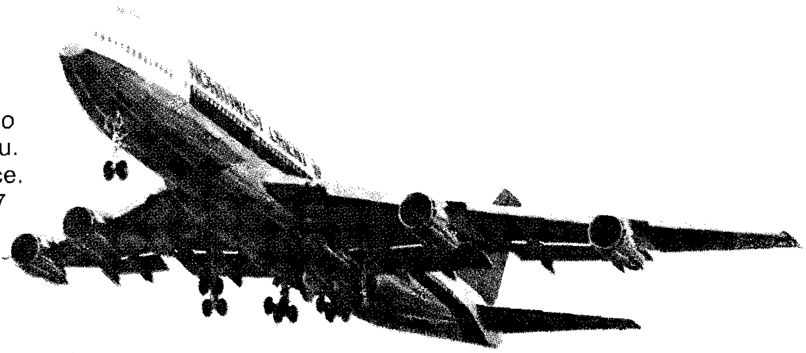
Fly the Orient Express Way

Nobody has more routes to the Orient

Nobody flies direct from more U.S. cities (11) and has more 747s to the Orient (21 a week). You can fly Northwest 747s from New York through Seattle, from San Francisco through Honolulu, and from Los Angeles through Honolulu. All flights treat you to magnificent Regal Imperial Service.

Fly the Orient Express Way — your choice of 3 routes to 7 Orient cities. For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

Discover the new magnificent
NORTHWEST ORIENT 747



screen with repulsiveness. David knows that this gang will beat the simpleton to death, and he feels he can't turn him over. And that's when the ferocity we've been dreading, and waiting for, erupts.

He announces, "This is where I live," and he refuses to let the men come into his home; as they lay siege to the farmhouse, he destroys each of them—with grisly ingenuity—until the last one, whom his wife shoots. When he takes a knife to the first, his action comes faster than you expect, and it's startling; you're better prepared for the frenzies that follow, and although the tension mounts, you're not caught off guard again. Not surprisingly, the audience cheers David's kills; it is, after all, a classic example of the worm turning. It's mild-mannered Destry putting on his guns, it's the triumph of a superior man who is fighting for basic civilized principles over men who are presented as mindless human garbage. It's David versus Goliath, and so, of course, the audience roots for David. When the last of the louts has him pinned down, and his terrified wife, with her finger on the trigger, panics and delays, it's unbearable; your whole primitive moviegoer's soul cries out for her to fire—and then she does. You just about can't help feeling that way. You know that the response has been pulled out of you, but you're trapped in that besieged house and you want the terror to be over, and if you believe in civilization at all you want David to win. As the situation has been set up, every possibility for nonviolent behavior has been eliminated.

If all that "Straw Dogs" set out to say was that certain situations may be posited in which fighting is a moral decision, few besides total pacifists would disagree. In a sense, what the movie does is play a variation on the old question asked of conscientious objectors: "What would you do if someone tried to rape your sister?" The question asked here is "What would you do if someone tried to invade your house to kill an innocent person?" In such extreme circumstances, probably most of us would use whatever means came to hand and brain, and if we won by violence we would be glad to have won but be sickened and disgusted at the choice forced on us. We would feel robbed of part of our humanity—as soldiers even in "just" wars are said to feel. And here is where we can part company with Peckinpah, for the movie intends to demonstrate not merely that there is a point at which a man will fight but that he is a better man for it—a real man at last. The goal of the movie is to demonstrate that David *enjoys* the killing, and achieves his manhood in that self-recognition. David experiences no shock, no horror at what he has done but only a new self-assurance and pleasure. And Peckinpah wants us to dig the sexiness of violence. There is even the faint smile of satisfaction on the tarty wife's face that says she will have a new sexual respect for her husband. The movie takes not merely a non-pacifist position but a rabidly anti-pacifist position; it confirms the old militarists' view that pacifism is unmanly, is pussyfooting, is false to "nature."

And this is the stupidity and moral corruption of "Straw Dogs." It may be necessary to be violent in order to defend your home and your principles, but Peckinpah-Patton thinks that's what makes a man a man. Yet there is also—one senses—a slight condescension on Peckinpah's part, and this relates to his anti-intellectualism: David has become as other men, has lost his intellectual's separation from the beasts, and Peckinpah's victory is in bringing him down. Another ambivalence in Peckinpah is his contempt for the brute yokels and his respect for David for using brains to kill them. In the view of the movie, the yokels deserve their deaths. Peckinpah appears to despise them for their ignorance and inefficiency, just as he despises David as unnatural and dishonest when he is pacific. The corollary of David's becoming a man is that the slutty, baby-doll wife becomes a woman when her husband learns to be man and master—which is what she wanted all along. As a woman, she is not expected to have any principles; she was perfectly willing to yield the half-wit to the mob—she doesn't have an idea in her head but sex and self-preservation. The movie is tight, and it all adds up; the male clichés come together in a coherent fantasy.

Peckinpah is a spartan director this time, but with an aesthetic of cruelty. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence—which he links by an extraordinary aestheticizing technique. The rape is one of the few truly erotic sequences on film, and the punches that subdue the wife have the exquisite languor of slightly slowed-down motion. This same languor is present in the later slaughters; the editing is superb in these sequences, with the slowing-down never prolonged but just long enough to fix the images of violence in your imagination, to make them seem already classic and archa-

Direct Orient Express Way flights from these gateways:

New York
8:30 am daily **747**
10:30 am daily 720B*

Washington, D.C.
1:15 pm daily 707-320

Chicago
10:45 am daily **747**
3:15 pm daily 707-320
via Anchorage

Mpls./St. Paul
10:50 am daily **747**
11:15 am daily 707-320*

Anchorage
6:25 pm daily 707-320

Seattle/Tacoma
2:10 pm daily **747**

San Francisco
9:30 am daily **747** via Honolulu

Los Angeles
1:30 pm daily **747** via Honolulu

Honolulu
2:05 pm daily **747**
6:15 pm daily **747**

*Connects in Seattle with daily 747 to Tokyo.

To these 7 Orient cities

Taipei
Manila
Hong Kong
Tokyo
Osaka
Seoul
Okinawa

Fly the Orient Express Way
For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

Schedule subject to change.

NORTHWEST ORIENT 747

You don't have to be an engineer . . .

. . . to choose high fidelity components confidently. The purpose of high fidelity is simple—to recreate music accurately. But, explanations about how this is done are traditionally clouded by technical verbiage, and more often confuse than clarify.

Acoustic Research can help. The people at AR have written a series of comprehensive but non-technical articles explaining the essentials of high fidelity. You can obtain these articles and a copy of the current AR catalog by mailing the coupon below.

AR
Acoustic Research

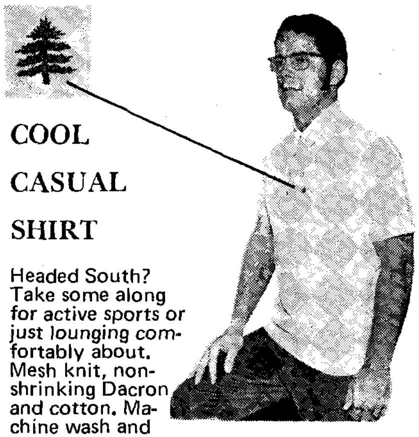
Acoustic Research, Inc.
24 Thorndike St.,
Cambridge, Mass. 02141, Dept. NE-2

Please send me free copies of your articles on high fidelity plus the current illustrated AR catalog.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____



COOL
CASUAL
SHIRT

Headed South? Take some along for active sports or just lounging comfortably about. Mesh knit, non-shrinking Dacron and cotton. Machine wash and dry. Embroidered dark green pine tree on a choice of red, white, navy or yellow shirt. Please order by color and size. (34-48 available).

$11.50 plus **50¢** postage. N.Y. State residents add applicable tax.

Send for illustrated catalog.

Adirondack Store

108 Lake Placid Road
Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983

Love and romance is alive and well

...we know this for a fact by the way everyone has responded to our romantic, loving, gentle little book, The Language of Flowers. Almost one thousand different flowers with their special meanings for lovers...reproduced exactly as hand-written and illustrated by a devoted husband for his wife on their golden wedding anniversary in 1913. You must have a copy. $5.50 ppd.

BOUTIQUE CAPRICE

22 Cross Keys Village Square   Baltimore, Maryland 21210

ic—like something you remember—*while they're happening.* The rape has heat to it—there can be little doubt of that—but what goes into that heat is the old male barroom attitude: we can see that she's asking for it, she's begging for it, that her every no means yes. The rape scene says that women really want the rough stuff, that deep down they're little beasts asking to be made submissive. I think it's clear from the structuring of the film and the use of the mathematician to represent intellectuals out of touch with their own natures that his wife is intended to be representative of woman's nature, and that the louts understand her better than her husband does. The first rapist understands what she needs; the sodomist (this has been slightly trimmed, so that the film could get an R rating, rather than an X) terrorizes her. Another girl in the movie—the teen-ager who gets the gentle simpleton in trouble by making advances to him after David, the only other gentle person in town, rejects her—sustains the image of Eve the troublemaker. We know as we watch the teen-ager luring the simpleton that girls her age are not so hard up for boys to fondle them that they are going to play around with the village half-wit; we realize it's a plot device to get him pursued by the louts. But implicit in this recognition is that the movie is a series of stratagems to get the characters into the positions that are wanted for a symbolic confrontation. The siege is not simply the climax but the proof, and it has the kick of a mule. What I am saying, I fear, is that Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has, with "Straw Dogs," made the first American film that is a fascist work of art.

It has an impact far beyond the greedy, opportunistic, fascist "Dirty Harry" or the stupid, reactionary "The Cowboys," because—and here, as a woman, I must guess—it gets at the roots of the fantasies that men carry from earliest childhood. It confirms their secret fears and prejudices that women respect only brutes; it confirms the male insanity that there is no such thing as rape. The movie taps a sexual fascism—that is what machismo is—that is so much a part of folklore that it's on the underside of many an educated consciousness and is rampant among the uneducated. It's what comes out in David's character—what gives him that faintly smug expression at the end. Violence is erotic in the movie because a man's prowess is in fighting and loving. The one earns him the right to the other. You can see why Peckinpah loaded the dice against

Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

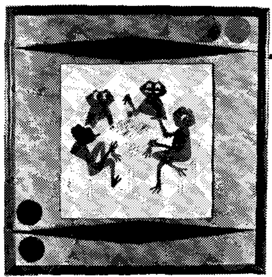
. . . renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Deluxe Singles from $25.00.
Deluxe Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"

TELEPHONE:
(212) CI-7-7000
•
TELETYPE:
212-640-4099



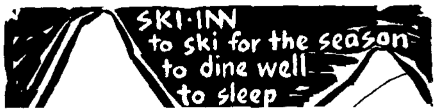
frogs at backgammon

reflect a whimsical wit sought by sophisticated collectors. Signed, original watercolor, 10½" x 10½". Matted with backgammon motif. Other delights (not shown): Bridge Playing Frogs, Tennis Players, Golf Players.

$24 each (incl. first class postage)

FREE BROCHURE. Mail orders & browsers invited.

art adventures unlimited
816 madison ave., N-14, new york, n.y. 10021
telephone (212) 628-2267



Write for SKI · LEASE · INNFORMATION

CHESTER INN

CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

David at the beginning: he had to make David such a weakling that only killing could rouse him to manhood.

I realize that it's a terrible thing to say of someone whose gifts you admire that he has made a fascist classic. And in some ways Peckinpah's attitudes are not that different from those of Norman Mailer, who is also afflicted with machismo. But Mailer isn't so single-minded about it; he worries it and pokes at it and tries to dig into it. Despite Peckinpah's artistry, there's something basically grim and crude in "Straw Dogs." It's no news that men are capable of violence, but while most of us want to find ways to control that violence, Sam Peckinpah wants us to know that that's all hypocrisy. He's discovered the territorial imperative and wants to spread the Neanderthal word. At its sanest level, the movie says no more than that a man should defend his home, but Peckinpah has not only pushed this to a sexual test but turned the defense of the home into a destruction orgy, as if determined to trash everything and everyone on the screen. The fury goes way beyond making his point; it almost seems a fury against the flesh. The title, it is said, comes from Lao-tse: "Heaven and earth are ruthless and treat the myriad creatures as straw dogs; the sage is ruthless and treats the people as straw dogs." That's no sage, it's a demon.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

A large group of embryo orators attended the first session of our newly formed Planned Parenthood Speakers' Group.—*Bulletin of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut.*

Were they embarrassed? Feel out of place?

•

Friday at 2:10 p.m., an unoccupied 1965 Chevrolet driven by Mayme Summers, 53, Rt. 1, St. Francisville, hit an unoccupied 1965 Buick driven by Dorothy M. Hennessy, 43, 1802 Porter Ave. According to police, both autos . . .—*Lawrenceville (Ill.) Daily Record.*

We're not interested in what the police said.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE COOK COUNTY POLITICAL SCENE

[*From the Times*]

At a news conference of his own a few minutes later, Mayor Daley said there would not be an open primary in which the voters would decide.

"That shows the strength of the Democratic party in our country," he said. "You can have differences of opinion."

THE BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED BOURBON

Bourbon Supreme
AMERICAN
BOURBON
86 PROOF

Bourbon Supreme

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC. Straight Bourbon Whiskey • 86 Proof
New York, N.Y. • Pekin, Ill. • San Francisco, Calif. • Petersburg, Va.

We're a surrey ride, a swim, conch chowder, and a casino.

THE NAME OF THIS HORSE is Goo
FRIEND...

We're a long way from winter, a short way from you.

Nassau and Paradise Island. A land of good sun, sand and sea, just 2½ hours from New York, 35 minutes from Miami. We have a range of fabulous hotels to fit every budget. And some of the lowest air fares to any tropic island. We also have great golf, tennis and water sports. Fantastic sights (forts to flamingos). And switched-on nightlife (everything from a casino to a limbo club). Looking for a very special winter vacation? You don't have to look far to find Nassau and Paradise Island.

For more information, ask your Travel Agent. Or send for our colorful brochure.

Nassau
PARADISE ISLAND

Nassau has the time for you

NASSAU/PARADISE ISLAND PROMOTION BOARD
7600 Red Road
South Miami, Florida 33143

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

Handsome Classic Wool Knit Jersey Jump Suit from England By Byford $50

Our unusually handsome solid color double-knit jumpsuit from England by famous Byford. **Unusually durable and practical of an airy light, finely woven, soft pure virgin wool double-knit jersey** . . . the fabric that "yields" when you stretch, yet recovers its shape without wrinkling under the most severe wearing. **Warmth without bulk. Generously cut for maximum comfort.** This is the most comfortable jumpsuit you can wear for travel, boating, driving, walking, by the poolside. Colors: **Navy, Brown, Oxford grey. Sizes: Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra Large (46-48).**

Mail Orders to: Byford Wool Knit Jersey J.S.
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter Street
San Francisco, Ca 94108 (415) 397-4740

Qty.	Colors	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
	Navy		Cable Car Charge ☐
	Grey		Sorry, No COD's
	Brown		

☐ Please send 1972 catalogue NYM 1-29-72
Name...
Address...
City.........................Zip Code.............State...........
Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg; 5½% Sales Tax in Cal.

Tonight

. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.

♦ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
♦ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL
Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:45 p.m.-2 a.m.)

MUSICAL EVENTS

The End of the World

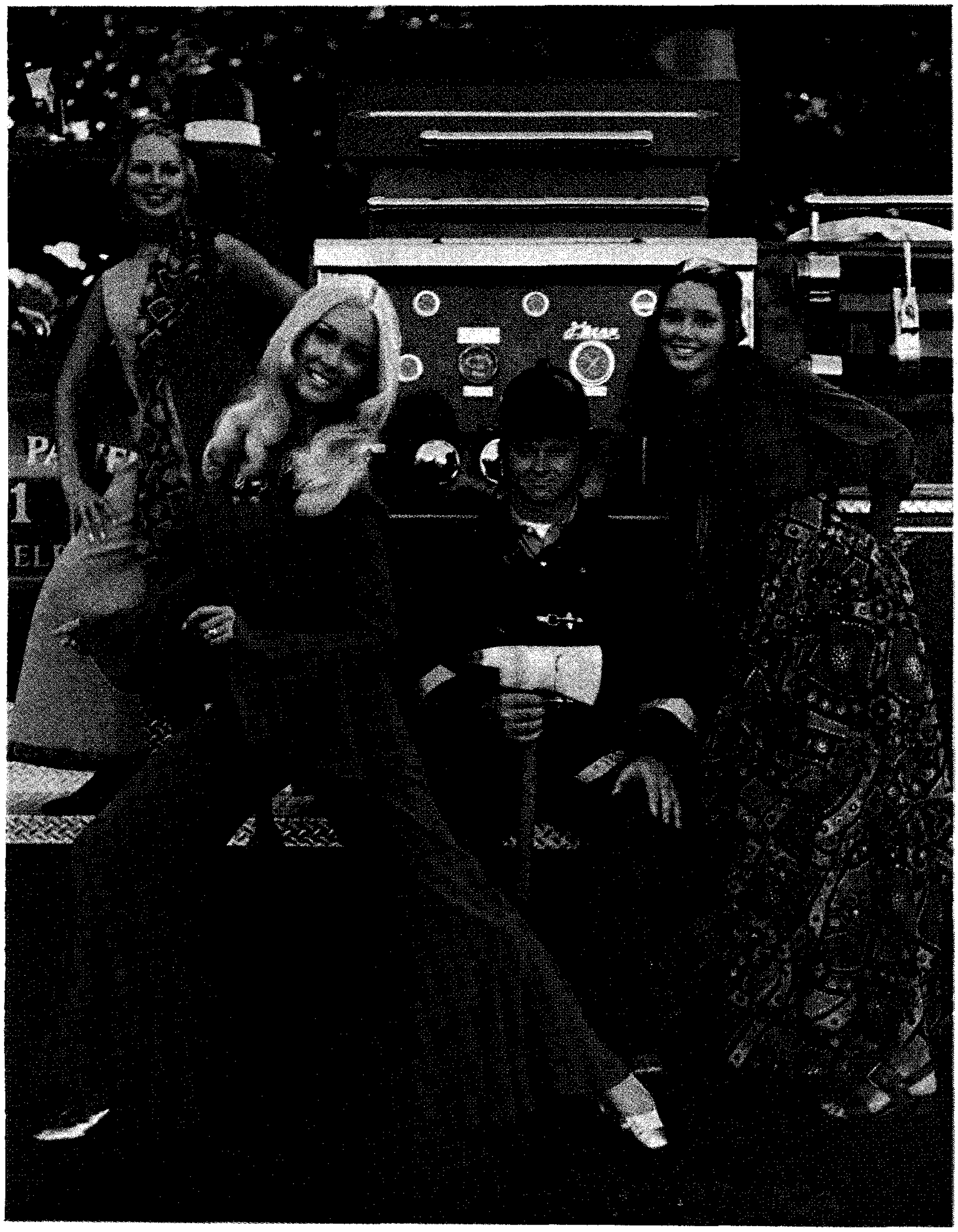
AFTER considering a number of myths concerning creation and destruction in his book "Myth and Reality," the great Rumanian savant Mircea Eliade, who teaches comparative religion at the University of Chicago, suggests that contemporary artists are reënacting a ritual involving the destruction of the world, both ours and theirs—the world of art. He does not specifically mention music, but his theory seems to apply to much that is being done in that field. It certainly applies to a new work by Bruno Maderna, which had its first American performance, under his own baton, by the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. The work is called Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and an excellent violinist named Paul Zukofsky did his best to cope with the disjointed rhetoric of the solo part. It was not the work's total incoherence that bothered me. I am used to that sort of thing. What did bother me was the spectacle of the hundred or so highly skilled craftsmen of the Philharmonic devoting their energies to something that was an insult to their skills—making noises that were ill-adapted to their instruments, and giving, in general, an impression of chaos. This seemed to me as apt an illustration of Professor Eliade's thesis as I have recently come across. An attempt was being made to destroy the art of the symphonic musician. Of course, the Philharmonic will survive. But the ritual was being performed.

The remainder of the program was exceedingly lightweight: a Vivaldi concerto for two mandolins and orchestra, which is one of those innumerable and almost indistinguishable concertos that this Venetian composer turned out; Stravinsky's "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto in E Flat for Chamber Orchestra, which is a caricature of a classical concerto and one of those long-winded musical jokes that Stravinsky was so fond of; and, finally, Mozart's "Prague" Symphony in D Major, K. 504. Only the last-named work demanded anything of either conductor or orchestra. Last week, I said that Mr. Maderna is an interesting conductor. Now I am not so sure. His ear for sonority seemed to be deficient. The symphony was done in an entirely conventional manner, but the tone of the orchestra was coarse and there was a lack of balance in the importance given various contrapuntal elements.

EARLIER last week, on Tuesday night, the National Orchestra of Belgium made a visit to Carnegie Hall under the baton of Michael Gielen, the Assyrian-bearded Austrian conductor, who had appeared here previously with the Philharmonic. Mr. Gielen's program also contained some destructive music, of a milder kind. In fact, his first number even had a destructive title. It was "L'Éffacement du Prince Igor," by Henri Pousseur, which means "pusher." I don't think that Mr. Pousseur succeeded in pushing *Prince Igor anywhere near* as much as the Tatars of the Golden Horde did long ago. His work is an essay in twelve-tone composition, not particularly unpleasant and not particularly interesting. It was followed by Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, a very familiar composition that, as far as I am concerned, is beginning to wear out its welcome. What saved the evening was a fine performance of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, which was described in the program notes as "the first of a series of scientifically musical experiments" by its composer. *Pace, pace mio Dio!* Mahler was no more interested in musical experiments, much less "scientific" ones, than Beethoven was. But I don't want to get into another argument with the experimentalists. Suffice it to say that Mr. Gielen is a superb Mahler conductor, that the symphony was magnificently performed, and that the National Orchestra of Belgium is a splendid organization, with noble brass and woodwind choirs and responsive strings.

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was unveiled last Wednesday night, is a great disappointment. The sets, by Desmond Heeley, are occasionally blinding, with a vast display of dappled gold, and generally murky otherwise. In the tower scene, Mélisande is, instead, evidently living in a tree, and a continuous going up and down of bits of scrim takes one's mind off what is happening onstage. The lighting is fearsome. Most of the action occurs under spotlights that penetrate the surrounding gloom,

WHAT DOES A BUILDER OF BIG RED FIRE ENGINES KNOW ABOUT LADIES' FASHIONS?



More than you might think, actually.

True, you'll never buy a garment with an FMC label on it—that's not our line. But some of the most attractive fabrics you've ever seen very likely were made from Avisco fibers produced by FMC.

FMC is quite big in the fiber business. Our man-made rayon, acetate, and polyester fibers are used not only for men's, women's, and children's wear, but also for decorator fabrics, rugs and carpeting—even as cord in automobile tires.

FMC is also big in fire-fighting equipment, sold under our John Bean trade name. And if you think that's a far cry from fashion fabrics, you ought to see the rest of our business. It ranges from food processing machinery to cargo handling equipment to packaging films to plasticizers and bug sprays.

It calls for a little stretch of the imagination, but, then, imagination-stretching is what FMC is all about. This makes it a very useful company.

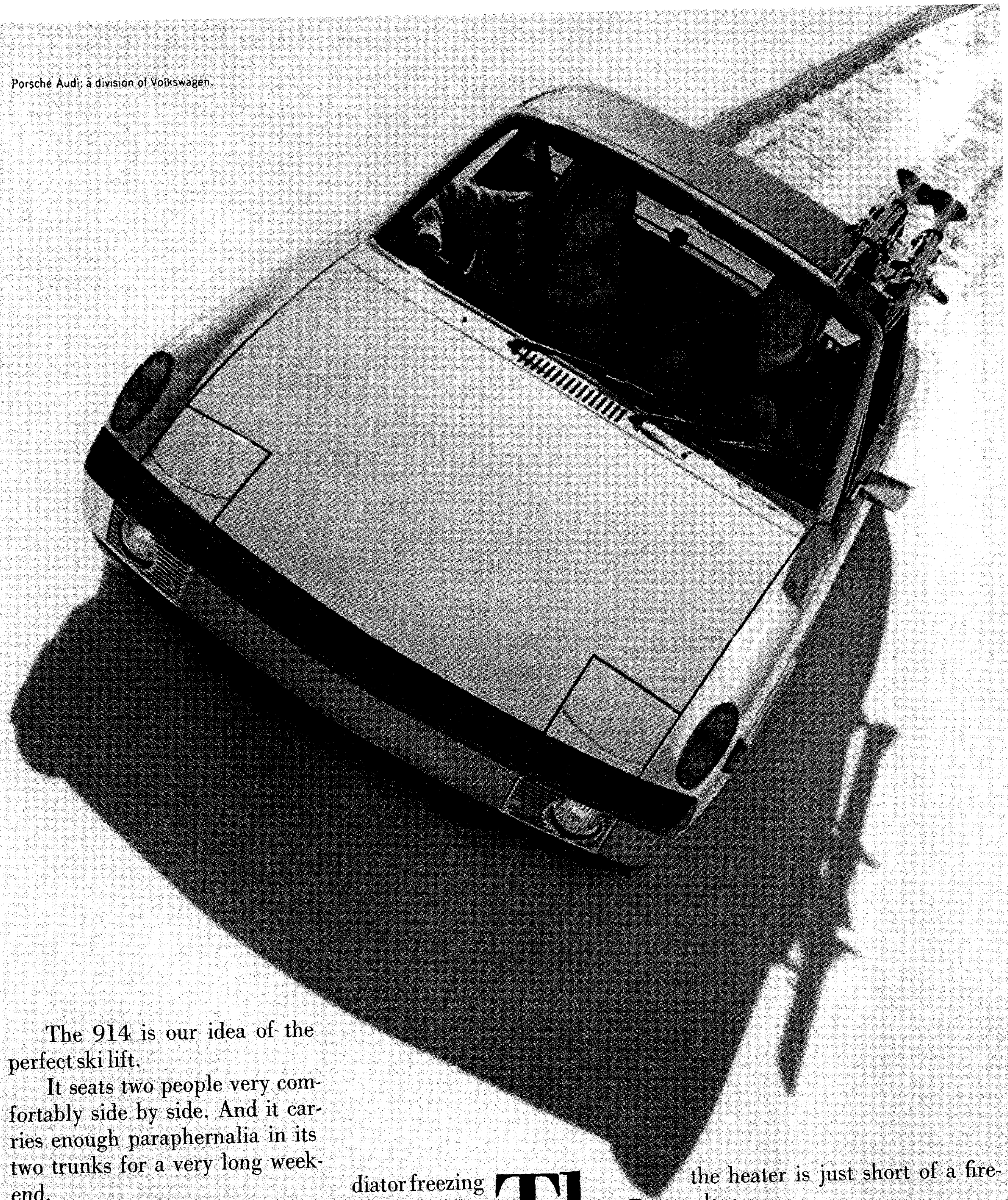
fmc CORPORATION ®

Providing worldwide usefulness in Machinery·Chemicals·Fibers & Films

FMC CORPORATION

San Jose, California 95106

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.



The Schuss

The 914 is our idea of the perfect ski lift.

It seats two people very comfortably side by side. And it carries enough paraphernalia in its two trunks for a very long weekend.

The mid-engine design gives the car near-perfect balance. That and rack-and-pinion steering make for slalom quick handling.

With four-wheel independent suspension to smooth out the moguls (bumps!).

When the snow comes, you don't have to worry about the radiator freezing or the carburetor icing. The engine is cooled by air. And fed by electronic fuel injection.

And you don't have to worry about yourself freezing. The removable fiberglass roof shuts out the elements like a hardtop. And the heater is just short of a fireplace.

There are five forward speeds for mushing through the slush. And four-wheel disc brakes for surer stopping.

The price should be easy even for a beginner.

Porsche

and sometimes these spots flicker, making it look as though either Pelléas or Mélisande were being burned at the stake. The costumes, also by Mr. Heeley, are drab and worn-looking. Golaud's bed has to be dragged onstage by what are apparently members of the stagehands' union in medieval getups (an effect recalling the Chinese theatre). The descent into the vaults, in Act II, is actually an *ascent* of a giant mushroom, and the doves of the tower scene are so badly represented by some travelling lights that one has to consult the libretto to find out what they are supposed to be. The staging, by Paul-Émile Deiber, is fussy beyond belief. One of the orchestral interludes is even used for a pantomime between Pelléas and Mélisande, which is uncalled for and certainly did not originate in the mind of Debussy. And the conductor, Colin Davis, who, I am told, was presiding over the opera for the first time, hasn't as yet the slightest conception of the subtleties of the score. He simply turned in a robust and literal performance.

All this was unfair not only to Debussy's opera, which requires the utmost in finesse if it is not to become a bore, but also to an excellent cast of singers, who did their duty as best they could. Judith Blegen made a beautifully fragile Mélisande, and sang the role with understanding. Giorgio Tozzi served admirably as King Arkel. Barry McDaniel, the Pelléas, was making his début, and seemed nervous during the first part of the opera, though he rallied later and sang well. His extraordinarily unattractive costume didn't help, and for some reason he wore bangs, which had a tendency to obscure his face amid all that murk. Thomas Stewart was a fine Golaud, Lili Chookasian sang and acted with mature artistry as Geneviève, and Adam Klein, a youngster—following the custom recently established at the New York City Opera—sang the infant role of Yniold (formerly the territory of sopranos), and sang it pretty well, despite a few juvenile departures from pitch. The lesser roles were ably done by Clifford Harvuot and Gene Boucher. Great thanks for a big favor is due the cast for its immaculate French enunciation—something that is as necessary to a good "Pelléas" as is the delicate fabric of its score. This is, as I have remarked, an opera that easily becomes boring unless it is exquisitely done. It was so boring the other night that the audience began walking out when it was half over. A simpler and less expensive production would have filled

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 05 2
25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.____________________

Your signature____________________

My Check for $_____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 05 2
25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

The Pierre
NEW YORK

An elegant tradition,
a world of its own.

5TH AVE. & 61 ST. • N.Y.C. • 212-838-8000

$35 a day for two gets you your own love nest in Jamaica

You could easily spend $70 a day for two people for an ordinary room in a Montego Bay resort hotel. At Upper Deck, we give you extraordinary luxury and the moon, the sun, the stars and an outrageous view of Montego Bay for one half that price. In addition, Upper Deck is honoring all rates quoted in American dollars.

That modest $35 is based on double occupancy and European Plan. For only another $10 per person a day, we'll give you breakfast and dinner.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (in East and Midwest), and Glen W. Fawcett (in the West).

Upper Deck
Admiral Nelson was here in 1782.
Montego Bay, Jamaica.

Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

the bill much better, and a deeper understanding by the conductor would have assisted. I remember several fine productions of the opera in fairly recent years—one conducted at the Met by Ernest Ansermet and one, across the plaza, conducted by Julius Rudel. It is a pity that the Met could not come up with something better.

LAST Friday night, I went back to the Metropolitan, mainly to hear Leontyne Price, who was making her first appearance here in more than a year, as Leonora in "La Forza del Destino." It was a treat to hear this ideal Verdi lyric soprano again in a role perfectly suited to her, and I can only regret, along with the rest of the operatic public, that her performances this season will be limited to four "Forza"s. Miss Price is an attractive figure on the stage, and her singing the other night was ravishing, with high tones beautifully spun out and notes of the lower register done with telling roundness and richness of tone. In every way, Miss Price is the logical and wonderfully equipped successor of the great Zinka Milanov, and she always sings exactly on pitch, which is something that the great Zinka did not invariably do. The audience gave Miss Price a warm welcome back to the Metropolitan stage, and I hope that she will do more performances in the future than she is doing now.

I observed Franco Corelli indulging in all his mannerisms and singing lustily as Don Alvaro, Fernando Corena being amusing as Fra Melitone, and Carlotta Ordassy doing exceedingly well as Leonora's maid. The most impressive voices I heard, aside from Miss Price's, were those of the basses—James Morris, as the Marquis of Calatrava, and the dependable Ezio Flagello, as Padre Guardiano. A conductor new to me, Michelangelo Veltri, presided in the pit, and he seemed a capable maestro in this type of opera.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

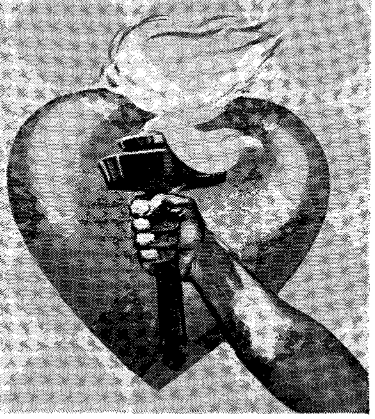
•

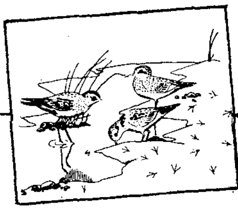
TRUTH IN ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Sunday News*]

Live in Person
MUHAMMAD ALI
vs.
ALONZO JOHNSON
Monday Jan. 17, 8:30
Boring Exhibition . . . see Ali in Action
Westchester County Center,
White Plains, N.Y.
For Tickets & Res. 914-WH 9-8900.
$10—$15—$25

YOUR HEART FUND FIGHTS
HEART ATTACK
STROKE
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
INBORN HEART DEFECTS





Needle Arts inc.

"SANDPIPERS"

Sand patterns from sandpipers' perpetual motion. A picture of grace and charm. Painted in soft sand shades, blues and browns.
sizes: 17" by 11¼" — $50.00
15" by 22½" — $75.00
Order number: NAN-65
Shipped postpaid with yarn, needle and hand painted Needle Arts Design on cancas.
Send $1.00 for our catalogue of new Needle Arts Designs.
28 WASHINGTON STREET
CAMDEN, MAINE 04843

Enjoy
gracious living at
47 Park Street
Mayfair
London
The Prestige Address

de luxe
service
apartments
by the day,
week or month.

Colour brochure from:—
Graham K. Dennic, N
47, Park Street,
London W.1. England.

SUMMER: CANTERBURY, ENGLAND
"Literary Canterbury" (Chaucer and Marlowe) "Contemporary Britain": two programs offered in cooperation with Darwin College of the University of Kent at Canterbury, July 1-29. $290 includes Tuition, Room and Board in Darwin College and Field Trips.
Write airmail
The Director
British Studies Centre
72 Castle Street
Canterbury, England

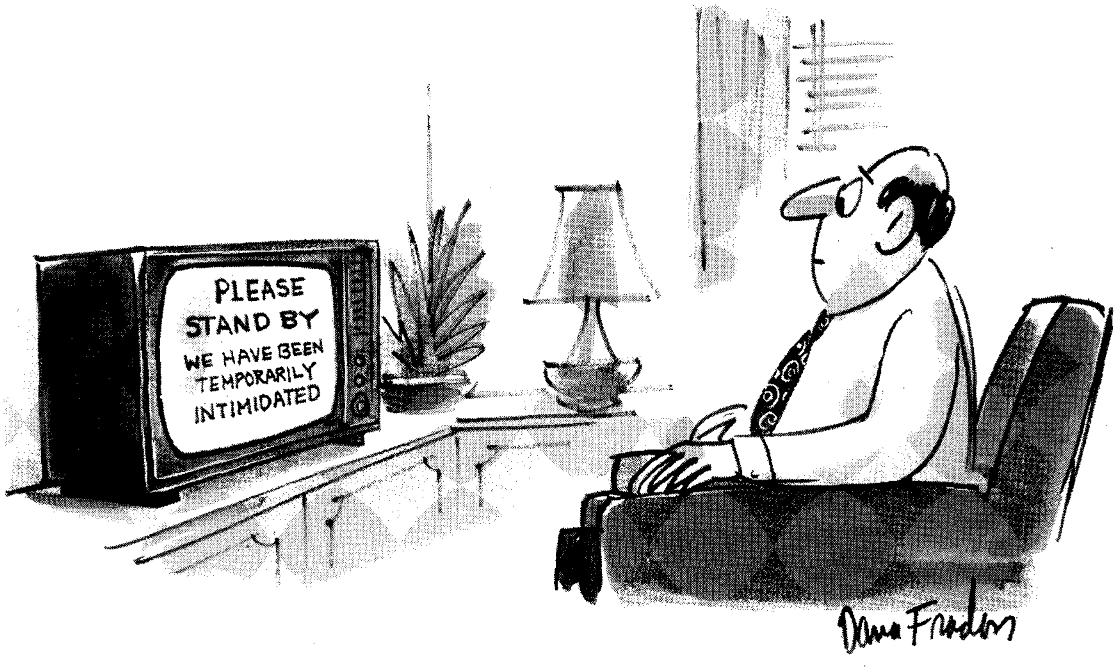
BOOKS

Infante Terrible

SOME things are more lost in translation than others; jokes and Racine, for instance, lose more than newspapers and Proust. In its original Spanish, “Tres Tristes Tigres,” by G. Cabrera Infante, won the Biblioteca Breve and contended for the Formentor Prize; in French, it won the Prix du Meilleur Livre Étranger. In English, however, as “Three Trapped Tigers” (Harper & Row; translated from the Spanish by Donald Gardner, Suzanne Jill Levine, and the author himself), the novel comes over as a tedious, static, jejune, self-delighting mess, and unless the publisher decides to distribute good-sportsmanship awards to those few readers who persevere to the end it should generate no prizes. One can deduce that the life of “Three Trapped [though “sad” is what they originally were] Tigers” lay in its skin of Spanish, and that a creature so ectomorphic, so narrowly vital, was bound to perish away from the nurture of its native climate. Or one might, less kindly, conclude that the novel was derivative, that its excitement derived from the translation of the methods of “Ulysses” into Cuban idiom, and that, restored to Joyce’s mother tongue, it shows up as a tired copy.

“Three Trapped Tigers” offers to do for the Havana of 1958 what “Ulysses” did for the Dublin of 1904: wandering itineraries are mapped street by street, minor characters reappear in a studied interweave, a variety of voices abruptly soliloquize, a kind of “Oxen of the Sun” procession of literary parodies is worked on the theme of Trotsky’s assassination, an endless “Nighttown” drunkenness episode picks up the deliberate hungover banality of the Eumæus sequence, and a female interior monologue closes the book. Unlike Joyce, however, Cabrera Infante packs most of his pyrotechnics and montage into the novel’s first half and winds down into a more natural narrative tone. And, instead of attentive, soft-spoken, gradually solidifying Bloom, “Three Trapped Tigers” has for its hero an insubstantial, logomaniacal trio of would-be writers—Arsenio Cué, Bustrófedon (who is dead), and the principal narrator, Silvestre. As these three compile reams of undergraduate gags (“ ‘Crime and Puns,’ by Bustrófedor Dostowhiskey,” “ ‘Under the Lorry,’ by Malcolm Volcano,” “ ‘In Caldo Brodo,’ by Truman Capone,” “ ‘The Company She Peeps,’ by Merrimac Arty,” etc., etc.) and tootle around Havana in a convertible (Bustrófedon is there in spirit, like the Paraclete, or—as Infante might say—Parakeats), they make little significant contact with the nonverbal world around them. Havana of this era was notoriously full of prostitution and pickups, but the only instance of achieved intercourse throughout four hundred and eighty-seven pages occurs in some *tableaux vivants* staged for tourists. There is a good deal of partial undressing, and the work of one long night of seduction does jimmy a girl loose from her underpants, “*but*, BUT, where old Hitch would have cut to insert and intercut of fireworks, I’ll give it to you straight—I didn’t get any further than that.” Later, Silvestre and Cué pick up two street flowers and proceed to bore them silly with puns and nonsense. One of the girls at last cries out, “Youse weird. You say real strange things. Both of you say the same strange things. Youse like twins, youse somethin’ else. Whew! And you talk and talk and talk. Whaddya talk so much for?” To which the reader says, “Amen,” and to which the author says, “Could she be a literary critic in disguise?”

A fearful air of congestion, of unconsummation, hangs over this book. Which may be deliberate: Batista’s Havana is about to go under to revolution. Cabrera Infante, we are told by the dust jacket, served Castro’s government as head of the Council of Culture, as a director of the Film Institute, as editor of a weekly magazine called *Lunes de Revolución*, and as a staff member of the Cuban Embassy in Brussels; in 1965, after returning to Havana, he “decided to leave Cuba,” and he now lives in London. So his involvement was not trivial, and his viewpoint cannot be simple. Yet the coming storm impinges on the action of “Three Trapped Tigers” only once, when Cué drunkenly announces his intention to “join Fffidel.” Silvestre argues that he is crazy, it’s like joining the Foreign Legion. “Nashional,” Cué answers. “The National Leshion.” The topic is then dropped, and the two spend another hundred pages driving and drinking and punning and remembering the palindromes of Bustrófedon. An American reader, especially now that Cuba is remoter than China, longs for a more anatomical portrait of this Havana that has vanished. In the first pages, such a portrait—a cross-section of corrupted and dissatisfied lives—seems to be promised. A sharp imitation of a night-club m.c.’s bilingual prattle lifts the curtain on some monologues by a kept woman, a movie-struck child, an underpaid printer. We read a letter written back to her vil-

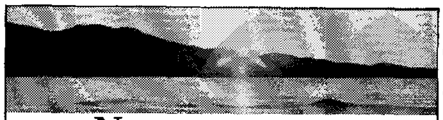

PLEASE STAND BY
WE HAVE BEEN TEMPORARILY INTIMIDATED

JOHN BALDWIN

Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

V.I.P. linen – Very Important Parts of a cruise wardrobe . . . Now plot the togetherness of these precisely-tailored washable McMullen linens. Blazer, $40. Skirt, $26. Pants, $20. (even City Shorts $17.) in natural, blue or pink 8 thru 18.

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701



Now you can see Montego Bay as no one has ever seen it before.

Right from the middle of the bay itself.
Your hotel sits on the tip of a peninsula
that juts out into Montego Bay.
So every room invites you
to a magnificent view of the bay,
the mountains or the sea.
Come. You'll never forget what you see.

HERITAGE BEACH HOTEL
MONTEGO BAY · JAMAICA · WEST INDIES
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., Int. Rep., (212) 586-4500.

FRENCH CULINARY ARTS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE
(PROVENÇAL COOKING SCHOOL)
JULY 23—AUGUST 12

A demonstration cooking course complemented by visits to gastronomic restaurants in Provence and notable vineyards for wine-tasting. Accommodation in homes or dorm. Field Trips to Aix-en-Provence, Marseille, Arles, Nîmes, Roussillon. Three-week program: $590 includes lectures, accommodation, demi-pension, gastronomic meals, Field Trips and wine-tasting. Taught in English.

Write airmail:—
Luberon College
27 place de l'Université
13-Aix-en-Provence, FRANCE
Tel. (91) 26.63.68

SAILING FOR BOYS

Pleasant Bay **Cape Cod**

A great experience in a magnificent environment for boys, eight through fourteen. Expert training in Sailing, Racing, Survival and Swimming. Supplementary Land Sports and Overnight Sailing and Canoeing Expeditions.

June 27th to August 21st.

VIKING

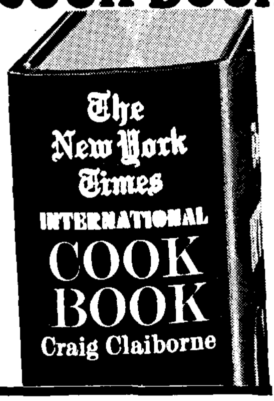
Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739

lage by a recent emigrant to the city; we eavesdrop on a psychiatric session that reappears throughout the book. Silvestre introduces himself:

> I am a press photographer and my work at that time involved taking shots of singers and people of the *farándula*, which means not only show business but limelights and night life as well. So I spent all my time in cabarets, night clubs, strip joints, bars, *barras*, *boites*, dives, saloons, *cantinas*, *cuevas*, *caves* or caves. . . . Sometimes, when I had nothing to do after work at three or four in the morning I would make my way to El Sierra or Las Vegas or El Nacional, the night club I mean not the hotel, to talk to a friend who's the emcee there or look at the chorus flesh or listen to the singers but also to poison my lungs with smoke and stale air and alcohol fumes and be blinded forever by the darkness. That's how I used to live and love that life and there was nobody or nothing that could change me.

O.K., fine; rather lengthily said, but we obediently settle down for a tour of tropical night life. We meet a bongo drummer; we don't quite catch his name, but it doesn't matter, since he talks in Silvestre's voice, though he seems to be hung up on a little gringo chick called Vivian Smith-Corona, whereas Silvestre is hung up on Cuba Venegas, a local singer who looks better than she sings. We go back to Silvestre, who is trying to tell us about a great Negro singer, La Estrella, but the story keeps unravelling on him—maybe because this is "an island of double and triple entendres told by a drunk idiot signifying everything." Our eyes begin to sting in the smoke and stale air. Now an American tourist, a writer called Campbell, writes a funny story about a walking stick he bought fresh off the ferry from Miami, and about taking another off an outraged native because he thinks it's his, and then his wife produces *her* version of what happened, and he rewrites it (or perhaps this is meant to be a translation by somebody called Rine), and the wife does a second version, and then we get pages of the *anti*-works of the late Bustrófedon, and the above-mentioned parodies of Cuban authors on Trotsky's assassination, which might be the best part of the book if you're Cuban (it seems funny even in English), but by now Arsenio Cué is revving up his convertible, and we blearily realize that, whatever happened in Havana in 1958, this book isn't going to tell us. "Mare Metaphor is loosed upon the world. Rhetoric of the nation?" Cabrera Infante asks, as if hopeful that his stream of literary consciousness will somehow apply to Cuba. He applies it, but it doesn't stick. Though his translators work furiously to shore

THE NEW CRAIG CLAIBORNE COOK BOOK



"A great pleasure to have . . . representative and authentic dishes [from 45 countries] not the hackneyed items with which we are all too familiar."
—Nika Hazelton, N.Y. Times

The New York Times
INTERNATIONAL COOK BOOK
by Craig Claiborne
Lavishly illustrated with color plates and drawings. Second large printing, $12.50

1817 *Harper & Row,* 49 E. 33rd St., New York 10016

Country Inns & Back Roads

"The Only Book Of Its Kind" **2.95** ppd.

Portentous mornings, the aroma of country breakfasts, sunlight on fresh snow, deep woods, bluejays and friendly chickadees, crackling fireplaces, hearty dinners, new friends, good conversation, snug beds. With this book, you can plan a real or imaginary trip to 75 warm, inviting country inns. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

Tarry In Our Book Stall

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 636

HUNTINGTON, L.I., (DIX HILLS)—FOR SALE

Charming, very well-built, 4 bedroom center hall garrison colonial on ¾ acre within easy commuting distance to N.Y.C. Central air conditioning, 2½ baths, parquet floors, eat-in kitchen, deluxe appliances including self-cleaning oven, fireplace in panelled family room, fireplace in living room, formal dining room, custom laundry room, fully landscaped with patio. Outstanding school system!

Tel. owner for details: 516-643-6213. Or write:
Box JLH c/o The New Yorker Magazine Inc.
25 W. 43rd St., N.Y.C. 10036

Complete Bookbinding Services in Leather or Cloth.
Brochure 25¢

THE CLASSIC BINDERY
P.O. Box 572-O Mendham, N.J. 07945

up the slippage, throwing in anachronisms like space-shot terminology, the slang word "gig," and "Agnewsticism," they can't keep the gobbets of "Esperanglish" and the limp avant-gardisms and the liquorish 4 A.M. foolery from pulling loose from any reality we care to recognize or consent to care about. A pity, because several readable novels and a dozen interesting essays might be construed from the scree.

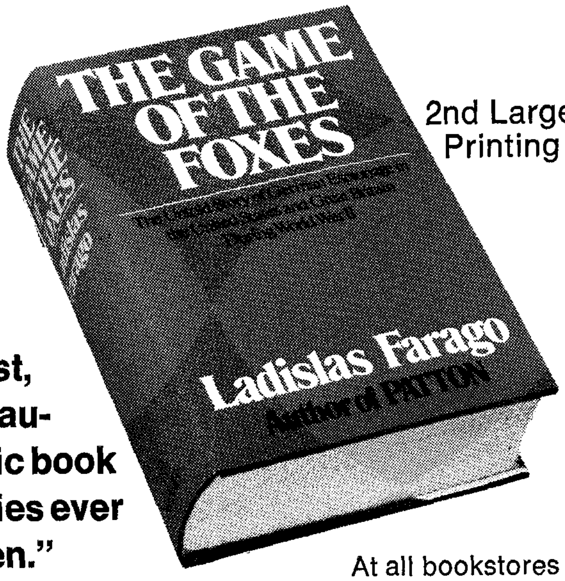
The eclectic culture of Americanized Havana, Cabrera Infante seems to be saying, deserves an eclectic novel as its nostalgic monument. But eclecticism is itself a borrowed method by now. "Ulysses," static and claustrophobic enough, is energized throughout by the tactful, evocative prose of a master short-story writer, and it draws for its allusions upon the immense perspective of European culture since Homer. Cabrera Infante writes run-on, like Faulkner but without Faulkner's intensity of self-hypnosis, and his perspective extends little farther than the mass culture of the giant nation to the north; the horizon of felt history for him appears to be Trotsky's murder in 1940. The book crucially lacks tact—the tension and economy that enforce themselves when method and material are in close touch. A mass of memories and a heap of verbal invention have been hopefully tossed toward one another, but confusion isn't necessarily fusion.

That Latin America can produce adventurously original novels has been shown many times over, from Machado de Assiz on. A recent striking instance, and an instructive contrast to "Three Trapped Tigers," is Gabriel García Márquez's "One Hundred Years of Solitude." Here an array of fantastic premises (substantial ghosts, everyday miracles, magic that works, a village so isolated only gypsies can find it, a man tattooed on every inch of his skin, a man who fathers seventeen sons by seventeen women, a family of repeating names and insatiable incest) is breezily set forth, in sentences that seem jokes, and then maintained with an iron consistency and kept rolling until the amusing becomes the magnificent—a magnificent symbolic contraption expressing a family's fate, a continent's experience, and Time's impenetration of humanity. The novel's Olympian ease and its catholic acceptance of horror and splendor as they arise in this our "paradise of misery" could not have been achieved in the United States, and no European novel would contain its joyous emptiness, its awed memory of a world "so

More exciting than any spy thriller...

THE WHOLE INCREDIBLE STORY OF GERMAN ESPIONAGE IN THE U.S. AND BRITAIN DURING WORLD WAR II

Based on Farago's discovery of the microfilmed secret files of the German Intelligence Service



2nd Large Printing

"The richest, most authentic book on spies ever written."
—DAVID KAHN, author of *The Codebreakers*

At all bookstores $11.95

McKAY

Fielding's travel guide to Europe 1972 Edition • by Temple Fielding

"America's No.1 Travel Guide"*(Time)*, now a million words of fact and spicy opinion. Twice as much information as any competitor! Unparalleled savvy on hotels, restaurants, shops, what to see, buy, do. Map. Bound in light-to-pack, durable Fieldingflex.
$8.95 25th Jubilee Edition

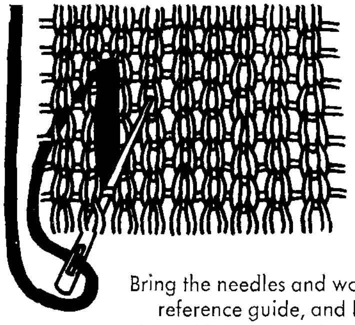
Other "must" Guides from Fielding:

FIELDING'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN PLUS THE BAHAMAS, 1972
by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman, III Area Editors. $7.95

FIELDING'S SELECTIVE SHOPPING GUIDE TO EUROPE, 1972
by Nancy and Temple Fielding $2.95

It's smart to go Fielding!

Fielding Publications/William Morrow



THE COMPLETE BOOK OF
KNITTING
BY BARBARA ABBEY

Bring the needles and wool, use this superb reference guide, and become an expert. Everything you need to know is here, from casting-on to lining. Includes instructions for 200 pattern stitches, 215 photographs, more than 300 drawings, and index. 239 pages. *A Literary Guild Alternate Selection*. $12.95

THE VIKING PRESS 625 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

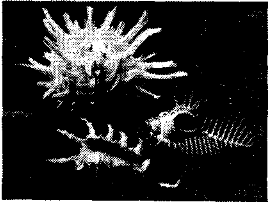
The height of luxury in New York City
soars 46 stories over Central Park.

The Park Lane Hotel

36 Central Park South, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS • DE LUXE SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS
COLOR TELEVISION • REFRIGERATORS
LAVISH APPOINTMENTS
MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

Sugar Cane Club
ST. PETER,
Barbados
Spanish-style cottages terraced in a 19th century sugar plantation overlooking the sea. 21 air-conditioned rooms and suites, each with private bath. 2-level pool; putting green; beach. Finest dining in Barbados.
The Sweet Life
contact your travel agent or
RR Hotel Representatives (212) 757-4666



SHELLS
FOSSILS
MINERALS
INDIAN ARTIFACTS

Send 25¢ for Illustrated Catalog

DOVER SCIENTIFIC 32-58 30th St.
L.I.C., N.Y. 11106

FOR PRE-UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
FRENCH STUDIES IN SOUTHERN FRANCE—JULY 21-AUG. 21

LUBERON SUMMER COLLEGE. Intensive French Literature and Arts program for students from 16 thru 20 years. Dormitory accommodation. Field trips to Avignon, Nimes, Arles, Aix, Marseille. Trips to Spain, Italy and Riviera possible. Charter flight from New York. 4-week program, $390.

Write airmail:
The Director
Luberon College
27 place de l'Université
13-Aix France

recent that many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point." The book even has a texture all its own: a dense translucence, a flow of long paragraphs that yet do not linger, that feel laconic, like stories the teller and listener already obscurely share and that are being not so much invented as called from the shadows. Such a novel has learned from other novels how to become itself.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SCORPION GOD, by William Golding (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In the first of the three stories in this book, the Liar (a jester in the court of ancient Egypt) confounds the people of the land and reveals himself as the mysterious Scorpion God. In the second story, Charging Elephant (a tribal youth in Africa) passes into manhood through the services of She Who Names the Women and becomes the fierce Water Paw Wounded Leopard. In the third story, Phanocles (an inventor in ancient Rome) impresses the Emperor by building a steamship and is rewarded with the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to China. And in the end the Bookbuyer (a normally good-natured person in modern America), having tried to read three pretentious, clumsily told stories, gets fed up and becomes Outraged Customer Who Wants His Money Back.

GENERAL

THE GAME OF THE FOXES, by Ladislas Farago (McKay). The author, a newspaperman of wide European experience, found the microfilmed records of the Abwehr, Germany's espionage service, stashed away in our National Archives. With these data, further research, and his own recollections—as a reporter, he met many of the figures in his book, including Admiral Canaris, the chief of the Abwehr—he has assembled an ample, illuminating, and absorbing account of Nazi spying in England and America. Canaris's spies were the usual collection of greedy failures and ideological screwballs. Many of the concrete successes the Germans scored in this country—stealing the Norden bombsight, for instance—were the work of German-Americans whose national loyalties were bigamous. German propaganda successes, on the other hand, were mainly the result of manipu-

One of the world's supreme violinists unlocks the secrets of his mastery

VIOLIN Six Lessons
with YEHUDI MENUHIN

Each of the six chapters in this book represents a private lesson with Yehudi Menuhin, in which he puts the essence of his technique at your service. He begins with exercises in breathing, posture, positioning, and stretching; then moves on to bow movements, left-hand movements, coordination, and much more. As a teacher's guide or student's text, *Violin* is a unique addition to the literature of music-instruction. An appendix for daily practice and warm-up exercises is included. 130 line illustrations and 109 musical examples. $7.95

VIKING

Just between us two...
we've got everything.

Beautiful beaches, two pools. Three championship golf courses (including the famous new Shannon Golf Course), two dining rooms, two casual restaurants, four bars and magnificent rooms on the beach or bay. From only **$15** daily per person double E.P.

See your Travel Agent or call our representatives: **LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION**
NEW YORK 765-5800

FREEPORT'S
OCEANUS
BEACH and BAY RESORT
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island

Don't go to Europe this year without it.

fodor's 1972 GUIDE TO EUROPE

Covers 35 countries.
Fodor's helps you **discover** each country, **know** the people, **enjoy** the life.

At all bookstores • $8.95 • **McKAY**

This is a charming, small, year-around Inn with an established reputation, fully and tastefully furnished on a big landscaped acre in this tiny, unspoiled seacoast village of Maine.
For sale at $100,000.00
Virginia B. Rupert — Blue Hill Inn
Blue Hill, Maine-Telephone 207-374-2844

lating native Americans—for example, an American Army officer who stole and published secret War Department documents in the summer of 1941. Mr. Farago gives the impression that the United States, for a variety of reasons, was amazingly vulnerable to espionage, sabotage, and alien intrigue. The English were another story. They began, in the nineteen-thirties, at a level of easygoing amateurism that enabled the Abwehr to do pretty much as it pleased, but the moment it crossed the mind of British Intelligence that the Germans were about to be the enemy, a crew of bright, nasty professionals—aided, admittedly, by a more cohesive and disciplined population than ours—finished off the entire German spy effort in no time at all.

VICTORIA AND HER DAUGHTERS, by Nina Epton (Norton). Five little princesses and how they grew. The girls had very different destinies but some common traits: they were all high-handed and self-conscious. They appear to have got their good looks from their father and—despite all Victoria could do to make them humble—their bossiness from their mother. Miss Epton, who is frank, entertaining, and brisk, thinks that none of them were as able as their parents, which suggests the limits of what formal instruction—the princesses had plenty—can accomplish.

PAWNS: THE PLIGHT OF THE CITIZEN-SOLDIER, by Peter Barnes (Knopf). This good book is addressed to a particular problem—the American armed forces' abuse of their authority over their members. It also raises questions besides the ones it discusses directly. Mr. Barnes, an editor of the *New Republic*, takes up such matters as recruiters' lies to young men—boys, really—about the opportunities that the armed forces offer to volunteers; the harshness of training; the injustice of military justice; and the routine denial of everyday American liberties, which he finds is unwarranted by military necessity. He suggests plausible, practical remedies, but he does not cope—perhaps nobody can—with the huge anomaly that ours is a society that has never wanted or valued a large military establishment and has no good sociological or customary place for one. Reading Mr. Barnes, one feels that Americans and their present-day armed forces resemble nothing so much as a one-room-apartment dweller who has been given a Great Dane: both parties are uncomfortable, harassed, snappish, and querulous.

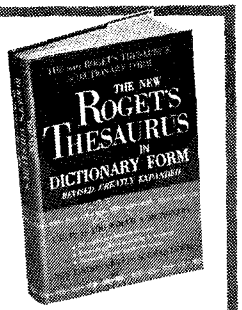
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, by Charles H. Brown (Scribners). Bryant died in 1878 at his home on West Sixteenth Street at the age of eighty-three. City flags were lowered to half-staff, black crêpe appeared on the shopfronts of Broadway, and a great funeral was held. Bryant was the first man in this country to write serious poetry, and it was read all over the English-speaking world. He was the editor of the *Evening Post* for fifty years; he was a champion of liberal causes and a founder of the Republican Party (in a day when one could be both); he was a moving spirit behind the setting up of the Metropolitan Museum; and he suggested, and took a part in acquiring, Central Park. Given all this, the neglect of Bryant by the generations that followed him is surprising: this biography is the first full-dress affair in more than seventy-five years. As one reads through its dutifully written, very conventional pages, however, one's surprise begins to evaporate. Bryant does not catch at the imagination. He was a man of talent—although, like his acquaintance Wordsworth, he long outlived it—and of lofty idealism, but he kept himself at a distance. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, who worked for him, called him cold, and his friend Hawthorne said that he lacked true emotion. "His poetry shows it," Hawthorne wrote, "and his personal intercourse, though kindly, does not stir one's blood in the least." Illustrations. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

NOTE: Praeger has published Herbert Warren Wind's "The World of P. G. Wodehouse," a biography augmented with photographs and drawings. The text first appeared in this magazine.

• •

The two new Supreme Court Justices, Lewis make an emergency landing at Pochentong, but aborted the effort at the last minute and parachuted to safety.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

You wouldn't have had that with Haynsworth and Carswell.



Send them back for the spring semester with *the instant* ROGET

. . . and watch their grades climb!

This thesaurus provides the right word *instantly* because it's used just like a dictionary. All entries are in alphabetical order, synonyms are grouped according to meaning, and there are thousands of new words and usages.

MORE THAN 1,500,000 COPIES SOLD IN ALL EDITIONS

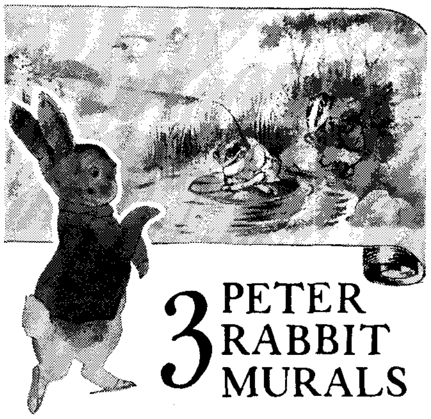
Ask your bookseller for

The New Roget's Thesaurus in Dictionary Form

$3.75 plain/$4.50 thumb-indexed

Reinforced Library Edition: $4.75 plain/$5.50 thumb-indexed

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
N. Y. 10016



3 PETER RABBIT MURALS

Delightful Wall Decorations

What a find—Three Murals of Peter Rabbit and His Friends. Over 30 charming animal characters, reproduced for us in England, from the original Beatrix Potter illustrations. Done in **full color**, each of the three different Murals measure 10 x 39 inches and can be mounted on a wall or joined to form one imaginative scene. The Murals can also be cut up or framed in smaller sections.

Here is a wonderful wall decoration for any child's room. An inexpensive gift that will delight parents and child alike. **The perfect Easter gift.**

One Set of 3 Murals $2.50

For those who will want more than one set, we offer multiple prices—Two Sets **$4.50**, Three Sets **$6.50.** Please add 35¢ postage per set.

We also have a fine collection of Six Prints (13 x 17 inches) of Peter Rabbit and His Friends—**$3.50. Special Offer**—A Set of Prints and a Set of Murals. Both for **$5.50.** Please add 35¢ post. per set.

ART FORUM
Dept. 101K, 80-4th Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10003

Fine Foods Cocktails

The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

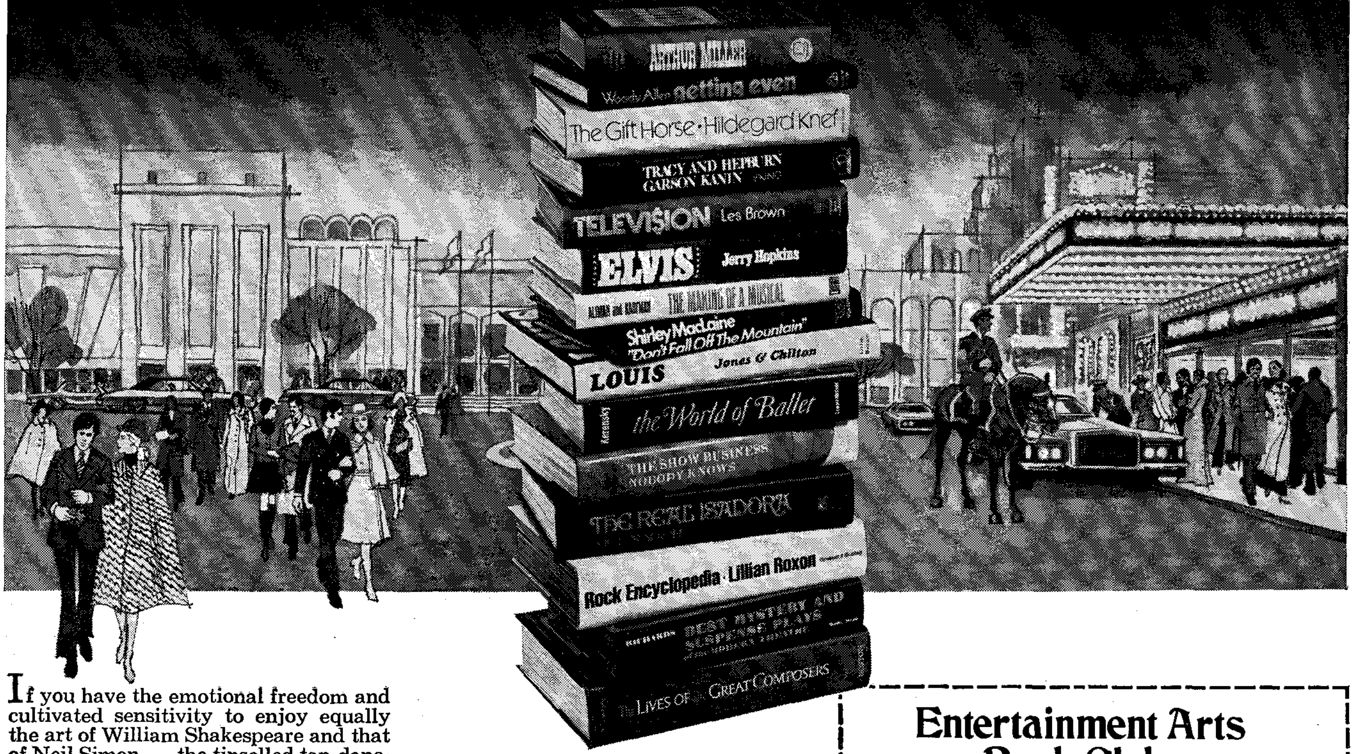
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.

World Premier Offer
of the
Entertainment Arts Book Club

in which new members are invited to accept

Any 3 Books for only $1.00

with your agreement to buy 4 selections or alternates during the coming year


ARTHUR MILLER
Woody Allen getting even
The Gift Horse · Hildegard Knef
TRACY AND HEPBURN GARSON KANIN
TELEVISION Les Brown
ELVIS Jerry Hopkins
ALTMAN and KAUFMAN THE MAKING OF A MUSICAL
Shirley MacLaine "Don't Fall Off The Mountain"
LOUIS Jones & Chilton
Kerensky the World of Ballet
THE SHOW BUSINESS NOBODY KNOWS
THE REAL ISADORA
Rock Encyclopedia · Lillian Roxon
RICHARDS BEST MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE PLAYS
LIVES OF GREAT COMPOSERS

If you have the emotional freedom and cultivated sensitivity to enjoy equally the art of William Shakespeare and that of *Neil Simon . . . the tinselled tap-dancing* extravaganzas of Busby Berkeley and the austere purity of Swan Lake Ballet . . . the film techniques of D. W. *Griffith and Ingmar Bergman . . .* the classic clarity of Moliere and the hypnotic opacity of Harold Pinter . . .

. . . then this is the opportunity you have been waiting for, a chance to enrich your mind and your library with the entertainment arts books you treasure, at significant savings.

The coupon on this page is your ticket to the "opening night" of a new kind of reading and collecting adventure—The Entertainment Arts Book Club.

For the first time, the whole wonderful world of the entertainment arts is being surveyed by editors who are hopeless show business buffs themselves.

And the books they select as the most exciting, entertaining, and useful of the season will be offered to our members at average savings of 30% plus shipping and handling.

To welcome you, we invite you to accept any 3 books here for only $1 plus shipping and handling. Then each month you'll be notified of the forthcoming selection and alternates in your free copy of "BACKSTAGE," the Club's monthly bulletin. You may simply accept the selection, request an alternate, or instruct us to send no book at all on the form provided. You may cancel your membership any time after purchasing four selections or alternates during the coming year.

To order your 3 books for $1, send no money—just mail the coupon.

8441. The Portable Arthur Miller. Includes complete text of Death of a Salesman, The Crucible, Incident at Vichy, The Price. Pub. ed. **$8.95**

8482. Getting Even by Woody Allen. Close your eyes while reading this book and watch 17 Woody Allen routines in your mind's eye. Pub. ed. **$5.95**

1594. The Gift Horse by Hildegard Knef. Autobiography of a blonde German beauty who performs like a star and writes like a novelist. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

8227. *Tracy and Hepburn* by *Garson Kanin. A loving tribute* to Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn by a writer-director who knew them well. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

8490. TELEVISION: The Business Behind the Box by Les Brown. Variety's TV editor takes you behind the scenes *of the network battles for ratings. Pub. ed.* **$8.95**

8524. Elvis by Jerry Hopkins. The author travelled 7000 miles to interview the people in Elvis' life, and create this unique portrait of a phenomenal star. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

8474. The Making of a Musical by Richard Altman with Mervyn Kaufman. A cliff-hanger story of the near- failure of Broadway's longest-running musical, Fiddler on the Roof. Pub. ed. **$5.95**

0828. "Don't Fall Off the Mountain" by Shirley MacLaine. Decidedly un-Hollywood adventures around the world by a star who loves life even more than acting. Pub. ed. **$5.95**

8458. Louis by Max Jones and John Chilton. Two jazz experts tell the whole story of Louis Armstrong's 50 years in jazz. Pub. ed. **$9.50**

8516. The World of Ballet by Oleg Kerensky. A leading British ballet critic covers ballet's history, evolution, traditions, techniques, styles. Pub. ed. **$7.95**

2121. The Show Business Nobody Knows by Earl Wilson. Breezy inside stories of the scandals and the antics of the stars in their private lives. Pub. ed. **$6.95**

8508. The Real Isadora by Victor Seroff. An intimate friend of Isadora Duncan peels away gossip and myth for the enthralling true story. Pub. ed. **$10.00**

8433. Rock Encyclopedia by Lillian Roxon. Only reference book on rock and its roots, including 1,202 rock stars and discographies on 22,000 song titles. Pub. ed. **$9.95**

8425. Best Mystery and Suspense Plays ed. by Stanley Richards. 10 contemporary classics including Sleuth and Witness For The Prosecution. Pub. ed. **$10.00**

1628. The Lives of the Great Composers by Harold C. Schonberg. 38 sparkling vignettes by critic who believes a composer's life explains his music. Pub. ed. **$10.00**

Entertainment Arts Book Club

Dept. AL-240, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Entertainment Arts Book Club and send me the 3 books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes below. Bill me only $1.00 plus shipping and handling for all 3.

☐ ☐ ☐

About every 4 weeks, send me the Club's free bulletin, *Backstage,* describing the forthcoming selection and alternates. If I wish to receive the selection, I need do nothing—it will be sent to me automatically. Whenever I prefer an alternate or no book at all, I will notify you on the convenient form always provided. I need take only 4 selections or alternates during the coming year and may resign at any time thereafter. The prices of the books offered will average 30% below the prices of publishers' editions, plus a modest charge for shipping and handling.

No-risk Guarantee: If not delighted, I may return the entire introductory package within 10 days. Membership will be canceled—I will owe nothing.

Mr. / *Mrs.* / *Miss* ____________________
PLEASE PRINT

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________ *Zip Code* ____________________

FOR OFFICE USE

MEMBERS ACCEPTED IN U.S.A. AND CANADA ONLY. CANADIAN MEMBERS WILL BE SERVICED FROM TORONTO. OFFER SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT IN CANADA. 2-EIA

We expect you to say "prove it" when we tell you Ford Torino is the year's best mid-size value.

Okay. Proof:

Torino has an all-new body/frame construction for strength and quiet.

Torino is bigger inside this year.

Torino has a new improved rear suspension to reduce body sway and take the bite out of bumps.

Torino has new, better power steering, if you choose, that gives you the feel of the road and quick positive handling.

And Torino gives you front wheel disc brakes. Standard.

Torino's even built a little heavier and a little wider for a better ride and greater stability.

We call it the "Easy Handler."

Only Ford Motor Company has completely redesigned its mid-size cars for 1972... to make them better values for you.

Choose from 9 models including the first Gran Torino.

Torino is quite possibly more car than you expected.

And quiet because it's a Ford.

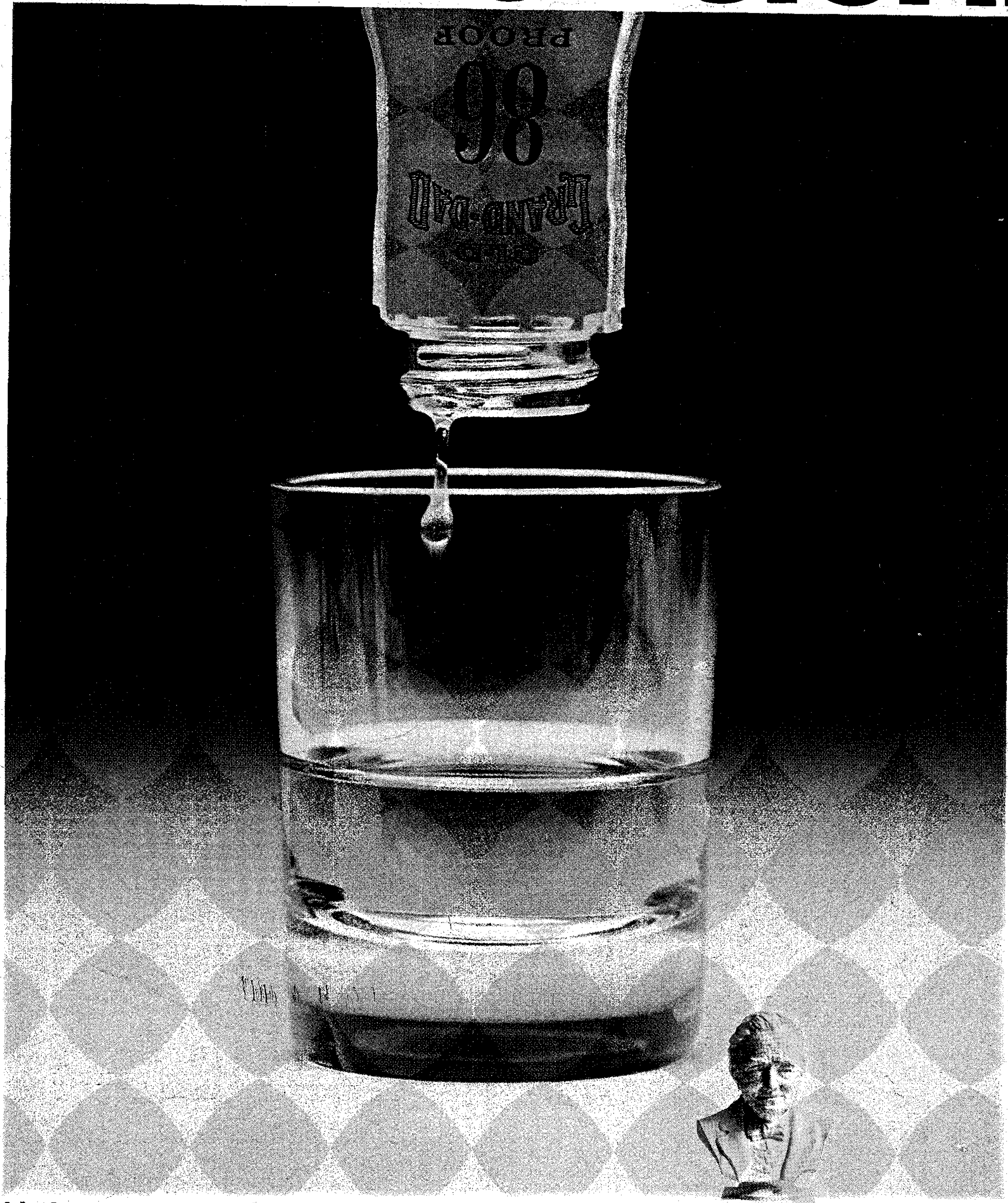
Gran Torino Hardtop. Vinyl roof, wheel trim rings and white sidewall tires are optional.

More car than you expected.

FORD TORINO

FORD DIVISION Ford

THE GOOD STUFF.



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys: 86-Proof & 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

Unfortunately, all good things come to an end.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family